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THE REIGN OF PHILIP II.*

AMONG the many important subjects of inquiry which the history of the sixteenth century suggests, few are more striking than the sudden and prominent part taken by Spain in European politics. During the long succession of the middle ages, nearly every other European state and kingdom—Italy, France, Germany, England, the free cities of Flanders, the flourishing towns on the shores of the Baltic, even remoter kingdoms, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, by turns, or together, took part in the stirring drama of those times; while Spain, separated only by the chain of the Pyrenees, appeared as utterly cut off from the great European family as the regions beyond the Caucasus. Indeed, from those half-mythic times, when the chronicler told of Charlemagne's paladins, and the fatal pass of Roncevalles, to the day when Columbus laid a new world at her feet, Spain scarcely ever appears on the pages of European history—scarcely even in European legend and romance. Even their deadliest foemen, the Saracens, held

a far more prominent place in the popular mind than the Spaniard.

It was not until almost the close of the fifteenth century that Spain first challenged a place in the councils of Europe. But, under Charles V., mighty was her power and influence, and as mighty during the reign of his son. Unlike his father, who, not content with the strifes of diplomacy, charged with his armies mounted on his war-steed, and even when struck down by his "old enemy," and helpless as an infant, was borne on a litter at their head—Philip withdrew from personal warfare; but then, in the privacy of his cabinet, he wove those intricate webs of state policy, and issued those sanguinary mandates, which made the influence of the Escorial to be felt beyond the uttermost bounds of Europe. The history of this great Archimago of the Romish faith is, indeed, an important one—not to be manufactured with scissors and paste; nor is it a theme for the superficial historical student; for, along the whole course of his life, with how many kingdoms and peoples was he brought in contact—England, with the strife of her Reformation and the rise of her proud nationality; Flanders, with its deadlier strife for religion

* *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. 2 vols. Bentley.

and freedom; Germany, with the feuds of its princes, and the contests of its people; and France, with her fierce conflict of rival parties, the treachery of the Guises and Catherine de Medicis, and that crowning atrocity, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Even signal victories over the Turk—the Cross, as of yore, triumphant over the Crescent—cast a romantic splendor over that long reign. And all along there is the sullen countenance and cold, but expressive features of Philip the Second looking out upon us; and his dark sinister eye glares forth like that of some evil spirit, bent on the work of destruction, fearful indeed to contemplate, but from whence shall eventually arise abiding good. We are gratified to find that Mr. Prescott has undertaken this important history. No one can be better qualified for the task than himself, both from his previous knowledge of the history of Spain, and his command of hitherto unemployed materials, but, more than all, his skill and judgment in using them. Only the two first volumes are, as yet, before us, and to them we will now proceed to direct the attention of the reader.

Philip the Second was born at Valladolid, on the 21st of May, 1527. Ere the festivities customary on the birth of an heir to the crown could be completed, tidings of the capture of Clement the Seventh and of the atrocious sack of Rome arrived, and the emperor, who, doubtless, shared the general indignation, although he cannot be altogether acquitted of participation in the earlier steps which led to these results, immediately gave orders that all public rejoicings should cease. The disappointed Spaniards obeyed this mandate most reluctantly, and, singularly enough, prophesied that the reign of the prince, who, in after years, became so uncompromising and unscrupulous a champion of the Church, would be injurious both to her and to Spain. Well had it been for that age had the augury proved true. Charles seems to have exercised a praiseworthy care in the education of his only son. The first seven years of the boy's life were passed with his mother, Isabella of Portugal, an excellent woman, worthy of her namesake ancestress, and then he was transferred to the superintendence of Juan Martinez Seliceo, a professor in the college of Salamanca, under whose teaching he became a tolerable Latin scholar, and also made some progress in French

and Italian. Philip's proficiency in languages, however, never rivalled his father's, for, in conversation, he was rarely inclined to venture beyond his own mother tongue. He is said to have shown a more decided taste for science, especially the mathematics, while to the arts, especially architecture, he in after life paid much attention. While the learned professor of Salamanca thus superintended Philip's literary education, Don Juan de Zuñiga, commendador mayor of Castile, was charged with his instruction in all those athletic and graceful exercises which were indispensable to the accomplished cavalier of the sixteenth century. But little taste had Philip for these accomplishments, in which in youth his father had delighted, and, far worse, still less inclination had he to receive those lessons of lofty principle, of honor and truthfulness, which his noble-hearted tutor was well qualified to impart, and for which the wise father had warmly eulogized him. As Philip "grew in years, and slowly unfolded the peculiar qualities of his disposition," caution, reserve, suspicion, and an utter absence of generous feeling, became strongly marked, and, together with the acuteness beyond his years, which he is said to have displayed, and his perfect self-possession, must, even in his boyhood, have indicated "what manner of man he should be." The loss of his mother ere he was twelve years old, his appointment to the regency, his marriage with his first cousin, Mary of Portugal, at the early age of sixteen, and the birth of his son, the ill-fated Don Carlos, with the consequent death of his young wife, within two years after, may be noticed as we pass on to the first important event of Philip's history, his visit to his father at Brussels, in the autumn of 1548.

This visit was arranged with the greatest magnificence, for "the emperor was desirous that his son should make an appearance that would dazzle the imagination of the people among whom he passed," and should flatter his Flemish subjects, too, by the assumption of a state to which they had been accustomed by their Burgundian princes. Sailing from Rosas with a fleet of fifty-eight vessels, commanded by the illustrious Andrew Doria, Philip arrived at Genoa, and after a few days' festivity, during which, however, we find he made his first essay in kingcraft most successfully, the narrator informs us that, while his answer to the suppliant was exceedingly com-

plimentary, "it was sufficiently ambiguous as to the essentials," he proceeded to Milan, and, crossing the Tyrol, took the road past Munich and Heidelberg towards Flanders.

Four months were occupied by this splendid progress; and, as the heir of the great Emperor rode slowly along, each village sent out its inhabitants to gaze, and each town and city reverently opened its gates, and welcomed him with thunders of artillery, with humblest addresses, and not unfrequently with silver goblets brimful of golden ducats. These last were received by Philip himself with gracious condescension. The reply to the addresses the taciturn prince delegated to the Duke of Alva, who, already high in favor, rode beside him. At length the gorgeous procession entered Flanders; and, as it drew near Brussels, the eager crowds rushed forth, greeting their future ruler with wild enthusiasm, and amid the roaring of cannon, the merry peals of myriad bells, and the shouts of heartiest welcome, Philip, with Alva at his bridle-rein, entered the festive city. Philip and Alva in Brussels! What would have been the greeting, could a prophet voice have foretold the unimaginable miseries these two should inflict on its inhabitants!

The meeting between the father and son was affectionate; it was nearly seven years since they had met, and Charles, ambitious and grasping as he was, was not deficient in natural affection. "He must have been pleased with the alteration which time had wrought in Philip's appearance," Mr. Prescott remarks, and we subjoin his full-length portrait:

"He was now twenty-one years of age, and was distinguished by a comeliness of person, remarked upon by more than one who had access to his presence. That report is confirmed by the portraits of him, from the pencil of Titian, taken before the freshness of youth had faded into the sallow hue of disease, and when care and anxiety had not yet given a sombre, perhaps sullen expression to his features. He had a fair, and even delicate complexion. His hair and beard were of a light yellow; his eyes blue, with the eyebrows somewhat too close together. His nose thin and aquiline. The principal blemish in his countenance was his thick Austrian lip; his lower jaw protruded even more than his father's. To his father, indeed, he bore a great resemblance in his lineaments, though those of Philip were of a less intellectual cast. In stature he was somewhat below the middle height, with a slight, symmetrical figure, and well-made limbs. He was attentive to his dress, which was

rich and elegant, but without any affectation of ornament. His demeanor was grave, with that ceremonious observance which marked the old Castilian, and which may be thought the natural result of Philip's slow and phlegmatic temperament."

But Philip, although resembling his father in some points, both in person and character, was, in many essential respects, widely different. Charles was far more Fleming than Spaniard; Philip far more Spaniard than Fleming—indeed, altogether Spanish in tastes and feeling. The free and frank deportment of the emperor, which, despite of his tyrannical measures, rendered him so popular with his Flemish and German subjects, contrasted strangely in their eyes with the cold, formal demeanor of his son. The love of athletic sports which Charles in his youth displayed, his taste for gorgeous ceremonial and a splendid court, even his love of good cheer—the potted capon and eel-pasties, for which he endured a penance far more severe than hair shirt or scourge could inflict—and his deep potations—the mighty goblet, containing a full quart of Rhenish, drained at a single draught, as Roger Ascham, who witnessed this feat of imperial excess, so wonderingly records—all these endeared him to the wealthy, pomp-loving, luxurious burghers of Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp, who could scarcely comprehend, far less admire, the prince who, although but just past twenty, rigidly adhered to one system of diet, who seldom took part in the tourney, scarcely ever hunted, but preferred to pass his hours in the privacy of his own apartment, in company with a favorite few, but talking of nothing and thinking of nothing but Spain. But however distasteful to Philip, he was compelled, in conformity with his father's will, to take part in the festivities in his honor; and in the great square of Brussels, opposite the palace, and arrayed in unaccustomed splendor of cloth of gold and violet velvet, he ran the first course against Count Mansfeldt, and received a brilliant ruby as the prize. There is a mournful interest in the details of this tournament, so graphically and spiritedly described by Mr. Prescott. Count Hoorne, among the challengers, and the gallant Count Egmont, with lance in rest, supporting Philip; and Alva sitting among the judges, while the emperor, beneath the gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold, his sisters, the regent, and the dowager-queen

of France, on either hand, occupied almost the very spot where, on that sad morning twenty years after, the tolling bells, the black scaffold, and the headsman drew together a greater, but heart-broken crowd, to witness the execution of those two gallant nobles, while Alva, drunk with blood, but with thirst yet unsatiated, watched behind the lattice the fall of their gory heads.

A residence of more than two years in Flanders, if insufficient to reconcile Philip to the habits of his Flemish subjects, was an amply sufficient space of time for Charles to initiate his son into that science of government which he understood so well. Every day Philip passed some time in his father's cabinet conversing on public affairs, or in attending the sittings of the council of state; and it is probable that Charles "found his son an apt and docile scholar." One thing was still wanting to his father's wishes; that in addition to the crown of Spain, the diadem of the Germanic empire should be secured to his son; and earnest was Charles with his brother Ferdinand to induce him to waive his prospective claim in favor of his nephew. But Ferdinand was unyielding; while to the suggestion that Philip might at least become king of the Romans, the plea that this was in the gift of the electors was urged—a plea unanswerable, and at once fatal to the claims of Philip of Spain; for, as Sorriano remarks, while his manners had been "little pleasing to the Italians, and positively displeasing to the Flemings, they were altogether odious to the Germans." A kind of compromise was at length entered into between the two brothers, and Philip prepared for his departure. He had now accomplished the object of his visit in regard to his Flemish subjects; but even then "the symptoms of alienation between the future sovereign and his people, which was afterwards to widen into a permanent and irreparable breach, might be discovered," and when Philip again visited Flanders, there was little of that wild enthusiasm which hailed his first appearance.

It was with no reluctant feelings, therefore, that Philip returned to Spain. In July, 1551, he re-landed at Barcelona, proceeding to Valladolid, and there quietly resumed the duties of the regency during the next three years; while his father, humiliated by his flight from Innspruck, and the disastrous results of the siege of

Metz, at length began to meditate that abdication which ere long was to startle Europe. Ere this step had been arranged—probably ere it was definitely decided upon—death, which, if it so often extinguishes ambitious hopes, so often, on the other hand, awakens or aids them, offered a new prize to the still grasping emperor. Young Edward of England had died, and Mary, the cruelly-used daughter of Catharine of Arragon, the persecuted sister of the Protestant boy-king, the desolate princess, on whose behalf, and for the free exercise of whose faith, Charles, as her nearest maternal relative, had repeatedly interfered, was now actually queen, and unwedded! What a prize for his still widower son!

The history of Philip of Spain now links itself with that of England; and in entering upon it we shall refer to English affairs more largely than Mr. Prescott has done, since scarcely any portion of our annals requires so much to be re-written as those of the reign of Mary.

Few kings' daughters, from their very cradle up to womanhood, have been the object of so many marriage treaties as Mary Tudor. Giustinian has told us how Bonnivet placed the diminutive ring on the little child's finger as she stood on her mother's knee, thus betrothing her to the Dauphin, then a babe in his nurse's arms. (*B. Q.*, No. XLII., page 462.) But the peace thus solemnly ratified between Henry and Francis was ere long broken, and then Charles V. sought a closer alliance with his cousin, still the heir-presumptive of the English crown, although then but six years old, and by the treaty of Windsor stipulated that at the age of twelve she should be sent to Spain to complete her education. This treaty is very important, for we find that it was there stipulated that Mary should be brought up in the habits, the language, even the costume of Spain. "And who is so well qualified to instruct her in all this as the queen, her mother?" said Henry.*

Charles, well acquainted with the inveterate nationality of his aunt, willingly ac-

* "For if her father shuld seke a maistresse for hir to frame hir after the maner of Spayne, and of whom she myghte take example of vertue, he shulde not fynde in all Xtendome a more mete than she now hath, the queene's grace, her mother, who is comen of this house of Spayne, and who for th' affection she berith to the emperor will norish her, and bringe her up, as may hereafter be to his most contentacion."—*Letter of the Ambassador's, July 8th, Cotton MSS.*

quiesced, and thus the princess royal of England was educated as an alien in her own land! Up to the year 1525, this engagement was still considered binding; and an emerald ring, in token of constancy, was presented by the grave ambassadors to Charles, as a love-token from the little princess, which he as gravely received, saying "he wolde weare it for hir sayke." But Charles was now twenty-six years of age, and, naturally enough, his subjects desired to see him married without delay, rather than wait some years longer for his English cousin; so only two months later he wrote to the king and cardinal requesting their assent to his marriage with another first cousin of more suitable age, Isabella of Portugal, who became, as we have seen, mother of Philip II. Ere long Henry and Francis again made peace, and then Francis, now a widower, obligingly offered either himself or his second son. After many negotiations, the subject was dropped, and during the subsequent years the divorce of Catharine fully occupied Henry's mind, while, cast out from court favor and disgracefully branded with illegitimacy, few European princes would be likely to seek alliance with the portionless "Lady Mary." Soon after Catharine's death, however, we find Charles again interfering on behalf of his cousin, and proposing a marriage with his nephew the Infante of Portugal; but ere the arrangements were completed, Francis again came forward with a renewed offer of his second son. Soon after there were proposals from the Duke of Cleves, and then from the Duke of Urbino, both at the suggestion of Charles, who dreaded above all a French alliance, and to these a third was subsequently added, from Duke Philip of Bavaria. The latter visited England and presented Mary with a diamond cross; but all these negotiations, like the former ones, were broken off.

On the death of her father, with the exception of a proposal from the Marquess of Brandenburg, Mary was allowed to remain in quiet obscurity, the emperor no longer proposing alliances, but keeping close watch over her interests, and, on the occasion of Edward's council arresting her chaplains for performing mass, directing his ambassador to threaten war unless her religious tenets were respected. This was in 1551, and as Edward was then a sickly youth, it is not improbable that Charles, far-sighted as he had always shown himself,

began to form his plans, should the premature death of the young king open the succession to Mary. At length, in July, 1553, Edward died—from natural causes there is little doubt, for most important to the maturing the projects of Northumberland would a few months, even a few days, have been. The story of the joy that pervaded England when Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen must be dismissed as a palpable falsehood. The poor girl, whose father was as despised as her mother, "the proud lady of Bradgate," was hated, who was raised to a fifteen days' royalty by that most detested of all the *parvenu* nobles of that age, Dudley, the upstart assumer of the proud title of the Percies—the murderer—not the less so because "in course of law"—of Somerset, the king's uncle, and who was well known to sway the young king as a mere puppet—it was impossible that his daughter-in-law could ever have been the object of the people's choice, even had not the king's two sisters been living. But, then, can we believe that Mary's accession was hailed with rejoicings? Contemporary testimony, Protestant as well as Catholic, assures us it was so; and when we remember how much reason the people had to dread a disputed succession—how their fathers had suffered from that very cause in the wars of the Roses—how they themselves had suffered from the feuds of rival nobles—we can well believe that they would be content with any ruler who would set them free from the unbearable tyranny of the Somersets and Northumberlands of that day. We must remember, too, that among the Catholic nobility and their followers—then a large majority—the accession of the Catholic princess, who, through such cruel persecution, had stood firm to her faith, was indeed a triumph. Thus we think it will be found that Mary, notwithstanding her foreign habits, and the slight impression which, notwithstanding her wrongs, she had made upon the people, was yet welcomed by them. They had yet to learn how devoted she was to Spain, and how willing to lay their liberties at the feet of a foreign despot.

Edward died on the 6th of July; and however Northumberland might plot to keep his death secret, we find the wary emperor so quickly apprised of it, that in a letter dated from Brussels only five days afterwards, he gives his first directions to

his ambassador. In his second, dated the 22d, he bids him hint to the queen that the time had come when it was desirable that she should marry, and that his advice and aid would always be heartily at her service. Charles was not the man to allow a good opportunity to pass by, for the sake of etiquette. Upon this hint, doubtless, the ambassador enlarged, although as yet the suitor was not indicated. Many writers have pointed out Courtenay, the young and handsome Earl of Devonshire, who had just been released from his long captivity in the Tower, as the probable object of Mary's choice; and that there was some ground for this belief another letter from the emperor in August seems to prove. In this there was an especial message to Renard, then in London, to approach the subject of Courtenay with the greatest caution, lest he should fix the attention of the queen more strongly upon it. We are not inclined to believe, with Mr. Prescott, in the "frivolous disposition" of this young man. The prisoner, who beguiled his long captivity with literature and music, and in the accomplishment so unusual in that age, painting, could not have deserved so slighting an epithet. Whether Mary ever felt partiality toward him is very questionable, but that he speedily became no common favorite with the people is certain; and hence, doubtless, the hostility with which he was viewed by the emissaries of Spain. Renard, who seems to have merited his name, without further delay proposed Philip, and in his letter tells us that the queen took the proposal so merrily, that "she laughed not once, but several times, and gave me a significant look, showing that the offer was very agreeable to her, and giving me also to know that she *neither sought nor desired an English marriage.*" This is most important. In a subsequent conversation, she begged Renard to assure the Emperor that she was ready to obey, and please him, as though he were her father, but requesting him to open the subject to her council himself. The emperor was now secure of success, but he went to work warily; and in the subsequent letters we have ample proof how distasteful he well knew this alliance would prove to the nation, for we find him urging the necessity of secrecy, and especially that Mary should beware of advising with her council before her final decision.

Soon after Mary's coronation, which took place on the 1st of October, the new Parliament, after having pronounced the marriage of her father and mother valid, proceeded to petition her to marry for the good of the realm, but besought her to choose "a noble of English birth, and not a foreigner to reign over them." This evidently points at Courtenay, who, as great-grandson of Edward IV., as well as third cousin to the queen, had a contingent claim in point of birth to the crown.

This seems to have awakened Renard's anxieties, which, however, were soon allayed by the queen informing him that she was apprised of Gardiner's intrigues, and those of the French ambassador, adding in a tone worthy of her father: "But I will be a match for them." Soon after, she took Renard at midnight into her oratory, and kneeling before the host, having repeated the hymn *Veni Creator*, she solemnly pledged herself to take no other for her husband than the Prince of Spain. About a fortnight later her faithful Commons, in due form and with due humility, knelt in the royal presence to offer their petition, when she answered them, that from God she held her crown, and that to him alone she should look for counsel in so important a matter, adding the gratuitous falsehood, that she had not yet made up her mind to marry, but that she would take it into consideration. "The Commons, who had rarely the courage to withstand the frown of their Tudor prince," says Mr. Prescott, "professed themselves contented, and from this moment opposition ceased from that quarter." The case was, that had Mary's parliament been as stern and unyielding as the Long Parliament itself, it could have done nothing more until the queen had made public her intentions.

Rumors of the queen's projected marriage, however, rapidly spread among the people. In the passing notices of the day, we find that several men were set on the pillory for "haynous words agenst the quen's majesty;" that a strict watch was kept upon the city; and that Elizabeth, who had been denied her just place at court, and who in consequence had requested permission to retire to Ashbridge, was placed under the surveillance of Sir Thomas Pope and Sir John Gage, ostensibly as officers of her household, but in reality as spies. Nor were these precautions premature; for even then a splendid

embassy, headed by Count Egmont, was about to leave Brussels, charged with the solemn offer of Philip's hand to Mary; while jewels and ducats were liberally dispensed among the more tractable of her council. The embassy landed in Kent, where the handsome Egmont, being mistaken for Philip, received so rude a welcome that, fearing a journey by land, he reëmbarked, and sailed up the Thames, arriving at Tower Wharf on the 2d of January. But the hatred which had exhibited itself in Kent was equally displayed in London, where, as a contemporary states, "as the retinew and harbengers came ryding through London, the boyes pelted at them with snowballs, so hateful was the syghte of their coming in to them." When we remember the mire and stones of the old London highways, we may easily imagine that this snowballing was no mere pleasant pastime.

Egmont, after being banqueted by Gardiner, proceeded, gladly enough, we doubt not, to Hampton Court, and tendered his proposals of marriage. These Mary received with mingled reserve and courtesy. Perhaps, as hitherto all the courting had been done by the father, she thought it was time for the son at least to take some part. It seems, however, to have been agreed that no time should be lost; so ere letter or token was received from her future husband, the marriage treaty was prepared. This was drawn up with great care, under the chancellor's direction.

"This instrument," as Mr. Prescott remarks, "was certainly worded with a care that reflected credit on the sagacity of its framers." But what security had the English nation that all these stipulations would be observed? As one of the speakers in Parliament is said to have asked: "If the bond be broken, who is there to sue the bond?" No wonder, therefore, that this marriage treaty, unexceptionable as it was in its provisions, was received by the people with rage and opposition, such as never had been witnessed since the wars of the Roses. Not only were placards affixed to every public building, and scurrilous ballads against the Spaniards sung in the streets, and children in their play pretending to hang the Spanish prince, but in Warwickshire and Leicestershire, in Devonshire and in Kent, insurrections broke out simultaneously.

We wish Mr. Prescott had been more

minute on this part of his subject, for "the accounts given in every English history of this period," to which he refers the reader, are both contradictory and apocryphal. The chief insurrection was that under Sir Thomas Wyatt, a leader to whom justice has never yet been done. A Kentish knight, a man of education and property, belonging "to the old religion" too, little cause had he to throw away fortune and life on a wild scheme to overturn the commonweal. But he well knew "the proud Spaniard," having frequently been sent on embassies to Spain; and he seems really to have felt it but the duty of a gallant Englishman to resist what was not the less truly a foreign invasion, because it was in the guise of a marriage treaty. That this feeling was general is proved by the fact, that the London trainbands sent to oppose him actually joined his standard, and that when with more than four thousand men he entered Southwark, "they were suffered peaceably to come, wythout repulse, or eny stroke stryken; yet ther was many men of the contry in the innes, raised and brought thyder by the Lorde William (Howard), to have gon agenste the saide Wyatt, but they all joined themselves to the saide Kentish rebels, taking their parts, and the saide inhabitants most willingly with their best entertayned them." The same writer states, that on Wyatt's entering Southwark, he made proclamation "that his comyng was only to resyst the comyng in of the Spanish king."

There was a fine chivalrous spirit in this unfortunate leader. His placing his name in the front of his cap, when proclamation was made that whoever took him should have "a cl. in money;" and especially in his retiring from a position so strong, and affording such facilities for retreat as Southwark, because, when the lieutenant of the Tower directed the great ordnance against the bridge foot and St. Mary Overies, the women cried to him, "Sir, we are like to be utterlie undone all, and destroyed for your sake, and, therefore, for the love of God take pytie on us." "He stayed awchyle," says the diarist—probably an eye-witness—"and then sayd these, or moche like words: 'I prairie you, my friends, content yourselves alyttel, and I will soon ease you of this myschefe, for God forbid that ye or the least child here shulde be hurt or killed in my behalfe.' And so in most speedie manner marched away."

This was his fatal step; for he retired to Kingston, along almost impassable roads—for it was the depth of winter—and then, leading his wearied men through Brentford, advanced westward upon London. The sad result is well known; but had Wyatt maintained his strong position in Southwark, most likely England would have been spared the following five dark years of her history.

It is worth while just to glance at the proceedings of the next three months. Ere Wyatt was executed, poor Lady Jane Grey and her husband were beheaded on Tower Hill, while severe execution was done upon the insurgents in the counties. The respite of Wyatt was doubtless intended for the purpose of involving Elizabeth in his plot; and sick and desolate she was brought in a litter to London—the journey of only twenty-nine miles occupying four days. And now, still chafing under the indignity of “the Spanish match,” and too well assured of the implacable nature of their queen, the people turned to this new victim with their homage and their love; and as she was slowly borne beneath the city gates, loaded with their ghastly trophies, and along Fleet-street and the Strand, crowds pressed around the open litter with tears and prayers for the youthful princess who was brought thither, perhaps to die. Mary was awed at this outburst of popular feeling, which even wholesale executions were unable to subdue, and Elizabeth for that time was safe.

Next came the execution of the Duke of Suffolk, while Wyatt and his associates were still respited; but every attempt to connect Elizabeth with the rising failed. Still, she was too important an object to be dismissed like Courtenay, and her cruel committal to the Tower followed. Charles had just before written to his ambassadors, requiring a positive guarantee of his son's safety. Was the imprisonment, and if needful, the execution of Elizabeth, the answer given?

But Charles, despotic as he might be in his own dominions, found that England was not to be trifled with. His envoy returned for answer that the English could not be depended upon, and that the wisest means of meeting the danger would be not to bring over a large retinue of Spaniards; while above all he urged that they should be conformable to English usages, and by their unobtrusive manners endeavor to conciliate these turbulent islanders. Thus, de-

spite of block and gibbet, popular opinion spoke out, and compelled even the haughty Castilian to bow. In the midst of the general confusion Count Egmont arrived on his second embassy, and presented a diamond ring of great value to the queen: but even this was from the father; for the son, up to this time, had exchanged neither letter nor gift with his bride! There seems no doubt that the marriage was most distasteful to him; but, as Sandoval admirably remarks, “like another Isaac, he sacrificed himself to the will of his father, and for the good of the church.” This last remark Mr. Prescott unfortunately leaves untranslated; but it is extremely important, inasmuch as it shows that if Charles viewed this marriage chiefly as a political alliance, Philip considered his visit to England as a veritable crusade. At length the bridegroom's first token arrived—a most splendid jewel containing an almost priceless diamond; and Philip, having committed the government to his sister Joanna, embarked at Corunna, and, attended by a fleet of more than a hundred sail, landed at Southampton on the 19th of July. We are told that he was warmly welcomed on his arrival; but that he dared not encounter public feeling is proved by his not adventuring to land in London. As to the rejoicings there—the guns firing, bells ringing, and processions to the churches—these were no sure proofs of popular favor. Charles I. was as warmly welcomed only two short years before he quitted his capital never again to return till his execution. The warnings of Renard were not lost upon the Spanish king. He rode constantly abroad during his stay at Southampton, breakfasted and dined in public, drank healths after the English manner—even tasting our strong ale—and, more distasteful than even that draught, endeavoring to conform himself to the easy manners of his new subjects, and to greet them with studied courtesy. That he did so is strong proof, as Mr. Prescott remarks, of the strength of his apprehensions. He even dismissed hundreds of his attendants who had followed him from Spain; and when he set out to meet the queen at Winchester he was attended by English archers, but they were dressed in the yellow and red livery of the house of Arragon. A short interview with Mary took place, and as she spoke the Castilian as fluently as English, no interpreter was needed. Two days after, on the feast of

St. James, the patron saint of Spain, the marriage took place in Winchester Cathedral. Scarcely a stronger proof of Mary's dread of her subjects could, we think, be given, than the fact of her being married in a city which, although it claimed, many centuries before, to be the metropolis of Wessex, indeed of England, was now sunk into obscurity and decay. The whole ceremony was gorgeous in the extreme. Philip, in white satin and cloth of gold, with the collar of the golden fleece round his neck, and the garter below his knee, went on foot to the cathedral, where Mary, blazing with diamonds, soon after arrived; and here the long service was commenced by Gardiner—the primate Cranmer was now prisoner in the Tower—which lasted four hours! A solemn procession and a dainty banquet followed, and dancing concluded the evening.

A month passed ere Philip and Mary dared to enter the good city of London; and not until then, a contemporary informs us, were the mouldering heads and quarters of the sufferers in Wyatt's rising removed. The "loyal citizens," as Mr. Prescott terms them, were certainly not yet reconciled to their new sovereign; for, however on this occasion pageants might have decked the streets, and the conduits might have run with wine, we know that the pillory was in constant requisition for men, and women too, on account of seditious speeches; and a numerous watch, although the height of summer, still nightly patrolled the streets. The ostentatious display of treasure which Philip caused to be paraded through the streets on its way to the Tower, was a more pleasant sight; but the people, harassed with political changes, and already dreading religious persecution, seem to have little heeded it, or aught beside.

In marrying the queen, Philip had now fulfilled his duty to his father; his duty to "holy Church" next engaged his attention, so he prepared for the coming of Cardinal Pole, charged to restore the heretic kingdom to the true faith, by bestowing pensions to the amount of many thousand gold crowns on most of the queen's ministers, on the plea of recompensing their loyalty to their mistress. The bait was eagerly swallowed. Men who were loud for the Reformation in Edward's days, and who, on the accession of Elizabeth, again professed their hatred to "the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable

enormities," now made most humble recantation of their heresies, and with the exulting king and queen welcomed the legate as he came up the Thames in his barge, blazing with scarlet and gold, and the legatine cross of solid silver glittering at the prow. And then followed that disgraceful scene, when the representatives of a proud nation knelt at the feet of a priest, and received his absolution and blessing, as they again bowed their necks to the Papal yoke. Well might it seem to Micheli, the Venetian ambassador, that "the example and authority of the sovereign are every thing to the people in matters of faith, and that they conform easily to his will;" but he had yet to learn, that a corrupt court is no representative of a people, nor is even a venal parliament. He was all unaware of the deep, stern spirit of resistance that was slowly gathering strength among the masses—of that attitude of quiet endurance, but steady determination, of the Englishman, which felt its strength, and therefore could afford to wait.

Meanwhile, Philip exultingly claimed in his letters the merit of having extirpated heresy in England, and his delighted father willingly gave him the full credit. But Philip's own confessor, after the first burnings in Smithfield, sternly denounced coercion in matters of religion, and advanced opinions of such ultra-liberality that few polemics of that day would have indorsed them; so it has even been imagined that the monarch, who shed seas of blood in the Netherlands for the Romish faith, and who attended an *auto de fe* as a summer day's pastime, was actually grieved at the progress of persecution in England! Far more likely, as Mr. Prescott suggests, was it a *ruse* to obtain a slight tribute of respect from the people. That he felt the want of this we have many proofs; for even the foreign ambassadors remarked how little authority he possessed. The parliament, venal as it was, would not assent to his coronation, nor would it become a party to the French war. It was something new for the heir of Charles V. to express to subjects a wish, and to find it remain ungratified.

But his moral character, too, disgusted the English (although chafing under the harsh rule of Mary, they openly rejoiced that the husband on whom she lavished such devotion, was so notoriously unfaithful); and not improbably, those coarse rhymes,

and rude jests, and scoffing ballads of the day Philip found more galling to his proud Castilian spirit than the firm but respectful refusals of the council to admit him to any participation of real power. He felt he could not make the politics of England subservient to his own interests, and little desire could he have to protract his stay in a country where he was but a hated exile. Just then a summons arrived from his father. Charles had determined upon his abdication, and Philip joyfully took leave of his sorrowing queen, who, with heavy heart, parted from him at Greenwich; he then crossed over to Calais, and soon after entered Brussels, where the emperor and his court were eagerly awaiting his arrival.

The abdication of Charles V. forms the opening chapter of the work before us, and a fine historical picture has Mr. Prescott given us. The mighty emperor, bowed with premature age—he was only fifty-six—with his sisters, and his son in imperial pomp, surrounded by the nobles and statesmen of the Netherlands, leaning on the Prince of Orange, and slowly rising to take leave of his people, who listened in breathless silence, and with unrestrained tears, was a solemn spectacle; and solemn were the words he addressed to them. Nor was his short address to his son less solemn; and when that son flung himself at his father's feet, and Charles, raising him up, father and son were alike bathed in tears, no marvel that the vast assembly burst into sobs and scarcely suppressed cries, for it was no cunning piece of acting that was presented before them, but the genuine outpouring of natural feeling that proved the human heart beat beneath the imperial mantle. Philip, ever taciturn, spoke but a few words; these were in French, and well can we imagine the chill with which those foreign accents fell upon the ears of the warm-hearted Flemings, who for so many years had been accustomed to be addressed by the emperor in their own cherished mother tongue. The Bishop of Arras, afterwards too well known as Cardinal Granvelle, followed with a long speech, chiefly worthy of notice for the solemn pledge of Philip to respect the laws and liberties of the Netherlands. How well that pledge was kept is well known.

Having resigned the government of the Netherlands, Charles next ceded the sovereignty of Castile and Arragon to his

son; and also, in effect, resigned the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand, although for the present retaining the title, and then the voluntary abdicator of the widest sovereignty in Europe—a sovereignty unequalled since the days of the earlier but scarcely mightier Charles—quitted Flanders to take up his quiet abode at the monastery of Yuste; greeted on his long and wearisome journey across the greater portion of Spain by countless multitudes, who saw in him the aged soldier of the cross, who, having fought the good fight, had now bequeathed the trusty brand to his son, with solemn charge never to sheath it until the heretic, like the Moors, had been driven from Christendom.

Charles was at war with France previously to his abdication; but one of his last acts was to enter into the treaty of Vancelles, which secured a truce for five years. This treaty was, however, destined to be in force even a shorter time than is usual for such documents; for, by the persuasion of the pope, Paul IV., less than five months passed when the King of France, "with the Pope for one of his allies and the Grand Turk for the other, prepared to make war on the most Catholic prince of Christendom." It is not the least curious incident of this strange contest that Alva, now Governor of Naples, fought with such hearty good-will against the holy father, that but for Philip's opportune reconciliation with the fiery pontiff, his general might have entered Rome, not as a pilgrim, but as victor. Meanwhile, Philip made vigorous preparations in the Low Countries, and, anxious to bring England into the war, he returned in March, 1557, after more than eighteen months' absence. On this occasion, Philip and Mary paid a visit to the city, and Machin records that they were "receyved wythe grete joye and plesur." If the joy were real, it seems very probable it was owing to the rumors generally prevailing that Philip was still friendly to Elizabeth. It was certainly believed that to him she owed the exchange from her rigorous confinement at Woodstock to the comparatively mere surveillance of her residence at Hampton Court, and subsequently at Hatfield; while to Mary, who too well knew that while she was childless Elizabeth was viewed, by Catholics as well as Protestants, as the heir to the crown, she was an object of suspicion and aversion,

although she had for a short time previously been treated with unwonted kindness.

After a residence of scarcely four months in England, Philip departed, never to meet his neglected wife again, and never again to set foot in England. Not improbably, he anticipated a speedy return; for the health of the queen was evidently fast failing, and what should prevent him from seeking, in case of her death, alliance with her sister Elizabeth? It is suggestive to observe the marked respect with which this long-neglected princess was treated during his short stay, and the deep melancholy which all along marked, with deeper shade, Mary's gloomy features.

Philip returned to Brussels with his contingent of English troops, who, although summoned to fight against their hereditary foe, expressed no joy; and with an army of men of various nations, which he placed under the command of the Duke of Savoy, the rejected suitor of Elizabeth set forth against St. Quentin. The story of this gallant fight is told at length, and most spiritedly, by Mr. Prescott. Never had France sustained such a defeat since the days of Agincour; and the huge and hideous Escorial still bears witness to the joy of Philip, and his gratitude to St. Lawrence, on whose day the victory was won. "Is Philip at Paris?" is said to have been the inquiry of Charles, when, in his retreat at Yuste, he heard the tidings. "But Philip was not of that sanguine temper which overlooks, or at least overleaps, obstacles in his way; besides, his heterogeneous army began to fall out among themselves, while the English troops grudged even a victory in which they themselves had borne a part, because it was gained for the hated Spaniard. They demanded to return to their native country, and Philip was compelled to yield.

Chafing under their late defeat, the French, under conduct of the Duke of Guise, now attacked Calais, that last proud trophy of our forefathers' valor, upon which France looked "with the same feeling with which the Spanish Moslems, when driven into Africa, looked to the recovery of their ancient possessions in Granada;" and ill fortified and weakly defended, in six days it fell into their hands. Then was "the last drop poured into the already full cup," and then the national spirit—the resistless spirit of the Englishman—arose. What was it to them

that the doting wife had been eager to lay her whole possessions at the feet of her unworthy husband? Were they, whose fathers so long ago had battled for their freedom, to be the mere vassals of an alien who had sought to overbear them with foreign troops, while Calais, defenseless and dilapidated, was suffered to be wrested from them? They had borne much—they could bear much—for the spirit which had been crushed on Bosworth Field was only slowly reviving; even religious persecution, in its ghastliest form, had been endured. But England, with her proud memories of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincour, her history stretching back to times more remote than Rome's earliest days—apocryphal as we know this to be, but not the less influential to our forefathers, who actually based solemn points of law upon it—should *she* yield homage to him, who could win a signal victory for himself, but who suffered the last, the very last trophy of England's proudest triumphs to be snatched away? It was with the loss of Calais that English spirit revived again.

As the summer advanced, Mary was still sinking; on the 30th of April she made her will, a document curious alike for the strong expression of her religious feelings, her devoted love to Philip, and the delusion that even then she was about to give an heir to the crown. Philip was now expected, and orders were issued to the lord-admiral to be in readiness. But he never came; and the news of the decisive victory gained by Count Egmont over the French at Gravelines probably afforded little joy to the dying queen. But death now began to be strangely busy among Philip's relations. His aunt, the Dowager-Queen of France, had lately died; on the 21st of September, Charles V. was gathered to his fathers; and just two months later, Mary ended her troubled life. It was probably owing to his seclusion, which continued for some weeks after he learnt of his father's death, that Philip was not aware of Mary's extreme danger, otherwise, we think, he would have endeavored to have been in England at the time of her decease. From the Duke of Feria he had learned Elizabeth's strong tendency to heretical opinions, and how widely they had spread among the people, he was well aware; it therefore seems to us a signal providence that the death of the father should by so

short an interval have preceded that of the wife; and thus was Elizabeth able to ascend the throne unopposed, and to surround herself with Protestant councillors, ere Philip, even by message, could interfere. Meanwhile, the people stood in hushed expectation. On the 28th of October, Mary added a codicil to her will, in which, all hope of an heir to the crown being abandoned, she entreats, with sad earnestness, her "next heire and successor" to permit her executors to carry the provisions of her will into effect. "In it," as Sir F. Madden remarks, "we evidently discern the fear of one who doubted the sincerity of her successor." But as the provisions of the will applied the greater portion of the bequests to convents, and for masses, they, of course, became invalid by law. Every eye was now fixed on the palace of St. James, where Mary lay sinking into death; and the people anticipating its slow approach, declared it had already taken place, for "a woman was sett on the pelerye for sayyng that the quen was ded, and her grace was not ded then." Five days afterward Mary died, and Elizabeth was proclaimed by a concourse of nobles, Catholic as well as Protestant, amid the wildest rejoicings. "*A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile oculis nostris*," was the grateful utterance of the young queen, and throughout her long reign that exulting text was the legend on her gold coinage.

Philip received the news of Mary's death with little emotion. The accession of Elizabeth was more important to him; and "a month had not elapsed since Mary's remains were laid in Westminster Abbey, when the royal widower made direct offers, through his ambassador, Feria, for her hand." But the English queen, "the true-hearted English queen," as Mr. Prescott terms her, just crowned amid the rejoicings of Englishmen, stood firm; and while she sent a courteous answer, showed by her earnest efforts in favor of Protestantism that her decision was made. Philip soon after sent a remonstrance, telling her that unless she openly disavowed the proceedings of her parliament, their marriage could not take place; and then Elizabeth, with much courtesy, declined his proposals. Thus, linked in marriage Philip and Elizabeth were not destined to be; but linked in political affairs—great antagonists in the stern strife of Protestant and Catholic, we

shall meet them for more than thirty years. Nor is it improbable, as Mr. Prescott remarks, "that feelings of a personal nature mingled with those of a political, in the long hostilities which Philip afterwards carried on with the English queen." Philip was not the man to pardon or to forget a denial. We have gone over this portion of Philip's history more at length, because we feel assured that a just view of Mary's reign is most important for a due appreciation of that of her great successor. In her reign, the key-note of that lofty tone of national feeling which manifests itself so nobly throughout that of Elizabeth, was certainly struck; and the awakening the energies of a great people to a sense of their mighty power, is certainly due to Philip of Spain.

A very interesting chapter on the latter days of Charles V. concludes the first book; and although, as Mr. Prescott remarks, "the subject has now become a thrice-told tale,"—for this chapter, he tells us, was written four years ago,—still in his hands it becomes a most pleasant one. While giving the various details, with which Mr. Stirling, and M. Pichot, and Mignet have also made us acquainted, Mr. Prescott proves, from original documents, the deep interest Charles still felt in public affairs. In regard to that extraordinary but most solemn act, surely too severely termed "a melancholy farce" by our author, the celebration of his own obsequies by the still living emperor, Mr. Prescott brings forward many historical doubts, although, on the whole, he seems inclined to believe that perhaps some ceremony of the kind took place, but earlier than the day assigned to it. Soon after the day usually assigned, Charles became alarmingly ill, and he executed a codicil to his will, in which, among other injunctions, he conjured Philip to cherish the Holy Inquisition, as the best instrument for the suppression of heresy—"so shall you have my blessing, and the Lord shall prosper you in all your undertakings!" On the 21st of September, feebly attempting to clasp the silver crucifix which had belonged to the empress, "to him the memento of earthly love, as well as heavenly," and earnestly pronouncing the words, "*Ay, Jesus*," he died.

The second book commences the narrative of the war in the Netherlands; an episode, indeed, as Mr. Prescott remarks, in Philip's history, but one of incalculable

importance, producing effects which have stretched onwards to our own times, and will still influence future generations. He begins his narrative with a masterly view of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, and a rapid survey of the policy of Charles V., with his ineffectual endeavors to stay the progress of the Reformation, and narrates the murders of Egmont and Hoorne, and the terrible career of Alva. The closing chapters are devoted to that most mysterious incident of Spanish history, the imprisonment and death of Don Carlos; a subject which, we need scarcely say, has occupied the attention of the dramatist, almost as much as the historian. By aid of the valuable documents with which a most extensive search has supplied him, Mr. Prescott, while he utterly disproves the commonly received tale of the mutual attachment of Isabella and her son-in-law, shows the deep hatred that Philip unquestionably bore to his son. From various testimonies, he proves that Don Carlos, sickly and wayward from his birth, was of a fierce and haughty temper; that when seventeen years old, he

fractured his skull by a severe fall; that he was trepanned, as the only means of saving his life, and "there is good reason to believe that the blow did permanent injury to the brain;" for many instances of his strange conduct are given. But then mere insanity would excite, even in Philip, pity rather than hatred. With great care and skill Mr. Prescott next collects all the evidence (much of it most contradictory) which he can obtain upon this still mysterious subject; and although he leaves undetermined the question whether Carlos was murdered, or died a natural death, he concludes: "Yet, can those who reject the imputation of murder acquit that father of inexorable rigor towards his child in the measures which he employed, or of the dreadful responsibility which attaches to the consequences of them?"

We close these volumes with much pleasure, hoping soon to receive the remaining portion of this valuable history; meanwhile recommending them to all our readers as a most carefully studied and graphic narrative of those eventful times.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

M A D E M O I S E L L E D E L A F A Y E T T E .

MADemoiselle DE LA FAYETTE, who was treated by Anne of Austria with the utmost kindness, passed all her evenings with the princess. She heard with sorrow many epigrams and jokes on the subject of the eagerness with which the king applied himself at that time to business; every one seemed to think that it was a fancy that would not last. The cardinal was severely censured for many high favors granted to several officers since the last campaign, which was, in fact, reflecting on the king, who had signed and granted them. Mademoiselle de la Fayette dared not defend the king, for fear of expressing herself with too much warmth, but she undertook the just-

ification of the cardinal, and even went so far as to praise him. She recalled to the recollection of her listeners that he had founded the Académie Française and rebuilt the Sorbonne, and had also established the royal printing-office; that he had formed the Jardin des Plantes, that he was the patron of all great artists, and of every one who was distinguished for real talents. This language displeased many of the circle, and was applauded by others. It was faithfully repeated to the cardinal by Chavigny, who concluded that Mademoiselle de la Fayette was determined to obtain favor and protection from the minister. Ministers in power are, in reality,

much less arrogant than is generally supposed. Perpetually haunted by the idea that the praises accorded their measures must be interested, they rarely take personal credit for the applause they deserve. Flattery is not, therefore, so very convincing. It would be more harmless, perhaps, if it convinced the mind entirely; at least it would have the effect of rendering the persons to whom it is addressed sincere in their belief of what others told them. But as flattery only *half convinces* the understanding, and serves to increase pride, a general want of confidence is the consequence, extending to every one and every thing, making even friendship suspicious.

As the queen's coterie had predicted, Louis soon wearied of an application that was painful to him, replaced all the affairs of state into the hands of the cardinal, and determined only to interfere when he was obliged, as a mere matter of form. The same day the Comte de la Meilleraie, a relative of the cardinal, informed him of the passion with which Mademoiselle de la Fayette had inspired him, and of his desire to obtain her hand. The cardinal entirely approved the proposal, and desired La Meilleraie to open his mind to Mademoiselle de la Fayette. Never for a moment doubting a favorable reply, the cardinal acquainted the king with the intended proposal, and requested his consent to the union. Louis became agitated, and his confusion did not escape the lynx eyes of the cardinal. After a moment's silence, his majesty replied:

"Does Mademoiselle de la Fayette herself desire this alliance?"

"Sire, as yet we are unacquainted with her sentiments, but I suppose, that as she has formed no other engagement, she will not reject a proposal which must appear advantageous in every point of view."

"You must hear her answer, and then acquaint me with it."

These words, pronounced in a somewhat dry manner, confirmed the suspicions of Richelieu. He said no more on the subject, but proceeded to talk of other things.

The cardinal waited patiently the report of Chavigny, and when he was informed by him that Mademoiselle de la Fayette had with equal politeness and firmness, but without the slightest hesitation, refused this brilliant alliance, the cardinal, instead of appearing amazed, only smiled.

"This at least assures me," said he, "of an intrigue already formed. The king is

in love with Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and they understand each other's feelings."

"It was reported, six months ago, before the last campaign, that the king had a *penchant* for her, but since then I have heard no more of it."

"I tell you they understand each other, and the profound mystery with which the king acts, proves to me that he attaches more importance to this *liaison* than he ever did to that with Mademoiselle de Hautefort."

"Does your eminence then suppose that they meet in private?"

"No," replies the cardinal, "that would be *un pue trop fort* for his majesty. He would require an age to advance as far as that, but I should not wonder if they corresponded."

"Every one praises the discretion of Mademoiselle de la Fayette."

"But her judgment also is praised; and, if her character is not exaggerated, she is ambitious. I must positively have a private interview with her myself."

"I think she would like nothing better. Her admiration for your eminence is her constant subject of conversation."

"Yes, but now I comprehend her motive. She sees she could not reckon on the king if I were opposed to this *liaison*."

"That is evident."

"If in reality she shows a sincere devotion to my interest, far from injuring, I will endeavor to serve her. The difficulty is to find an opportunity of speaking with her privately without observation."

"The Count de Soissons is soon to give a masked ball; that would be a capital opportunity."

"No, she will also wear a mask, and in those kind of interviews one must observe the face and the working of the features, especially with a young lady who has only been eight months at court. Besides, the king will certainly be present at this ball, and will not leave her side. But I will have her watched, and a favorable moment shall be found to appoint a rendezvous with her."

"At Paris?"

"Such is my plan. At my niece's, Madame de Aiguillon."

"Mademoiselle de la Fayette has too much sense not to see at once all the advantages that may result from such a meeting."

"Yes, I fancy she will scarcely disdain or reject the offers I intend making her."

Thus the greatest geniuses are apt to judge. Entirely carried away by the vortex of public business, and guided by ambition, they seldom estimate or understand the loftiness of feeling and perfect disinterestedness of conduct to be found in some characters.

Generally speaking, this unfavorable opinion of men may be just; but not to allow of exceptions is to overlook all that is most honorable and excellent in human nature. It is calumniating those privileged natures that—to the honor of the species be it said—are to be found in every class.

The cardinal hastened to inform the king of the reply of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. He saw that Louis's countenance lighted up at the news, and that joy glistened in his eyes. He did not appear to remark this, and left the king, delighted at having discovered a secret that he intended to turn to his own advantage.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette having been invited to breakfast with Madame d'Aiguillon, was received with *impressment* by this lady, whom she found alone. During breakfast, the duchess made use of all the flattery she deemed most likely to gratify Mademoiselle de la Fayette. Neither caresses nor praises of her beauty were forgotten. Her judgment was commended, and her future triumphs were confidently anticipated and predicted. Then the duchess turned the conversation on the cardinal, and speaking with more gravity, she said that she was aware that on many occasions Mademoiselle de la Fayette had acted as his champion. Smiling, and affecting a confidential air, she added that the cardinal might be an implacable enemy, but he was at the same time the most ardent and generous of friends. Mademoiselle de la Fayette listened to all this preamble in silence, when suddenly the door opened, and Richelieu himself appeared. She rose, and was about to withdraw, when the cardinal and the duchess both insisted on her remaining. They all seated themselves, and the conversation became general. At the end of a quarter of an hour a servant entered, and whispering something to the duchess, she asked permission of her guests to retire a moment, in order to give some directions in another room.

"Besides," said she, addressing Mademoiselle de la Fayette, "I know that the

cardinal will be glad to have a little private conversation with you about that poor Comte de la Meilleraie, whom you have so cruelly deprived of hope. Therefore I will leave you for a few moments."

Saying these words she rose, kissed Mademoiselle de la Fayette with great tenderness, and withdrew. The cardinal, now alone with the pretty maid of honor, thus began:

"I have," said he, "to reproach and thank you. I know, Mademoiselle, with what kindness you speak of me, and in every respect I am most anxious to see you become a member of my family; but the ties of friendship are stronger with me than those of blood. I wish to be your friend."

Here Mademoiselle de la Fayette bowed with great respect, but did not reply.

Courtiers and politicians are excellent physiognomists, and as they generally disbelieve all that they hear, they usually are particularly gratified at discovering what others desire to conceal from them. They make a regular study of the expression of the features. A look, a motion, the very way they are listened to, often reveals to them more than indiscretion can betray or ingenuity discover. The cardinal saw that the countenance of Mademoiselle de la Fayette was untroubled. Her perfect calmness and dignity astonished him. The phrase he had uttered, "I wish to be your friend"—solemn words, indeed, from the mouth of Richelieu—had caused in her no change of expression! Her composed demeanor was in the eyes of the cardinal an additional reason for completing the conquest he projected. He had before much desired to gain her over, but now he attached an immense importance to his success. To fail would at once be unfortunate and unworthy of his powers of influencing those around him. What! the real sovereign of France, the cleverest of *diplomates*, the greatest politician in Europe, not capable of gaining over a girl of three-and-twenty, without experience? He must—he would obtain her confidence. Any doubt on the subject was insupportable. All means of seduction must be used—every inducement employed to insure success.

"And you," said the cardinal, after a few moments' silence—"will you be my friend? You have no father. Will you permit me to replace him in your affec-

tion? Will you profit by the wisdom long experience has taught me, and allow me to guide you in a career that must be strange to you, and where every path is so beset with difficulty and danger, that once to lose your way would be to involve yourself in inextricable, interminable confusion?"

"Yes, your eminence, this is, indeed, true of those who pursue dark and tortuous paths; but there is nothing to fear when one treads the broad and open highway at noon-day, determined never to deviate from the beaten track."

These words, pronounced with firmness and becoming dignity, so entirely took the cardinal aback that he was speechless. His eyes rested on Mademoiselle de la Fayette. Anger and indignation soon mingled with his surprise; yet the real loftiness of soul she had displayed, the disdain with which she had rejected his offers of friendship and protection, appeared to him so unaccountable, that he could only imagine she wished to extract from him some offer more open and decided. This idea gave him courage to re-commence the attack.

"Let us be frank," said he, smiling. "I know all."

"What do you mean, monseigneur?"

"The king loves you. The purity of his heart and his principles may allow you to confess it. He loves you. And his interest, as well as your own and that also of the state, require that we should be friends."

"To what sort of friendship does your eminence allude?"

"An entire confidence on your part, and an *active* acknowledgment on mine."

The cardinal was on the point of promising her titles, estates, and pensions; but Mademoiselle de la Fayette, who, with downcast eyes, listened to him in silence, all at once looked up fixedly in his face. This look stopped him short. He felt that he must be very cautious in what terms he made the most brilliant offers to this lady—offers which he had made to so many with such success, without hitherto experiencing the slightest difficulty as to the wording of them. While he was preparing in his own mind a set speech, Mademoiselle de la Fayette addressed him in her turn.

"Your eminence," said she, "can only wish me to give my personal confidence—the only confidence, indeed, I can honorably promise to make; but I have no se-

crets. My heart is without ambition, and my feelings averse from any concealment. Besides, I am sure that your eminence's own elevated mind will at once understand me when I say that, if ever it were the pleasure of his majesty to repose confidence in me, there is no temptation, no power upon earth that would induce me to betray the sacred trust."

At these words Richelieu reddened, but, suppressing his rising anger and annoyance, replied:

"The confidence of a great king can only be properly accepted when that friend to whom it is addressed is capable of imparting to his sovereign the best and most useful counsel. I propose, Mademoiselle de la Fayette, to render you capable of imparting such advice, because, whatever may be your natural sense and penetration, this is an instance in which experience alone is available."

"But does not your eminence think that, rectitude of purpose—"

"You are little experienced in the intrigues of courts, and perhaps you will discover some day that the offer of my esteem and assistance is not to be despised."

"No one can attach a higher price than I do to the good opinion of your eminence; but I do not think you have at all proved it to me in the course of this interview, although I am sure I have deserved it."

"I have only one more word to add," cried the cardinal, quite transported with rage; "any idea of favor without my support and protection is a delusion."

"I cannot believe this, my lord, for in so doing I should degrade both our illustrious sovereign and yourself."

"Remember what I have said, and who I am. Think of the future. Compare the fate of *my* friends and of *my* enemies, and choose."

"I think only of my duty. When this idea alone occupies my mind, promises cannot seduce, or menaces intimidate."

At these words the cardinal rose, furious with passion.

"You are young," said he, with a bitter smile, "and therefore I am induced to pardon the presumption that deludes you—the more so as I am certain of soon curing you of it."

Saying these words he abruptly withdrew. And thus ended an interview where uprightness and virtue had disconcerted all the combinations of experience and all

the artifices of the most consummate intriguer in the universe.

Richelieu, thoroughly exasperated, left the apartment with the firm resolve of ruining her who had dared to resist and brave his authority with so much coolness and firmness—her who had actually succeeded in embarrassing and confounding him. Long experience and knowledge of mankind had taught him, after so lengthened a conversation, not to mistake a positive refusal for a feigned denial. Magnanimity may be attributed to presumption, but can never be confounded with artifice, so entirely opposite are they in character. The cardinal, convinced that he could never seduce Mademoiselle de la Fayette by promises, only now considered how he might best banish her for ever from court. There was a courtier, named Boisensval, entirely at the command of the Cardinal de Richelieu. He was a man of narrow mind, very intriguing, extremely acute, and who had long possessed himself of the confidence of the king on those subjects that he wished to conceal from the cardinal and his other favorites. This was known. The favorites showed him no mercy, the cardinal treated him in public with the utmost contempt, and yet the favor Boisensval enjoyed only increased. On his side, Boisensval, in his secret interviews with Louis, expressed the greatest animosity towards Richelieu, but avoided abusing either his heart or his natural character. He only attacked him as a statesman, and he even admitted, with an air of irritation and vexation, "*that he held Europe in his hand.*" Thus, with a refinement of artifice, he managed to praise him immoderately, amid expressions of vulgar virulence that amounted to nothing. Such praise was not suspected, and the king good-naturedly saw only ill-humor in his dislike of the cardinal. The art of injuring and of destroying reputations by praise is so well understood at court that it deceives less there than elsewhere; but the contrary art of praising under the semblance of hatred and abuse is much more useful, because less general.

Those who practise it must be acute, brusque, often coarse in their language, and possess at the same time such infinite tact, as renders a similar line of conduct excessively difficult to carry out. Boisensval had all these requisites. He had received his instructions from a great master—this master being Richelieu himself—to

whom he had entirely sold himself, without any creature living even suspecting it.

The cardinal was informed by Boisensval that the king wrote daily to Mademoiselle de la Fayette. Soon these letters were privately brought to him, and he read them one after the other. They were admirably re-sealed, and no one suspected this audacious treachery. The cardinal could not but admire the modest and feminine grace of this correspondence—the angelic character and noble sentiments displayed by Mademoiselle de la Fayette. He saw that the king loved her passionately. "At length," said he to his confidant Chavigny, "the king loves for the first time in his life. This is indeed a real attachment. Who knows what it may lead to? We must speak to Caussin, his confessor."

Caussin was confessor both to the king and to Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The cardinal summoned him, and evinced the utmost anxiety upon the subject of the king's *conscience*, that is, on account of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. Caussin replied with good-humor that this *liaison* was entirely innocent and very useful to the king, and therefore to France, and that it tended to make the king and queen much more friendly. Notwithstanding these assurances, the cardinal retained all his *scruples*, and as the good priest continued to reply with the same *naïveté*, he changed the subject, and spoke to him of preferment, offered him his protection, and proposed making him a bishop. Caussin replied with equal simplicity and good-feeling that, being without ambition, he was perfectly satisfied with his situation. He withdrew, leaving Richelieu highly discontented and annoyed.

"The king is subjugated and at the same time exalted," said he to Chavigny. Mademoiselle de la Fayette is a romantic young person, full of sense, energy, and courage; Caussin is a fool, who wants nothing. All this is very embarrassing, and I must consider what is to be done."

Caussin was, in fact, very ignorant of the refinement of feeling that it suited the cardinal to assume. He could only see in this intimacy pure attachment—a virtuous, honorable friendship. Entertaining no doubt of the discretion of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, and only occupied with the idea of effecting a reconciliation between the king and the queen, he cared little either for the scruples or the apprehen-

sions of the cardinal. He exhorted Mademoiselle de la Fayette to remain at court, and sincerely reassured her on the subject of scruples he did not comprehend.

One morning that Richelieu was closeted with Boisensval, this latter told him that the king's passion seemed daily to increase.

"But," said the cardinal, "do you not mistake admiration and gratitude for love? Are you certain that feelings originating in so much purity have really become the violent passion you represent?"

"Yes, my lord. It has now become a passion similar in character to any other passion. It is real love, with all its agitations, torments, and miseries. He esteems and admires Mademoiselle de la Fayette so much, that he hides his feelings, I think, from her; but he is not deceived himself, although he will not quite own it to me. I have in vain endeavored to moderate his passionate ecstasies—I have in vain tried to depreciate the merits of the object of his admiration, but without effect. If she is not spoken of with enthusiasm he no longer listens. One might as well address him in an unknown tongue, so little attention does he pay. It is no use to deceive your eminence. Notwithstanding his feebleness, his virtue, his religion, his majesty is as much in love as any *heathen*."

The cardinal smiled.

"Yes," added Boisensval, "this is indeed the case. True heroic friendship demands a certain strength of character, but love requires none of these qualifications. It is certain that the king is in love. He may, from habit, call this love by the harmless name of friendship; and, as far as that goes, I am sure he never could forget himself so far as to pronounce the word of *love*."

"Never mind. We must have Caussin informed of this, and convince him that intimate friendship is dangerous between a married man of thirty-five and a woman as beautiful as an angel. I will give him myself a little lesson on the subject."

"It is very commendable that a prince of the Church should teach a humble priest his duty. Besides, all the world knows your eminence is as great a theologian as a politician."

"Listen, Boisensval. What we have now to do is to endeavor to cool this passion of the king's, or to lower in his opinion a woman who actually disdains riches,

is destitute of ambition, and asks for nothing either for herself or her friends—who is quite free from coquetry, and whose reputation is positively above all suspicion. We must change our plan of action. In future you must endeavor to heighten and to inflame the imagination of the king on the subject."

"On what subject, your eminence?"

"Mademoiselle de la Fayette, of course."

"Can your eminence think of such a thing? What, you wish then to serve her whose ruin you have sworn?"

"It is her ruin that I am meditating. If you second me well it is certain, and your fortune is made—a fortune, let me tell you, in comparison of which all I have ever done for you shall be as nothing."

"My attachment—my devotion—must suffice."

"I know all that, Boisensval, and I only say this to encourage you in case you need it, which I do not think you do; but I wish to show you the immense importance I attach to this service."

"Speak, my lord; only tell me what I must do."

"As I have said: excite and embolden the king, and with great care and address renew the subject of your former dislike of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. Declare yourself cured of all unfavorable impressions—say that she has gained your admiration—praise her excessively—show a perfect confidence in her virtue and that of the king—endeavor to augment, if possible, the confidence of his majesty in his own principles. That will not be difficult, for he imagines himself possessed of a virtue beyond all temptation. Does he show you the letters of Mademoiselle de la Fayette?"

"No, your eminence; but when he believes me to have become her adviser I shall obtain even this confidence, I am sure."

"Then you must persuade him that his love is fully returned."

"In this I shall speak the truth, for I verily believe that it is."

"And I also, but she really possesses great elevation of character, and is troubled by no feminine weakness. Persuade the king to receive her alone; encourage him in making more private assignations with her; and that, under professions of the most boundless and inviolable respect on his side, she on hers should confide entirely in his honor and in his virtue. He

will never betray her into making a *faux pas*. She will resist with firmness every temptation of the kind, and in the end they will quarrel."

"I understand your meaning. This plan of your eminence could only have been conceived by a mind such as yours. Yet remember, Mademoiselle de la Fayette confesses herself without experience in these matters. She is a woman. If she should be led astray—if she yielded—"

"Should such an event occur she will never forgive herself, and will fly far from kings and courts to hide her shame in solitude."

"But we must be prepared for every emergency. If, however, the same attachment which has triumphed over her virtue should induce her to remain?"

"The king, naturally religious and virtuous, would never live in such open scandal; it would be unbearable to him. With his respect, all his love for her would cease. Now he is in a state of enthusiastic enthralment; but once let him cease to esteem her, remorse and disgust would replace every other sentiment. I repeat, that I am certain Mademoiselle de la Fayette will sacrifice every thing to her sense of duty."

"But this very resistance will only increase the king's admiration, and, consequently, the power she possesses over him."

"On the contrary, the king, ashamed of his increasing weakness, will be less disposed to admiration. He will fancy her resistance arises from want of affection to him, and his passion will cool in consequence. Besides, if the king presumed so far as to make her any dishonorable proposals, Mademoiselle de la Fayette, awakened to the true sense of his feelings, will avoid him, the king would then become embarrassed, mourn, weep, and end by soon forgetting her."

"I see that the chances are with us. Your plan is admirable. I will perform my part with all the dexterity I possess, and shall soon return to give your eminence some account of what I have done, for I am confident beforehand we shall succeed."

"Do not hurry yourself; be cautious, precipitate nothing. The art of insinuation requires ample time for operation. When what you say does not appear to convince, let the subject drop, and appear not to care about it. Endeavor another

time to renew the discussion under a fresh form. Recollect that the most ignorant of princes are generally well versed in some commonplace maxims that are ever present in their minds, and by which they never fail to be guided on particular occasions. For instance, they are all aware that those who wish to gain favor invariably flatter their passions; such direct means are therefore best avoided. Try to escape this suspicion by not always agreeing with the king's opinions; but disagree with a certain discretion. Appear rigid in your general principles, but affect to be led away by excess of zeal in particular instances. I am now, Boisenvil, unfolding to you some pages of my own system. As you are young, and naturally possess tact and intelligence, I leave you to profit by the revelation of these mysteries. An intimacy with a prince, at once feeble and suspicious, who is known to be governed by favorites, is an admirable school to exercise and perfect your naturally acute intellect. What art, precaution, prudence, pliability, and judgment are necessary! The ascendancy you possess must be kept out of sight, for you would never be pardoned, or even have a chance of ultimate success, if you presumed prematurely upon it so much as to allow your influence to become visible to the object you desire to govern; but when at last you feel your power thoroughly established, then audacity may take the place of more cautious measures. You may then boldly display your influence before all the world, as no authority can be real without a certain notoriety and *éclat*."

Thus Richelieu, in the privacy of his own apartments, unfolded to his pliant confidant the inmost secrets of his dexterous and ambitious soul.

Boisenvil observed his directions with the utmost exactness, and by exciting the king's passions he contrived in a few months to gain his entire confidence. Louis was compelled, in his intercourse with Mademoiselle de la Fayette, to submit to the very strictest rules of propriety, and suffered tortures from the galling restraint he endured. He particularly complained to Boisenvil of the reserve and formality of their interviews, to which complaints his confidant replied, that when he felt assured of entirely possessing the heart of her he loved, it was very easy to obtain all else he desired, and that Mademoiselle de la Fayette would soon

be prevailed on to meet him privately and alone. The king, convinced by what he said, now gave himself up to the most flattering and intoxicating hopes of success. One evening, in the queen's apartment, the king led Mademoiselle de la Fayette to a window that stood open on account of the heat, and leaning with her on the balcony, thus addressed her:

"You know," said he, "all the respect I feel for you, and the power that your very look exercises over me. A brother is allowed to embrace a beloved sister—a brother's feelings could scarcely be more pure than those I feel towards you—but your eyes looked disapproval, and I submitted. Let me confess, also, that when I gazed on the freshness, the youthful purity of that face, the delicacy of those brilliant cheeks, I felt that even the chastest kiss would be a profanation. At least, let the sacrifice I have made of my own feelings be appreciated, and gain for me, in return, your fullest, your most unreserved confidence."

"Ah!" replied Mademoiselle de la Fayette, "that confidence has, you well know, long been yours. I might distrust myself, but you, sire, never—never!"

"How happy you make me!" exclaimed the king. "But, remember, that to lose your good opinion *now*, after what you have said, would make me the most unfortunate of mortals. I flatter myself that I understand *your* attachment towards *me*; but how can words express what *I* feel towards *you*? How can I describe that which is without bounds or limits? For instance, you can exist without me—you are sustained by the inherent dignity of your own character—you find amusement in your various accomplishments; but *I*—I am nothing without you—I am a mere blank—I live only for you and by you—have no idea that is my own, not a sentiment that does not emanate from you; it is your mind that guides me, your soul that arouses me; there is to me an indescribable charm in the idea that all my good actions are dictated by your desire and spring from your heart. Ah! I no longer fear flattery, for when I am applauded, I feel that your praise alone meets my ears. Oh! give yourself up to me, then, without constraint, for if even doubtful of *me*, you may surely rely on virtue itself, of whom *you* are the living representative."

In this speech there was as much art as

passion. Louis wished to prepare the mind of Mademoiselle de la Fayette for the strangest proposition. Carried away, seduced as it were, by his love for her, and encouraged by the artful insinuations of Boisenval, he had conceived the most audacious hopes; or, to express it better, he no longer doubted the ultimate success of his desires, or of her acquiescence in the demand he was about to make. Nevertheless, he hesitated—some further time elapsed—but a fortnight after the queen's confinement, being much urged by Boisenval, he determined to delay no longer the execution of his plan. One morning, in the queen's boudoir, at the end of a conversation with Mademoiselle de la Fayette, Louis said that he had a favor to ask of her.

"I shall be but too delighted to grant it," replied she; "but how comes it that I should not have already anticipated any thing depending on me that could gratify you?"

"What I desire depends entirely on you. Will you promise not to refuse me?"

"Is my promise necessary?"

"Well, but give me your word."

"Sire, I give it you from the bottom of my heart—only tell me what you wish."

"Not now—it would require too long an explanation; I will make my request in writing, and you shall receive a letter this evening; but remember, you have given me your word, and to withdraw it would plunge me into utter misery and despair."

Saying these words, the king left her.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette felt surprised but not uneasy. The notion that the king was capable of making an improper proposition never for a moment entered her mind; yet still she felt the greatest curiosity to know what this secret might be. She formed a thousand different conjectures that were each further than the other from the truth. At length, on entering her room at night, she found a letter from the king. She hastily tore it open, and read what follows with feelings of the most painful astonishment:

"If the sentiments of attachment we feel towards each other were of a more commonplace nature—if you did not already read my heart as in a glass—the proposal I am about to make might appear imprudent, and even improper; but you know beforehand that it is impossible for you to be *imprudent* with me, and that

at least the sentiments I feel deserve to be rewarded with all the *abandon* of the most unlimited confidence. Did I say unlimited? Yes, such should you feel towards me; for can you be ignorant of the purity, the delicacy of my devotion towards you, and the absolute power you exercise over me? Can you be ignorant of the fact, that if even for a moment you were called on to repress an involuntary feeling, one single glance would suffice?

"For two years I have adored you and you only, and twice only during that whole period have I been able to address you alone, and to chance only did I even then owe this inexpressible happiness. It is impossible for me longer to endure this odious constraint. I have arranged, therefore, my hunting-seat at Versailles as much in accordance with your taste as it is possible. There you will find flowers, a garden, fields and woods. Come, then, embellish this abode with your presence, and let us dedicate it as a temple to friendship! Bring with you any friends you please—and we will there pass together three or four days in every week. There we can converse unmolested. Thus my happiness will be perfected, and you will increase my gratitude a thousand-fold. What do you fear—the voice of calumny? It would not presume to attack, and could never injure you. In a word, I rely on the fulfillment of your promise, because I am sure that you are certain of my principles and my honor. To refuse me, then, would only be to insult me; it would rend my very soul, and destroy every hope I have of happiness."

When she had finished reading this letter, Mademoiselle de la Fayette was utterly confounded. The fatal veil which had so long concealed the truth suddenly fell from her eyes. There was no longer any attempt at deception—all further delusion was impossible; this letter, and the feelings that dictated it, were not to be misunderstood.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried she, "with what a tone of authority and assurance he proposes to dishonor me! This is, then, the attachment I believed to be so pure! What! does he suppose that I could encourage an adulterous passion? Wretch that I am. I have already deceived myself into sharing it; and now, when I remember the many passionate interviews that have passed between us, it seems impossible that I could have deluded myself

so long. But how shall I reply to him? He will be irritated—he will be in despair!"

This idea deprived Mademoiselle de la Fayette of all her presence of mind, and surmounted every other consideration. Irrevocably determined never to grant any concession unworthy of herself, she sought every means to render as gentle as possible the dreadful blow she was about to inflict. Again and again, with tears flowing down her cheeks, she read and re-read this passage of his letter: "To refuse me would be an insult; it would rend my very soul, and destroy every hope I have of happiness." "His attachment to me, after all," said she, "will only serve to make him miserable. Ah! would to Heaven that I might sacrifice for him my peace—my happiness—nay, even life itself! But my reputation—his own—my honor—to encourage an adulterous passion—to give to all France the spectacle of such an outrageous scandal—to play the ignominious part of a royal mistress—at least to act as if I were such, and expose myself to become the object of universal and just contempt—no! I will never consent to such degradation—my reason revolts—my feelings abhor the very idea!"

Mademoiselle de la Fayette passed the night in the utmost agitation, determined to fly at all hazards, but undecided how to break her resolution to the king. She meditated the most absolute self-sacrifice, but her rebel heart refused compliance. Louis XIII., by his gentleness and his constancy, had entirely gained the affection of the lovely maid of honor. She trembled at the idea of the grief he would suffer, and yet she had already registered a solemn vow to renounce the world and her liberty, and bury herself in a convent where she had been educated. One idea alone served to mitigate her sufferings: in her retreat she might see and even love, without scruple, the monarch who adored her—she might still guide him by her counsel, and support him by her own courage. When she had fully determined her plan of action, she took up her pen, and thus addressed the king:

"Your majesty desires that our interviews should no longer be in the presence of witnesses who might observe us. Before knowing what was required of me, I promised to grant all that was asked. I will not withdraw my word, but I only

presume to entreat your majesty the liberty of selecting the spot where these private interviews are to be held. In eight days the place where I intend to receive you will be prepared, and then and there I shall expect you. Your majesty will then judge of the extent of my attachment, and of the unbounded devotion of my heart."

After having written this letter, she sent a messenger to her friend Madame de Beaumont, to beg her to come to her room, having something of importance to communicate. The marchioness came, and Mademoiselle de la Fayette, having made her promise inviolable secrecy, confided to her the project she meditated. She only said that, tired of the court and of the world, she wished to leave them for ever. Her friend could not restrain her tears at the idea of a creature so young, so beautiful, and of such an exalted character, burying herself in a cloister. She vainly endeavored to combat her project. All she said was heard with calmness, but she could not succeed in shaking the resolution of Mademoiselle de la Fayette.

"Before I retire for ever from the world," said she to her friend, "I have one entreaty to make—one favor to beg."

"Tell me," said Madame de Beaumont, "only tell me what it is. I shall always be too happy to serve you; but especially now, under present circumstances."

"Then you will promise to do what I ask?"

"Is my promise necessary—can you doubt me? Must I swear to do what you desire to satisfy you?"

"Well, then, I will tell you what I want. I am rich, as you well know. My mother left me a large fortune; my aunt, too, who is lately dead, bequeathed all she had to me. But now, of what use is all this to me? My jewelry is sufficient to pay those charities which I promised to bestow. I have already sold all my trinkets, in order to make over the amount to the hospital of the convent I am to inhabit. You, my dear friend, are poor, and this poverty may be a serious obstacle to your marriage. I entreat you, therefore, to accept my whole fortune—it is wholly at your disposal—take it for my sake."

Madame de Beaumont, however, firmly refused this generous offer. She represented to her that all her projects were, as yet, but in embryo; that she might still change her mind; and that it would

be extremely imprudent to surrender up a fortune unadvisedly, the loss of which might afterwards be a subject of eternal regret. But Mademoiselle de la Fayette insisting, Madame de Beaumont at length accepted her offer, on one condition—that whenever she wished to resume her fortune, it was always to remain at her disposal.

The maid of honor kissed her cautious friend, and the next day signed the papers, by which she made over to her, in testimony of the friendship she bore her, the full and entire possession of all she possessed in lands, castles, and houses.

Every thing being arranged, Mademoiselle de la Fayette found herself for a moment alone. A kind of horror came over her—she dreaded reflecting on the vast sacrifice she was about to make. "Alas!" said she to herself, "it is no real feeling of religion that leads me to embrace a life of holiness—mine is not a sincere call—worldly and profane feelings have induced me to take this measure; but at least my life has been innocent—my conscience, I hope, is still pure—religion will, I trust, heal the wounds of my lacerated heart, and once within the sacred walls of that holy retirement, I shall hope to reap the fruits of the sacrifice I make to my love. Yes, I can no longer deceive myself; what I feel for the king is love—pure, it is true, but no less ardent and passionate love. O my God!" she cried, "I feel too plainly that worldly motives, however noble or generous they may be, are not sufficient to elevate the mind above vain and worldly regrets. But do Thou bless my resolves, grant that religion may henceforth in reality become my aim, faith my support, and that a holy peace may be my recompense!"

A few days after, Mademoiselle de la Fayette begged for a few moments' audience with the queen. It was at once granted. When they were alone, the maid of honor entreated her royal mistress not to divulge for forty-eight hours the secret she was about to reveal. Anne of Austria pledged herself to do as she requested, and Mademoiselle de la Fayette then told her that before the expiration of that time she would be in a monastery. The sorrow of the queen was only equalled by her surprise. The maid of honor did not mention the king's letter, and the queen fancied that she was induced to make such a sacrifice from the doubts she entertained

of her own powers of resistance. Anne of Austria did not utter a syllable, but, tenderly embracing her, held her for some moments in her arms—a mute but eloquent expression of her admiration and of her gratitude.

Nevertheless, the queen felt herself called upon to recapitulate every possible argument against the sudden resolution she was about to adopt; and perhaps did so the more willingly, seeing beforehand that every word she uttered, and every representation she made, would be useless. Their interview was tender and affectionate; the queen, no longer jealous of the influence of this sweet girl, saw in her only the generous, disinterested friend of her husband. She implored her, with the utmost sincerity, to receive the king at the convent, and to continue to give him those counsels which had hitherto been so serviceable to him. She also promised to go and see her herself. This interview raised the spirits of Mademoiselle de la Fayette; for nothing is more gratifying than marks of esteem from those we respect and honor.

Mademoiselle de la Fayette returned to her room to write a few lines to the king, appointing to meet him the next day in the parlor of the convent of St. Mary, at Paris, where he knew that, according to the custom of that day, she often retired for devotional purposes.

The king was surprised and annoyed; the austerity of the convent, and the idea that a double lattice of iron would separate him in this *tête-à-tête* from his love, was excessively disagreeable to his feelings; but he could not but admire her ingenious modesty in the choice of a rendezvous so divested of all scandal. He never dreamed of any thing further; he never entertained the slightest suspicions of the sacrifice she meditated; he already anticipated the pleasure he should experience in an unreserved conversation with her, and flattered himself that, in time, he might persuade her to meet him elsewhere.

Every thing was arranged for the departure of Mademoiselle de la Fayette. All at once she recollected that one last sacrifice yet remained to be performed—the letters of the king remained still untouched. She took a taper, opened the casket which contained them, and set fire to the whole; her heart was ready to break as they lay burning before her. It seemed as if all her dreams of happiness, all the chimeras on

which she had so long lived, perished with them. She sat immovable—statue-like—before the burning pile, contemplating its destruction with a mute despair. After some time she broke silence: “Thus,” cried she, “do I consummate the sacrifice! These tender protestations, these vows of eternal love and constancy, have ended in nothing but flames and smoke! Naught remains but a few ashes. Such are, alas! but too often the fate of all the happiest delusions of this world!”

Mademoiselle de la Fayette remained absorbed in grief until the break of day. As soon as the sun rose she descended from her room without making any noise, found the carriage which was in waiting to receive her, and departed for the convent she had selected as her future home. She was fully expected, and all was prepared for her reception. She passed the remainder of the night in prayer, and in endeavoring to calm the mental agony she endured. She was overcome by fatigue and agitation, but her resolution was unchanged. It was no consciousness of guilt that had led her to take refuge within those sacred walls. Pure in mind, and unblemished in reputation, she felt inspired by all the dignity of the sacrifice she was making to her sense of duty. The peace of mind that gradually came to her relief increased after she had received the veil and the dress of a nun. She felt as if delivered from all her fears and anxieties; an immense weight was taken away. On looking back, her life appeared as if passed in the midst of a stormy and dangerous ocean filled with rocks and quicksands impossible to avoid; but now she looked forward with delight to the calm and peaceful path that lay before her, ending only in the certain hope of everlasting happiness.

At mid-day the king arrived, utterly unsuspecting of the misfortune awaiting him. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, informed of his approach, descended to the parlor. When she appeared, she was so beautiful, her lovely and composed countenance bordered by the white veil, and her elegant form clad in a garment of brown stuff, the king was positively stupefied with surprise, and stood speechless, with his eyes fixed upon her.

“Forgive me,” said she, in a voice full of sweetness; “forgive my having acted thus secretly. But, sire, a too lively attachment had conducted us both in a dangerous path. That letter, in which your

majesty proposed establishing me at Versailles—that fatal letter—when, for the first and only time, you forgot your own duty and the respect due to my situation—opened my eyes. I had promised to grant your request, and I could only redeem my word by burying myself in a cloister. This morning I received the veil: the irrevocable vow that will bind me for ever will in a year be publicly pronounced, and has been already solemnly registered in my heart.”

“Great Heavens!” cried Louis. “Is this some vision? Are you an angel already glorified?”

“I am your friend,” replied she, “whose future life will be passed in prayers for you and for the glory of France. I live now but to invoke for you and with you the mercy of the Eternal, to remind you of him—of your duties; to see no one but you and the holy virgins whose lives are dedicated to his service; to forget all the vain and worldly pleasures, all the frivolous cares, which have hitherto occupied me; to think only of my God, my religion, and of you. This will be my sole delight, my pleasure, and my occupation. Is this not a life that ought to make me happy?”

“But,” exclaimed the king, in a voice inaudible from emotion, “these iron bars that separate us for ever—”

“The tomb even shall not divide us. By mutually purifying and elevating our souls, their union shall be perfected.”

At these words the king, with a countenance bathed in tears, fell on his knees before her.

“O thou!” said he, “sole object of all the affection of my solitary, my distracted heart—thou whom I have long adored in secret—at thy feet I now abjure every profane and unholy sentiment which hitherto, in spite of myself, has seduced my feelings. Thy heroic virtue, sweet angel, triumphs even over love itself; and I see in thee no mortal, but a celestial creature descended from on high. Yes, that gentle look, that angelic expression, those holy weeds, are indeed formed for heaven, and all that earth could offer would only sully their purity. To gaze on thee is enough; in thy form innocence is personified. But, alas! what will become of me in the midst of that detestable court, tolerated only for thy sake? I can only find consolation in following the holy example thou hast set me, in regulating my life on the same

model as thine, and in burying myself for ever in the profoundest recesses of a monastery.”

“Good Heavens! what do I hear?” interrupted Mademoiselle de la Fayette. “You, sire—a king, a father, a husband—you bury yourself in a monastery! Do you not see that what in me was a disinterested self-sacrifice, would in you become a shameful desertion of the holiest duties? Remember, that if I had pleased, I might equally have preserved my reputation and tranquillized my conscience by retiring for some years and living in the solitude of the country; but I wished to be still your friend, and to afford you at all times those counsels so necessary for your welfare. To perform this I have renounced home and liberty. Your glory, your happiness is now my sole aim, and can alone reward me for my unbounded devotion.”

“Alas!” replied the king, “dispose of my life as you please; but at least believe that I can never again be happy.”

“No!” cried Mademoiselle de la Fayette, “I will not believe it; for the happiness of a sovereign should never depend on any private attachment. Your career is too elevated to be attached to any thing save the public prosperity. The eyes of all Europe are on you, sire. France places all her hopes in your courage. Deign to forget me in order to consecrate yourself entirely to the cares of government; and let your own actions, your own exertions, insure the happiness of your subjects.”

The king returned to St. Germain with tears in his eyes and despair in his heart. Accustomed to the engaging conversation of the young maid of honor, and to the gentle influence of a cultivated mind united to a bewitching person, Louis fell a prey to profound melancholy, which betrayed itself in a mournful, despairing countenance and morose manners, now that she whom he loved was separated from him. After he left the convent, several days passed without his speaking to any one. He sought in vain amongst his courtiers for a trusty friend to whom he might communicate the sorrows of his heart; but, finding no one, he remained rapt in the same moody silence. Overcome by chagrin and *ennui*, he consoled himself by visiting, almost daily, in her monastic retirement, her who had abandoned him, and whose counsel and confidence he unceasingly desired. Mademoiselle de la Fayette never saw him excepting at the grate; but her conversa-

tion was the greatest solace to the agitated mind of the feeble monarch, and the power she exercised over him appeared only to increase. The cardinal, well informed of every thing the king did, trembled for the loss of his own power as the result of this attachment. He knew that Mademoiselle de la Fayette was no friend to his policy, and he perceived from time to time such a determination and independence in the king's deportment as made him fear that he would end by at last shaking off his authority altogether. The artful minister imagined an expedient by which he hoped to weaken the influence one fair lady possessed in the heart of the king by awakening a fresh passion. With this view he determined on the return of Mademoiselle

de Hautefort to court, whose beauty, far from having diminished, seemed to have rather increased during her temporary exile.

It was not possible for the king to meet his old favorite without emotion. She certainly did not possess the mind of Mademoiselle de la Fayette, but her beauty was more regular. She was more lively, and, although perfectly virtuous, she was less rigid in her ideas of propriety. The charms of the lady in waiting insensibly superseded the recollection of the poor recluse. Her lively sallies and girlish gayety made the somewhat severe and serious character of her rival appear more striking. The cardinal gained his end. Mademoiselle de Hautefort's reign lasted two years.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

AMERICA has produced three authors, who, having acquired their knowledge of sea-life in a practical manner,* have written either nautical novels or narratives of the highest degree of excellence. We allude to Fenimore Cooper, R. H. Dana, Jr., and Herman Melville, each of whom has written at least one book, which is, in our estimation, decidedly A 1. Our task here happily is not to institute a critical comparison of the respective merits of American and English sea-novelists and writers; but we do not hesitate incidentally to ad-

mit that, to say the very least, America worthily rivals us in this department of literature. Taking Cooper, for instance, all in all, we question greatly whether any English author excels him as a sea-novelist. Our two best are Marryat and Michael Scott ("Tom Cringle"), but they are in some respects essentially inferior to Cooper; and although they both have very great distinctive merits of their own, in what shall we deliberately pronounce them superior to the great American? Turn to Dana, and where is the English author, living or dead, who has written a book descriptive of real foremast life worthy to be compared with "Two Years before the Mast?" Again, to select only a single work by Herman Melville, where shall we find an English picture of man-of-war life to rival his marvellous "White-Jacket?" Tastes and opinions of course vary, and there may be, and doubtless are, able and intelligent critics who will dissent from our verdict; but we may be

* All three, be it observed, have sailed *before the mast*; for although Cooper was six years a midshipman in the United States' navy, he previously made one or more voyages as an ordinary ship-boy in a merchantman. See the autobiography of "Ned Myers," written by his old messmate, Cooper himself. We speak from memory on this point, not having a copy of "Ned Myers" to refer to; and, singularly enough, we read it in the garb of a French translation when on board a foreign vessel years ago, and have never seen it in the original. A cheap English edition has been subsequently issued.

permitted to say that we believe very few works of nautical fiction and narrative (by either English or American authors) exist, with which we are not familiar.

Ere proceeding to consider the peculiar and distinguishing excellencies of our three American sailor-authors, we would observe that, as regards sea-novels, not one realizes our idea of what this species of literature ought to be. A sea-novel, to which we can appeal as a standard by which to judge the general artistic merits of similar compositions, is yet, and will, we fear, long continue to be, a desideratum. In many so-called naval fictions, two thirds or more of the scenes are described as occurring on shore, and the actors are more frequently landmen than sailors; and even in the very best works of the class we find not a few chapters occupied by scenes and characters which have no connection whatever with the sea. A genuine sea-story should be evolved afloat from first to last; its descriptions should be confined to the ocean and its coasts—to ships and their management; its characters should exclusively be seamen (unless a fair heroine be introduced on shipboard); its episodes and all its incidental materials should smack of sea-life and adventure—the land, and all that exclusively pertains thereto, should as much as possible be *sunk* and forgotten! But, it will be asked, has a book of this kind yet been written? No, it has not. And if the most eminent naval novelists have not attempted such a performance, does not that prove that they considered the idea one that could not be practically carried out? So at least it would appear, and very successful nautical writers explicitly give their testimony against our theory. For example, Captain Chamier—whose “Ben Brace,” and other nautical novels and narratives are, by the way, very little inferior to Marryat’s—in his “Life of a Sailor,” makes the following remark:

“The mere evolutions of a ship, the interior arrangements, the nautical expressions, would soon pall on a landsman. Even Marryat, who wrote, in my opinion, the very best naval novel ever penned, ‘The King’s Own,’ has found it impossible to keep to nautical scenes; and the author of the ‘Post Captain,’ a most excellent specimen of nautical life, has wisely painted the beauty of Cassandra, and made most of the interesting scenes occur on shore.”

We dissent decidedly from much which our gallant friend here maintains. The evolutions of Cooper’s ships, and the “nautical expressions” which he puts in the mouths of his characters, do *not* pall; the “King’s Own” is *not* the best naval novel that even Marryat himself penned; and as to the “Post Captain,” we admit that two or three opening chapters of that very coarsely-written anonymous work are pretty good, but all the rest are unmitigated balderdash; and how it happened that many editions of such a miserable performance found purchasers, is a greater mystery to us than a reel in a bottle was to our venerable great-grandmother. We must not digress further; but we reiterate our firm belief that a nautical fiction strictly written on the plan we have proposed, if by a man of genius, would not merely be the *facile princeps* of its class of literature, but would delight landmen as much as seamen, and interest all hands to a greater degree than any work written on the mongrel system of alternately describing life at sea and life on shore, which has hitherto prevailed.

According to an American authority, Fenimore Cooper became a naval novelist through the following circumstance: Some literary friends were praising Scott’s “Pirate,” but Cooper laughed at its pretensions to be regarded as a sea-story, and said that he would undertake to produce a work which landmen would read and appreciate, and which seamen would admire, for its truthful descriptions of nautical manœuvres, &c. He redeemed his pledge by writing “The Pilot,” the best and most popular of all his nautical fictions. The genius of Cooper, both as a sea-novelist and as an unrivalled writer of romances, descriptive of life in the woods and prairies of America, did not, like rich old wine, improve and ripen with age. After he had written less than a dozen works, there was a manifest falling off both in the conception and execution of his stories; and although he indefatigably continued to labor to the last for the entertainment of that public which had once hailed the announcement of a new work by him with eager interest, his most ardent admirers cared less and less for each succeeding effort that he put forth. In justice to his memory, let us observe, that the very high standard which Cooper’s own earlier achievements in nautical and other species of fiction

had taught us to apply to works of their class, itself operated to his serious disadvantage as regarded the later productions of his pen; for we naturally compared the latter with the former, and the result was decidedly unfavorable. Yet we are bold to say that even the poorest of Cooper's works possesses considerable merit in itself; and had it appeared as the production of a new or of an anonymous writer, might have been better received than as the acknowledged work of an author of illustrious reputation.

Cooper's nautical fictions may be divided into three classes as regards their merit. In the first class we should place the "Pilot" and the "Red Rover;" in the second, the "Two Admirals," the "Waterwitch," and "Jack-o'-Lantern;" in the third, "Homeward Bound," "Captain Spike," "Sea Lions," &c. Our task is not to criticise these works in detail, but to consider what are the distinguishing merits of the author, as manifested in a greater or less degree, in his various sea-fictions.

The first striking quality of Cooper is the admirable clearness and accuracy of his descriptions of the manœuvres, &c., of ships. Even a landsman who is ignorant, practically, of such things, must appreciate this, and be enabled to comprehend, at least in a general manner, the object and results of the efforts of seamanship so vividly delineated. We never noted any technical or professional error on Cooper's part, and whatever he himself might be practically, he certainly was a good seaman theoretically.

Secondly, Cooper possessed an absolutely unparalleled faculty of imparting to his ships a species of living interest. He, indeed, makes a vessel "walk the waters like a thing of life;" and the reader gradually feels an absorbing interest in her motions and her fate as an individual craft. We refer to the Ariel in the "Pilot," or to the rover's ship and the Royal Caroline (in the "Red Rover"), as wonderful instances of this peculiar talent.

Thirdly, he is unsurpassed in the power he possesses to invest the ocean itself with attributes of awe-striking sublimity and mystery. His mind, in a word, was intensely poetical, and in his earlier works especially, he revels in fine poetical imagery in connection with the sea and ships. This is one reason why (as we happen to know) his works are not so popular with

practical seamen as Captain Marryat's, for seamen themselves are generally very prosaic, matter-of-fact mortals, and do not regard their profession, nor the ocean, nor ships, in a poetical light. To illustrate some of our preceding observations, we shall here quote a small portion of the magnificently-written description of the chase of the Royal Caroline by the Dolphin, in the "Red Rover." The time is just previous to daybreak:

"The lucid and fearful-looking mist which for the last quarter of an hour had been gathering in the north-west, was now driving down upon them with the speed of a race-horse. The air had already lost the damp and peculiar feeling of an easterly breeze, and little eddies were beginning to flutter among the masts—precursors of a coming squall. Then a rushing, roaring sound was heard moaning along the ocean, whose surface was first dimpled, next ruffled, and finally covered with one sheet of clear, white and spotless foam. At the next instant the power of the wind fell full on the inert and laboring Bristol trader. . . . Happy was it for all who had life at risk in that defenseless vessel, that she was not fated to receive the whole weight of the tempest at a blow. The sails flattered and trembled on their massive yards, bellying and collapsing alternately for a minute, and then the rushing wind swept over them in a hurricane. The Caroline received the blast like a stout and buoyant vessel, yielding readily to its impulse, until her side lay nearly incumbent on the element in which she floated; and then, as if the fearful fabric were conscious of its jeopardy, it seemed to lift its reclining masts again, struggling to work its way heavily through the water."

A yet more powerful picture of the ocean during one of its frequent changes, is given in an earlier part of the same narrative. Cooper himself never penned any thing more striking, more poetical, and yet true to nature, than the following grand passage:

"The dim tracery of the stranger's form had been swallowed by the flood of misty light which, by this time, rolled along the sea like drifting vapor, semi-pellucid, preternatural, and seemingly tangible. The ocean itself seemed admonished that a quick and violent change was nigh. The waves had ceased to break in their former foaming and brilliant crests, but black masses of the water were seen lifting their surly summits against the eastern horizon, no longer relieved by their scintillating brightness, or shedding their own peculiar and lucid atmosphere around them. The breeze, which had been so fresh, and which had even blown, at times, with a force that nearly amounted to a little gale, was lulling and becoming uncertain, as though awed by the more violent power that was gathering along the borders of the sea in the di-

rection of the neighboring continent. Each moment the eastern puffs of air lost their strength, and became more and more feeble, until, in an incredibly short period, the heavy sails were heard flapping against the masts—a frightful and ominous calm succeeding."

Now, is not the above a piece of splendid descriptive writing? And we can assure our landsmen friends that seamen (and any person of an observant turn, who has had opportunities of beholding and noting the mysterious phenomena of ocean) will bear witness to its perfect truth and fidelity. But of ten thousand spectators of such a scene, would there be one who could describe it in a few lines in such a vivid and masterly manner as our author has done?

Fourthly, Cooper's leading characters among the seamen are, in many instances, highly-finished portraits, drawn by the hand of a great master; and the reader instinctively feels that they are not mere conventional mariners of the melodramatic school, but genuine blue-water salts, who exhibit special individual idiosyncrasies in addition to the general characteristics of their class. The two finest and most elaborate portraits in the entire Cooper sea-gallery are Long Tom Coffin in the "Pilot," and Dick Fid in the "Red Rover." In their way, they both are perfect, and quite Shakspearean. They never yet have been equalled in naval fiction, nor do we think they ever will be surpassed.

Cooper's sea-novels have several distinguishing peculiarities besides those we have already pointed out. It is worth observing, that they rarely exhibit any

thing like an artistic plot—and we like them none the worse for that—but in nearly every instance their interest is concentrated on a long *chase* (the reader's attention being riveted on one or two ships), and the incidents naturally arise out of this single leading feature, which may be termed Cooper's *forte*, and which he exhibits also in most of his Indian stories. In one work, however, "The Two Admirals," Cooper attempts to "deal with the profession on a large scale," to use his own words, by detailing the manœuvres of fleets. Able as are some of the scenes, we think the experiment a decided failure on the whole, and do not marvel at this, for obvious reasons. Cooper himself seems to have been aware of the dubious nature of his undertaking, and to have had misgivings as to his probable success. He remarks in his preface that "among all the sea-tales that the last twenty years have produced, we know of none in which the evolutions of fleets have formed any material feature. . . . Every writer of romance appears to have carefully abstained from dealing with the profession on a large scale."

And rightly abstained, say we! as, according to our private theory, nautical fiction ought to be legitimately confined to one or two vessels; for to bring whole fleets into action is to trespass unwarrantably on the domain of history, if real events are described, in which case facts are ever preferable to fiction; and it is rather absurd to expect that any reader of proper taste can enjoy an account of the manœuvres and battles of hostile fleets, if wholly imaginary.

From the Westminster Review.

GERMAN WIT: HEINRICH HEINE.*

It is a remarkable fact that, among the five great races concerned in modern civilization, the German race is the only

one which, up to the present century, had contributed nothing classic to the common stock of European wit and humor; for *Reineke Fuchs* cannot be regarded as a peculiarly Teutonic product. Italy was the birth-place of Pantomime and the immortal Pulcinello; Spain had produced

* *Heinrich Heine's Sämmtliche Werke*. Philadelphia: John Weik. 1855.

Vermischte Schriften von Heinrich Heine. Hamburg: Hoffman und Campe. 1854.

Cervantes; France had produced Rabelais and Molière, and classic wits innumerable; England had yielded Shakspeare and a host of humorists. But Germany had borne no great comic dramatist, no great satirist, and she has not yet repaired the omission; she had not even produced any humorist of a high order. Among her writers, Lessing is the one who is most specifically witty. We feel the implicit influence of wit—the “flavor of mind”—throughout his writings; and it is often concentrated into pungent satire, as every reader of the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* remembers. Still, Lessing's name has not become European through his wit, and his charming comedy, “*Minna von Barnhelm*,” has won no place on a foreign stage. Of course, we do not pretend to an exhaustive acquaintance with German literature; we not only admit, we are sure, that it includes much comic writing of which we know nothing. We simply state the fact, that no German production of that kind, before the present century, ranked as European; a fact which does not, indeed, determine the amount of the national facetiousness, but which is quite decisive as to its quality. Whatever may be the stock of fun which Germany yields for home consumption, she has provided little for the palate of other lands. All honor to her for the still greater things she has done for us! She has fought the hardest fight for freedom of thought, has produced the grandest inventions, has made magnificent contributions to science, has given us some of the divinest poetry, and quite the divinest music, in the world. No one reveres and treasures the products of the German mind more than we do. To say that that mind is not fertile in wit, is only like saying that excellent wheat land is not rich pasture; to say that we do not enjoy German facetiousness, is no more than to say, that though the horse is the finest of quadrupeds, we do not like him to lay his hoof playfully on our shoulder. Still, as we have noticed that the pointless puns and stupid jocularity of the boy may ultimately be developed into the epigrammatic brilliancy and polished playfulness of the man; as we believe that racy wit and chastened, delicate humor are inevitably the results of invigorated and refined mental activity; we can also believe that Germany will, one day, yield a crop of wits and humorists.

Perhaps there is already an earnest of that future crop in the existence of HEINRICH HEINE, a German born with the present century, who, to Teutonic imagination, sensibility, and humor, adds an amount of *esprit* that would make him brilliant among the most brilliant of Frenchmen. True, this unique German wit is half a Hebrew; but he and his ancestors spent their youth in German air, and were reared on *Wurst* and *Sauerkraut*, so that he is as much a German as a pheasant is an English bird, or a potato an Irish vegetable. But, whatever else he may be, Heine is one of the most remarkable men of this age—no echo, but a real voice, and therefore, like all genuine things in this world, worth studying; a surpassing lyric poet, who has uttered our feelings for us in delicious song; a humorist, who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold of art—who sheds his sunny smiles on human tears, and makes them a beauteous rainbow on the cloudy background of life; a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire; an artist in prose literature, who has shown even more completely than Goethe the possibilities of German prose; and in spite of all charges against him, true as well as false, a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow-men. He is, moreover, a suffering man, who, with all the highly-wrought sensibility of genius, has to endure terrible physical ills; and as such he calls forth more than an intellectual interest. It is true, alas! that there is a heavy weight in the other scale—that Heine's magnificent powers have often served only to give electric force to the expression of debased feeling, so that his works are no Phidian statue of gold, and ivory and gems, but have not a little brass, and iron, and miry clay mingled with the precious metal. The audacity of his occasional coarseness and personality is unparalleled in contemporary literature, and has hardly been exceeded by the license of former days. Hence, before his volumes are put within the reach of immature minds, there is need of a friendly penknife to exercise a strict censorship. Yet, when all coarseness, all scurrility, all Mephistophelean contempt for the reverent feelings of other men, is removed, there will be a plenteous remainder of exquisite poetry, of wit, humor, and just

thought. It is apparently too often a congenial task to write severe words about the transgressions committed by men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of *no* genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous; *he*, forsooth, never lacerated any one by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation that lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of Heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five talents than two. Whatever benefit there may be in denouncing the evil, it is after all more edifying, and certainly more cheering, to appreciate the good. Hence, in endeavoring to give our readers some account of Heine and his works, we shall not dwell lengthily on his failings; we shall not hold the candle up to dusty, vermin-haunted corners, but let the light fall as much as possible on the nobler and more attractive details. Our sketch of Heine's life, which has been drawn from various sources, will be free from every thing like intrusive gossip, and will derive its coloring chiefly from the autobiographical hints and descriptions scattered through his own writings. Those of our readers who happen to know nothing of Heine, will in this way be making their acquaintance with the writer while they are learning the outline of his career.

We have said that Heine was born with the present century; but this statement is not precise, for we learn that, according to his certificate of baptism, he was born December 12, 1799. However, as he himself says, the important point is, that he was born, and born on the banks of the Rhine, at Düsseldorf, where his father was a merchant. In his "Reisebilder" he gives us some recollections, in his wild poetic way, of the dear old town where he spent his childhood, and of his schoolboy troubles there. We shall quote from these in butterfly fashion, sipping a little nectar here and there, without regard to any strict order:

"I first saw the light on the banks of that lovely stream, where folly grows on the green hills, and in autumn is plucked, pressed, poured into casks, and sent into foreign lands. Believe me, I yesterday heard some one utter folly which, in anno 1811, lay in a bunch of grapes I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. . . . Mon Dieu! if I had only such faith in me that I could remove mountains, the Johannisberg would be the very mountain I should send for wherever I might be; but as my faith is not so strong, imagination must help me, and it transports me at once to the lovely Rhine. . . . I am again a child, and playing with other children on the Schlossplatz, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine. Yes, madam, there was I born; and I note this expressly, in case, after my death, seven cities—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstädt—should contend for the honor of being my birth-place. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand men live there, and many hundred thousand men besides lie buried there. . . . Among them, many of whom my mother says, that it would be better if they were still living; for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr von Geldern and the young Herr von Geldern, both such celebrated doctors, who saved so many men from death, and yet must die themselves. And the pious Ursula, who carried me in her arms when I was a child, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows on her grave; she loved the scent of roses so well in life, and her heart was pure rose-incense and goodness. The knowing old Canon, too, lies buried there. Heavens! what an object he looked when I last saw him! *He was made up of nothing but mind and plasters*, and nevertheless studied day and night, as if he were alarmed lest the worms should find an idea too little in his head. And the little William lies there, and for this I am to blame. We were school-fellows in the Franciscan monastery, and were playing on that side of it where the Düsseldorf flows between stone walls, and I said: "William, fetch out the kitten that has just fallen in;" and merrily he went down on to the plank which lay across the brook, snatched the kitten out of the water, but fell in himself, and was dragged out dripping and dead. *The kitten lived to a good old age.* . . . Princes in that day were not the tormented race as they are now; the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew a nightcap over it, and slept peacefully, and peacefully slept the people at their feet; and when the people waked in the morning, they said, "Good morning, father!"—and the princes answered, "Good morning, dear children!" But it was suddenly quite otherwise; for when we awoke one morning at Düsseldorf, and were ready to say, "Good morning, father!" lo! the father was gone away; and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow, everywhere a sort of funeral disposition; and people glided along silently to the market, and read the long placard placed on the door of the Town Hall. It was dismal weather; yet the lean tailor, Kilian, stood in his nankeen jacket, which he usually wore only in the house, and his blue worsted stockings

hung down so that his naked legs peeped out mournfully, and his thin lips trembled while he muttered the announcement to himself. And an old soldier read rather louder, and at many a word a crystal tear trickled down his brave old moustache. I stood near him and wept in company, and asked him "*Why we wept?*" He answered: "The Elector has abdicated." And then read again, and at the words, "for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects," and "hereby set you free from your allegiance," he wept more than ever. It is strangely touching to see an old man like that, with faded uniform and scarred face, weep so bitterly all of a sudden. While we were reading, the electoral arms were taken down from the Town Hall; every thing had such a desolate air, that it was as if an eclipse of the sun were expected. . . . I went home and wept and wailed out: "The Elector has abdicated!" In vain my mother took a world of trouble to explain the thing to me. I knew what I knew; I was not to be persuaded, but went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world was at an end."

The next morning, however, the sun rises as usual, and Joachim Murat is proclaimed Grand Duke, whereupon there is a holiday at the public school, and Heinrich, (or Harry, for that was his baptismal name, which he afterwards had the good taste to change,) perched on the bronze horse of the electoral statue, sees quite a different scene from yesterday's:

"The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman emperors, chronology, the nouns in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, mental arithmetic!—Heavens! my head is still dizzy with it—all must be learned by heart! And a great deal of this came in very conveniently for me in after life. For if I had not known the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been quite indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never really existed. . . . But, oh! the trouble I had at school with the endless dates. And with arithmetic it was still worse. What I understood best was subtraction, for that has a very practical rule: 'Four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one.' But I advise every one in such a case to borrow a few extra pence, for no one can tell what may happen. . . . As for Latin, you have no idea, Madam, what a complicated affair it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had first had to learn Latin. Luckily for them, they already knew in their cradles what nouns have their accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow; nevertheless, it is fortunate for me that I know them, . . . and the fact that I have them at my finger-ends if I should ever happen to want them suddenly, affords me much inward repose and consolation in many troubled hours of

life. . . . Of Greek I will not say a word—I should get too much irritated. The monks in the middle ages were not so far wrong when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the devil. God knows the suffering I endured over it. . . . With Hebrew it went somewhat better, for I had always a great liking for the Jews, though to this very hour they crucify my good name; but I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had much familiar intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in this way contracted many Jewish habits—for example, it wouldn't go on Saturdays."

Heine's parents were apparently not wealthy, but his education was cared for by his uncle, Solomon Heine, a great banker in Hamburg, so that he had no early pecuniary disadvantages to struggle with. He seems to have been very happy in his mother, who was not of Hebrew, but of Teutonic blood; he often mentions her with reverence and affection, and in the "*Buch der Lieder*" there are two exquisite sonnets addressed to her, which tell how his proud spirit was always subdued by the charm of her presence, and how her love was the home of his heart after restless, weary wanderings.

He was at first destined for a mercantile life, but Nature declared too strongly against this plan. "God knows," he has lately said in conversation with his brother, "I would willingly have become a banker, but I could never bring myself to that pass. I very easily discerned that bankers would one day be the rulers of the world." So commerce was at length given up for law, the study of which he began in 1819 at the University of Bonn. He had already published some poems in the corner of a newspaper, and among them was one on Napoleon, the object of his youthful enthusiasm. This poem, he says in a letter to St. René Taillandier, was written when he was only sixteen. It is still to be found in the "*Buch der Lieder*" under the title "*Die Granadiere*," and it proves that even in its earliest efforts his genius showed a strongly specific character.

It will be easily imagined that the germs of poetry sprouted too vigorously in Heine's brain for jurisprudence to find much room there. Lectures on history and literature, we are told, were more diligently attended than lectures on law. He had taken care, too, to furnish his trunk with abundant editions of the poets, and the poet he especially studied at that time was Byron. At a later period we find his taste taking another direction, for

he writes: "Of all authors, Byron is precisely the one who excites in me the most intolerable emotion; whereas Scott, in every one of his works, gladdens my heart, soothes and invigorates me." Another indication of his bent in these Bonn days, was a newspaper essay, in which he attacked the Romantic school; and here also he went through that chicken-pox of authorship—the production of a tragedy. Heine's tragedy—"Almansor"—is, as might be expected, better than the majority of these youthful mistakes. The tragic collision lies in the conflict between natural affection and the deadly hatred of religion and of race—in the sacrifice of youthful lovers to the strife between Moor and Spaniard, Moslem and Christian. Some of the situations are striking, and there are passages of considerable poetic merit; but the characters are little more than shadowy vehicles for the poetry, and there is a want of clearness and probability in the structure. It was published two years later, in company with another tragedy, in one act, called "William Ratcliffe," in which there is rather a feeble use of the Scotch second-sight after the manner of the Fate in the Greek tragedy. We smile to find Heine saying of his tragedies, in a letter to a friend soon after their publication: "I know they will be terribly cut up, but I will confess to you in confidence that they are very good, better than my collection of poems, which are not worth a shot." Elsewhere he tells us, that when, after one of Paganini's concerts, he was passionately complimenting the great master on his violin-playing, Paganini interrupted him thus: "But how were you pleased with my bows?"

In 1820 Heine left Bonn for Göttingen. He there pursued his omission of law studies; and at the end of three months he was rusticated for a breach of the laws against duelling. While there, he had attempted a negotiation with Brockhaus for the printing of a volume of poems, and had endured that first ordeal of lovers and poets—a refusal. It was not until a year after, that he found a Berlin publisher for his first volume of poems, subsequently transformed, with additions, into the "Buch der Lieder." He remained between two and three years at Berlin, and the society he found there seems to have made these years an important epoch in his culture. He was one of the youngest members of a circle which assembled at

the house of the poetess Elise von Hohenhausen, the translator of Byron—a circle which included Chamisso, Varnhagen, and Rahel (Varnhagen's wife). For Rahel, Heine had a profound admiration and regard; he afterwards dedicated to her the poems included under the title "Heimkehr;" and he frequently refers to her or quotes her in a way that indicates how he valued her influence. According to his friend, F. von Hohenhausen, the opinions concerning Heine's talent were very various among his Berlin friends, and it was only a small minority that had any presentiment of his future fame. In this minority was Elise von Hohenhausen, who proclaimed Heine as the Byron of Germany; but her opinion was met with much head-shaking and opposition. We can imagine how precious was such a recognition as hers to the young poet, then only two or three and twenty, and with by no means an impressive personality for superficial eyes. Perhaps even the deep-sighted were far from detecting in that small, blond, pale young man, with quiet, gentle manners, the latent powers of ridicule and sarcasm—the terrible talons that were one day to be thrust out from the velvet paw of the young leopard.

It was apparently during this residence in Berlin that Heine united himself with the Lutheran Church. He would willingly, like many of his friends, he tells us, have remained free from all ecclesiastical ties, if the authorities there had not forbidden residence in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, to every one who did not belong to one of the positive religions recognized by the State.

"As Henri IV. once laughingly said, '*Paris vaut bien une messe*,' so I might with reason say, '*Berlin vaut bien une prêche*;' and I could afterwards, as before, accommodate myself to the very enlightened Christianity, filtrated from all superstition, which could then be had in the churches of Berlin, and which was even free from the divinity of Christ, like turtle-soup without turtle."

At the same period, too, Heine became acquainted with Hegel. In his lately published "Geständnisse" (Confessions), he throws on Hegel's influence over him the blue light of demoniacal wit, and confounds us by the most bewildering double-edged sarcasms; but that influence seems to have been at least more wholesome than the one which produced the mocking retractations of the "Geständnisse."

Through all his self-satire, we discern that in those days he had something like real earnestness and enthusiasm, which are certainly not apparent in his present theistic confession of faith.

"On the whole, I never felt a strong enthusiasm for this philosophy, and conviction on the subject was out of the question. I never was an abstract thinker, and I accepted the synthesis of the Hegelian doctrine without demanding any proof, since its consequences flattered my vanity. I was young and proud, and it pleased my vain-glory when I learned from Hegel that the true God was not, as my grandmother believed, the God who lives in heaven, but myself here upon earth. This foolish pride had not in the least a pernicious influence on my feelings; on the contrary, it heightened these to the pitch of heroism. I was at that time so lavish in generosity and self-sacrifice, that I must assuredly have eclipsed the most brilliant deeds of those good *bourgeois* of virtue who acted merely from a sense of duty, and simply obeyed the laws of morality."

His sketch of Hegel is irresistibly amusing; but we must warn the reader that Heine's anecdotes are often mere devices of style by which he conveys his satire or opinions. The reader will see that he does not neglect an opportunity of giving a sarcastic lash or two, in passing, to Meyerbeer, for whose music he has a great contempt. The sarcasm conveyed in the substitution of *reputation* for *music* and *journalists* for *musicians*, might perhaps escape any one unfamiliar with the sly and unexpected turns of Heine's ridicule.

"To speak frankly, I seldom understood him, and only arrived at the meaning of his words by subsequent reflection. I believe he wished not to be understood; and hence his practice of sprinkling his discourse with modifying parentheses; hence, perhaps, his preference for persons of whom he knew that they did not understand him, and to whom he all the more willingly granted the honor of his familiar acquaintance. Thus every one in Berlin wondered at the intimate companionship of the profound Hegel with the late Heinrich Beer, a brother of Giacomo Meyerbeer, who is universally known by his reputation, and who has been celebrated by the cleverest journalists. This Beer, namely Heinrich, was a thoroughly stupid fellow, and indeed was afterwards actually declared imbecile by his family, and placed under guardianship, because instead of making a name for himself in art or in science by means of his great fortune, he squandered his money on childish trifles; and, for example, one day bought six thousand thalers' worth of walking-sticks. This poor man, who had no wish to pass either for a great tragic dramatist, or for a great star-gazer, or for a laurel-crowned musical

genius, a rival of Mozart and Rossini, and preferred giving his money for walking-sticks—this degenerate Beer enjoyed Hegel's most confidential society; he was the philosopher's bosom friend, his Pylades, and accompanied him everywhere like his shadow. The equally witty and gifted Felix Mendelssohn once sought to explain this phenomenon, by maintaining that Hegel did not understand Heinrich Beer. I now believe, however, that the real ground of that intimacy consisted in this: Hegel was convinced that no word of what he said was understood by Heinrich Beer; and he could, therefore, in his presence, give himself up to all the intellectual outpourings of the moment. In general, Hegel's conversation was a sort of monologue, sighed forth by starts in a noiseless voice; the odd roughness of his expressions often struck me, and many of them have remained in my memory. One beautiful starlight evening we stood together at the window, and I, a young man of one-and-twenty, having just had a good dinner and finished my coffee, spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them the habitations of the departed. But the master muttered to himself: 'The stars! hum! hum! The stars are only a brilliant leprosy on the face of the heavens.' 'For God's sake,' I cried, 'is there, then, no happy place above, where virtue is rewarded after death?' But he, staring at me with his pale eyes, said, cuttingly: 'So you want a bonus for having taken care of your sick mother, and refrained from poisoning your worthy brother?' At these words he looked anxiously round, but appeared immediately set at rest when he observed that it was only Heinrich Beer, who had approached to invite him to a game at whist."

On his return from England, Heine was employed at Munich in editing the *Allgemeinen Politischen Annalen*, but in 1830 he was again in the north, and the news of the July Revolution surprised him on the island of Heligoland. He has given us a graphic picture of his democratic enthusiasm in those days in some letters, apparently written from Heligoland, which he has inserted in his book on Borne. We quote some passages, not only for their biographic interest, as showing a phase of Heine's mental history, but because they are a specimen of his power in that kind of dithyrambic writing which, in less masterly hands, easily becomes ridiculous:

"The thick packet of newspapers arrived from the continent with these warm, glowing-hot tidings. They were sunbeams wrapped up in packing-paper, and they inflamed my soul till it burst into the wildest conflagration. . . . It is all like a dream to me; especially the name, Lafayette, sounds to me like a legend out of my earliest childhood. Does he really sit again on horseback, commanding the National Guard? I

almost fear it may not be true, for it is in print. I will myself go to Paris, to be convinced of it with my bodily eyes. . . . It must be splendid, when he rides through the streets, the citizen of two worlds, the god-like old man, with his silver locks streaming down his sacred shoulder. . . . He greets, with his dear old eyes, the grand-children of those who once fought with him for freedom and equality. . . . It is now sixty years since he returned from America with the Declaration of Human Rights, the decalogue of the world's new creed, which was revealed to him amid the thunders and lightnings of cannon. . . . And the tri-colored flag waves again on the towers on Paris, and its streets resound with the Marseillaise! . . . It is all over with my yearning for repose. I now know again what I will do, what I ought to do, what I must do. . . . I am the son of the Revolution, and seize again the hallowed weapons on which my mother pronounced her magic benediction. . . . Flowers! flowers! I will crown my head for the death-fight. And the lyre, too—reach me the lyre, that I may sing a battle-song. . . . Words like flaming stars, that shoot down from the heavens, and burn up the palaces, and illuminate the huts. . . . Words like bright javelins, that whirr up to the seventh heaven and strike the pious hypocrites who have skulked into the Holy of Holies. . . . I am all joy and song, all sword and flame! Perhaps, too, all delirium. . . . One of those sunbeams wrapped in brown paper has flown to my brain, and set my thoughts aglow. In vain I dip my head into the sea. No water extinguishes this Greek fire. . . . Even the poor Heligolandiers shout for joy, although they have only a sort of dim instinct of what has occurred. The fisherman who yesterday took me over to the little sand island, which is the bathing-place here, said to me smilingly: 'The poor people have won!' Yes; instinctively the people comprehend such events, perhaps better than we, with all our means of knowledge. Thus Frau von Varnhagen once told me that when the issue of the Battle of Leipzig was not yet known, the maid-servant suddenly rushed into the room with the sorrowful cry: 'The nobles have won!' . . . This morning another packet of newspapers is come. I devour them like manna. Child that I am, affecting details touch me yet more than the momentous whole. Oh! if I could but see the dog Medor. . . . The dog Medor brought his master his gun and cartridge-box, and when his master fell, and was buried with his fellow-heroes in the Court of the Louvre, there stayed the poor dog, like a monument of faithfulness, sitting motionless on the grave, day and night, eating but little of the food that was offered him—burying the greater part of it in the earth, perhaps as nourishment for his buried master!"

Since 1831 Paris has been Heine's home, and his best prose works have been written either to inform the Germans on French affairs or to inform the French on German philosophy and literature. He

became a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and his correspondence, which extends, with an interruption of several years, from 1831 to 1844, forms the volume entitled "Französische Zustände" (French Affairs), and the second and third volume of his "Vermischte Schriften." It is a witty and often wise commentary on public men and public events—Louis Philippe, Casimir Périer, Thiers, Guizot, Rothschild, the Catholic party, the Socialist party, have their turn of satire and appreciation, for Heine deals out both with an impartiality which made his less favorable critics—Börne, for example—charge him with the rather incompatible sins of reckless caprice and venality. Literature and art alternate with politics: we have now a sketch of George Sand, or a description of one of Horace Vernet's pictures—now a criticism of Victor Hugo or of Liszt—now an irresistible caricature of Spontini or Kalkbrenner—and occasionally the predominant satire is relieved by a fine saying or a genial word of admiration. And all is done with that airy lightness, yet precision of touch, which distinguishes Heine beyond any living writer. The charge of venality was loudly made against Heine in Germany—first it was said that he was paid to write; then that he was paid to abstain from writing; and the accusations were supposed to have an irrefragable basis in the fact that he accepted a stipend from the French government. He has never attempted to conceal the reception of that stipend, and we think his statement (in the "Vermischte Schriften") of the circumstances under which it was offered and received, is a sufficient vindication of himself and M. Guizot from any dishonor in the matter.

It may be readily imagined that Heine, with so large a share of the Gallic element as he has in his composition, was soon at his ease in Parisian society, and the years here were bright with intellectual activity and social enjoyment. "His wit," wrote August Lewald, "is a perpetual gushing fountain; he throws off the most delicious descriptions with amazing facility, and sketches the most comic characters in conversation." Such a man could not be neglected in Paris, and Heine was sought on all sides—as a guest in distinguished salons, as a possible proselyte in the circle of the Saint Simonians. His literary productiveness seems to have been furthered by this congenial

life, which, however, was soon to some extent embittered by the sense of exile; for since 1835 both his works and his person have been the object of denunciation by the German governments. Between 1833 and 1845 appeared the four volumes of the "Salon," "Die Romantische Schule" (both written, in the first instance, in French), the book on Börne, "Atta Troll," a romantic poem, "Deutschland," an exquisitely humorous poem, describing his last visit to Germany, and containing some grand passages of serious writing; and the "Neue Gedichte," a collection of lyrical poems. Among the most interesting of his prose works are the second volume of the "Salon," which contains a survey of religion and philosophy in Germany, and the "Romantische Schule," a delightful introduction to that phase of German literature known as the Romantic school. The book on Börne, which appeared in 1840, two or three years after the death of that writer, excited great indignation in Germany, as a wreaking of vengeance on the dead, an insult to the memory of a man who had worked and suffered in the cause of freedom—a cause which was Heine's own. Börne, we may observe parenthetically for the information of those who are not familiar with recent German literature, was a remarkable political writer of the ultra-liberal party in Germany, who resided in Paris at the same time with Heine—a man of stern, uncompromising partisanship and bitter humor. Without justifying Heine's production of this book, we see excuses for him which should temper the condemnation passed on it. There was a radical opposition of nature between him and Börne; to use his own distinction, Heine is a Hellene—sensuous, realistic, exquisitely alive to the beautiful; while Börne was a Nazarene—ascetic, spiritualistic, despising the pure artist as destitute of earnestness. Heine has too keen a perception of practical absurdities and damaging exaggerations ever to become a thorough-going partisan; and with a love of freedom, a faith in the ultimate triumph of democratic principles, of which we see no just reason to doubt the genuineness and consistency, he has been unable to satisfy more zealous and one-sided liberals by giving his adhesion to their views and measures, or by adopting a denunciatory tone against those in the opposite ranks. Börne could not forgive what he regarded

as Heine's epicurean indifference and artistic dalliance, and he at length gave vent to his antipathy in savage attacks on him through the press, accusing him of utterly lacking character and principle, and even of writing under the influence of venal motives. To these attacks Heine remained absolutely mute—from contempt, according to his own account; but the retort, which he resolutely refrained from making during Börne's life, comes in this volume, published after his death, with the concentrated force of long-gathering thunder. The utterly inexcusable part of the book is the caricature of Börne's friend, Madame Wohl, and the scurrilous insinuations concerning Börne's domestic life. It is said, we know not with how much truth, that Heine had to answer for these in a duel with Madame Wohl's husband, and that, after receiving a serious wound, he promised to withdraw the offensive matter from a future edition. That edition, however, has not been called for. Whatever else we may think of the book, it is impossible to deny its transcendent talent—the dramatic vigor with which Börne is made present to us, the critical acumen with which he is characterized, and the wonderful play of wit, pathos, and thought which runs through the whole.

Here is his account of the spirit in which the book was written:

"I was never Börne's friend, nor was I ever his enemy. The displeasure which he could often excite in me was never very important, and he atoned for it sufficiently by the cold silence which I opposed to all his accusations and railery. While he lived I wrote not a line against him, I never thought about him, I ignored him completely; and that enraged him beyond measure. If I now speak of him, I do so neither out of enthusiasm nor out of uneasiness; I am conscious of the coolest impartiality. I write here neither an apology nor a critique, and as in painting the man I go on my own observation, the image I present of him ought perhaps to be regarded as a real portrait. And such a monument is due to him—to the great wrestler who, in the arena of our political games, wrestled so courageously, and earned, if not the laurel, certainly the crown of oak leaves. I give an image with his true features, without idealization—the more like him the more honorable for his memory. He was neither a genius nor a hero; he was no Olympian god. He was a man, a denizen of this earth; he was a good writer and a great patriot. . . . Beautiful, delicious peace, which I feel at this moment in the depths of my soul! Thou rewardest me sufficiently for every thing I have done and for

every thing I have despised. . . . I shall defend myself neither from the reproach of indifference nor from the suspicion of venality. I have for years, during the life of the insinuator, held such self-justification unworthy of me; now even decency demands silence. That would be a frightful spectacle!—polemics between Death and Exile! Dost thou stretch out to me a beseeching hand from the grave? Without rancor I reach mine towards thee. . . . See how noble it is and pure! It was never soiled by pressing the hands of the mob, any more than by the impure gold of the people's enemy. In reality thou hast never injured me. . . . In all thy insinuations there is not a *louis-d'or's* worth of truth."

In one of these years Heine was married, and, in deference to the sentiments of his wife, married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. On this fact busy rumor afterwards founded the story of his conversion to Catholicism, and could of course name the day and the spot on which he abjured Protestantism. In his "*Geständnisse*" Heine publishes a denial of this rumor; less, he says, for the sake of depriving the Catholics of the solace they may derive from their belief in a new convert, than in order to cut off from another party the more spiteful satisfaction of bewailing his instability.

For sixteen years—from 1831 to 1847—Heine lived that rapid, concentrated life which is known only in Paris; but then, alas! stole on the "days of darkness," and they were to be many. In 1847 he felt the approach of the terrible spinal disease which has for seven years chained him to his bed in acute suffering. The last time he went out of doors, he tells us, was in May, 1848.

"With difficulty I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost sank down as I entered the magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time disconsolately, as if she would say: 'Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and thus cannot help thee?'"

Since 1848, then, this poet, whom the lovely objects of Nature have always "haunted like a passion," has not descended from the second story of a Parisian house; this man of hungry intellect has been shut out from all direct observation of life, all contact with society, except such as is derived from visitors to his sick-room. The terrible nervous disease

has affected his eyes; the sight of one is utterly gone, and he can only raise the lid of the other by lifting it with his finger. Opium alone is the beneficent genius that stills his pain. We hardly know whether to call it an alleviation or an intensification of the torture that Heine retains his mental vigor, his poetic imagination, and his incisive wit; for if this intellectual activity fills up a blank, it widens the sphere of suffering. His brother described him in 1851 as still, in moments when the hand of pain was not too heavy on him, the same Heinrich Heine, poet and satirist by turns. In such moments, he would narrate the strangest things in the gravest manner. But when he came to an end, he would roguishly lift up the lid of his right eye with his finger to see the impression he had produced; and if his audience had been listening with a serious face, he would break into Homeric laughter. We have other proof than personal testimony that Heine's disease allows his genius to retain much of its energy, in the "*Romanzero*," a volume of poems published in 1851, and written chiefly during the first three years of his illness; and in the first volume of the "*Ver-mischte Schriften*," also the product of recent years. Very plaintive is the poet's own description of his condition, in the epilogue to the "*Romanzero*:"

"Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly any thing but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under tall oaks whose tops soar like green flames towards heaven. Alas! I envy thee those trees and the fresh breeze that moves their branches, brother Merlin, for no green leaf rustles about my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rolling of vehicles, hammering, quarrelling, and piano-strumming. A grave without repose, death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin and for my necrology, but I die so slowly, that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience; every thing has an end. You will one day find the booth closed where the puppet-show of my humor has so often delighted you."

As early as 1850, it was rumored that since Heine's illness a change had taken place in his religious views; and as rumor seldom stops short of extremes, it was soon said that he had become a thorough pietist, Catholics and Protestants, by

turns, claiming him as a convert. Such a change in so uncompromising an iconoclast, in a man who had been so zealous in his negations as Heine, naturally excited considerable sensation in the camp he was supposed to have quitted, as well as in that he was supposed to have joined. In the second volume of the "Salon," and in the "Romantische Schule," written in 1834 and '35, the doctrine of Pantheism is dwelt on with a fervor and unmixed seriousness which show that Pantheism was then an animating faith to Heine, and he attacks what he considers the false spiritualism and asceticism of Christianity as the enemy of true beauty in art, and of social well-being. Now, however, it was said that Heine had recanted all his heresies; but from the fact that visitors to his sick-room brought away very various impressions as to his actual religious views, it seemed probable that his love of mystification had found a tempting opportunity for exercise on this subject, and that, as one of his friends said, he was not inclined to pour out unmixed wine to those who asked for a sample out of mere curiosity. At length, in the epilogue to the "Romanzero," dated 1851, there appeared, amidst much mystifying banter, a declaration that he had embraced Theism and the belief in a future life, and what chiefly lent an air of seriousness and reliability to this affirmation, was the fact that he took care to accompany it with certain negations.

"As concerns myself, I can boast of no particular progress in politics; I adhered (after 1848) to the same democratic principles which had the homage of my youth, and for which I have ever since glowed with increasing fervor. In theology, on the contrary, I must accuse myself of retrogression, since, as I have already confessed, I returned to the old superstition—to a personal God. This fact is, once for all, not to be stifled, as many enlightened and well-meaning friends would fain have had it. But I must expressly contradict the report that my retrograde movement has carried me as far as to the threshold of a Church, and that I have even been received into her lap. No: my religious convictions and views have remained free from any tincture of ecclesiasticism; no chiming of bells has allured me, no altar-candles have dazzled me. I have dallied with no dogmas, and have not utterly renounced my reason."

Heine is essentially a lyric poet. The finest products of his genius are

"Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away;"

and they are emphatically songs that, in reading them, we feel as if each must have a twin melody born in the same moment and by the same inspiration. Heine is too impressible and mercurial for any sustained production; even in his short lyrics his tears sometimes pass into laughter and his laughter into tears; and his longer poems, "Atta Troll" and "Deutschland," are full of Ariosto-like transitions. His song has a wide compass of notes: he can take us to the shores of the Northern Sea and thrill us by the sombre sublimity of his pictures and dreamy fancies; he can draw forth our tears by the voice he gives to our own sorrows, or to the sorrows of "Poor Peter;" he can thrill a cold shudder over us by a mysterious legend, a ghost story, or a still more ghastly rendering of hard reality; he can charm us by a quiet idyl, shake us with laughter at his overflowing fun, or give us a piquant sensation of surprise by the ingenuity of his transitions from the lofty to the ludicrous. This last power is not, indeed, essentially poetical; but only a poet can use it with the same success as Heine, for only a poet can poise our emotion and expectation at such a height as to give effect to the sudden fall. Heine's greatest power as a poet lies in his simple pathos—in the ever varied but always natural expression he has given to the tender emotions. We may perhaps indicate this phase of his genius by referring to Wordsworth's beautiful little poem, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways;" the conclusion—

"She dwelt alone, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!"

is entirely in Heine's manner; and so is Tennyson's poem of a dozen lines, called "Circumstance." Both these poems have Heine's pregnant simplicity. But, lest this comparison should mislead, we must say that there is no general resemblance between either Wordsworth or Tennyson and Heine. Their greatest qualities lie quite away from the light, delicate lucidity, the easy, rippling music, of Heine's style. The distinctive charm of his lyrics may best be seen by comparing them with Goethe's. Both have the same masterly, finished simplicity and rhythmic grace; but there is more thought mingled with Goethe's feeling—his lyric genius is a vessel that draws more water than Heine's,

and, though it seems to glide along with equal ease, we have a sense of greater weight and force accompanying the grace of its movement. But, for this very reason, Heine touches our hearts more strongly; his songs are all music and feeling—they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain: there is not an image in it, not a thought; but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a “big, round tear”—it is pure feeling breathed in pure music:

“Anfangs wollt’ ich fast verzagen
Und ich glaubt’ ich trug es nie,
Und ich hab’ es doch getragen,—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie.”*

He excels equally in the more imaginative expression of feeling; he represents it by a brief image, like a finely-cut cameo; he expands it into a mysterious dream, or dramatizes it in a little story, half ballad, half idyl; and in all these forms his art is so perfect, that we never have a sense of artificiality or of unsuccessful effort; but all seems to have developed itself by the same beautiful necessity that brings forth vine-leaves and grapes and the natural curls of childhood. Of Heine’s humorous poetry, “Deutschland” is the most charming specimen—charming, especially, because its wit and humor grow out of a rich loam of thought. “Atta Troll” is more original, more various, more fantastic; but it is too great a strain on the imagination to be a general favorite. We have said, that feeling is the element in which Heine’s poetic genius habitually floats; but he can occasionally soar to a higher region, and impart a deep significance to picturesque symbolism; he can flash a sublime thought over the past and into the future; he can pour forth a lofty strain of hope or indignation. Few could forget, after once hearing them, the stan-

zas at the close of “Deutschland,” in which he warns the King of Prussia not to incur the irredeemable hell which the injured poet can create for him—the *singing flames* of a Dante’s *terza rima*!

As a prosaist, Heine is, in one point of view, even more distinguished than as a poet. The German language easily lends itself to all the purposes of poetry; like the ladies of the Middle Ages, it is gracious and compliant to the Troubadours. But as these same ladies were often crusty and repulsive to their unmusical mates, so the German language generally appears awkward and unmanageable in the hands of prose writers. Indeed, the number of really fine German prosaists before Heine, would hardly have exceeded the numbering powers of a New-Hollander, who can count three and no more. Persons the most familiar with German prose testify that there is an extra fatigue in reading it, just as we feel an extra fatigue from our walk when it takes us over ploughed clay. But in Heine’s hands German prose, usually so heavy, so clumsy, so dull, becomes, like clay in the hands of the chemist, compact, metallic, brilliant; it is German in an *allotropic* condition. No dreary, labyrinthine sentences in which you find “no end, in wandering mazes lost;” no chains of adjectives in linked harshness long drawn out; no digressions thrown in as parentheses; but crystalline definiteness and clearness, fine and varied rhythm, and all that delicate precision, all those felicities of word and cadence, which belong to the highest order of prose. And Heine has proved—what Madame de Staël seems to have doubted—that it is possible to be witty in German; indeed, in reading him you might imagine that German was pre-eminently the language of wit, so flexible, so subtle, so piquant does it become under his management. He is far more an artist in prose than Goethe. He has not the breadth and repose, and the calm development which belong to Goethe’s style, for they are foreign to his mental character; but he excels Goethe in susceptibility to the manifold qualities of prose, and in mastery over its effects. Heine is full of variety, of light and shadow: he alternates between epigrammatic pith, imaginative grace, sly allusion, and daring piquancy; and athwart all these there runs a vein of sadness, tenderness, and grandeur which reveals the poet. He continually throws out those finely-chiseled sayings

* It is not fair to the English reader to indulge in German quotations, but in our opinion poetical translations are usually worse than valueless. For those who think differently, however, we may mention that Mr. Stores Smith has published a modest little book, containing “Selections from the Poetry of Heinrich Heine,” and that a meritorious (American) translation of Heine’s complete works, by Charles Leland, is now appearing in shilling numbers.

which stamp themselves on the memory, and become familiar by quotation. For example: "The People have time enough, they are immortal; kings only are mortal."—"Wherever a great soul utters its thoughts, there is Golgotha."—"Nature wanted to see how she looked, and she created Goethe."—"Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a man; his limbs have their Passion-history—they are spiritualized." He calls Rubens "this Flemish Titan, the wings of whose genius were so strong that he soared as high as the sun, in spite of the hundredweight of Dutch cheeses that hung on his legs." Speaking of Börne's dislike to the calm creations of the true artist, he says: "He was like a child which, insensible to the glowing significance of a Greek statue, only touches the marble and complains of cold."

The most poetic and specifically humorous of Heine's prose writings are the "Reisebilder." The comparison with Sterne is inevitable here; but Heine does not suffer from it, for if he falls below Sterne in raciness of humor, he is far above him in poetic sensibility and in reach and variety of thought. Heine's humor is never persistent—it never flows on long in easy gaiety and drollery; where it is not swelled by the tide of poetic feeling, it is continually dashing down the precipice of a witticism. It is not broad and unctuous; it is aerial and sprite-like, a momentary resting-place between his poetry and his wit. In the "Reisebilder" he runs through the whole gamut of his powers, and gives us every hue of thought, from the wildly droll and fantastic to the sombre and the terrible. Here is a passage almost Dantesque in conception:

"Alas! one ought in truth to write against no one in this world. Each of us is sick enough in this great lazaretto, and many a polemical writing reminds me involuntarily of a revolting quarrel, in a little hospital at Cracow, of which I chanced to be a witness, and where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their infirmities—how one who was wasted by consumption jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how one laughed at another's cancer in the nose, and this one again at his neighbor's locked-jaw or squint, until at last the delirious fever patient sprang out of bed and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions, and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation."

And how fine is the transition in the

very next chapter, where, after quoting the Homeric description of the feasting gods, he says:

"Then suddenly approached, panting, a pale Jew, with drops of blood on his brow, with a crown of thorns on his head, and a great cross laid on his shoulders; and he threw the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden cups tottered, and the gods became dumb and pale, and grew ever paler, till they at last melted away into vapor."

The richest specimens of Heine's wit are perhaps to be found in the works which have appeared since the "Reisebilder." The years, if they have intensified his satirical bitterness, have also given his wit a finer edge and polish. His sarcasms are so subtly prepared and so slyly allusive, that they may often escape readers whose sense of wit is not very acute; but for those who delight in the subtle and delicate flavors of style, there can hardly be any wit more irresistible than Heine's. We may measure its force by the degree in which it has subdued the German language to its purposes, and made that language brilliant in spite of a long hereditary transmission of dullness. As one of the most harmless examples of his satire, take this on a man who has certainly had his share of adulation:

"Assuredly it is far from my purpose to depreciate M. Victor Cousin. The titles of this celebrated philosopher even lay me under an obligation to praise him. He belongs to that living pantheon of France which we call the peerage, and his intelligent legs rest on the velvet benches of the Luxembourg. I must indeed sternly repress all private feelings which might seduce me into an excessive enthusiasm. Otherwise I might be suspected of servility; for M. Cousin is very influential in the state by means of his position and his tongue. This consideration might even move me to speak of his faults as frankly as of his virtues. Will he himself disapprove of this? Assuredly not. I know that we cannot do higher honor to great minds than when we throw as strong a light on their demerits as on their merits. When we sing the praises of a Hercules, we must also mention that he once laid aside the lion's skin and sat down to the distaff: what then? he remains notwithstanding a Hercules! So when we relate similar circumstances concerning M. Cousin, we must nevertheless add, with discriminating enology: *M. Cousin, if he has sometimes sat twaddling at the distaff, has never laid aside the lion's skin.* . . . It is true that, having been suspected of demagoguery, he spent some time in a German prison, just as Lafayette and Richard Cœur de Lion. But that M. Cousin there in his leisure hours studied Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' is to be doubted on three grounds.

First, this book is written in German. Secondly, in order to read this book a man must understand German. Thirdly, M. Cousin does not understand German. . . . I fear I am passing unawares from the sweet waters of praise into the bitter ocean of blame. Yes, on one account I cannot refrain from bitterly blaming M. Cousin; namely, that he who loves truth far more than he loves Plato and Tenneman, is unjust to himself when he wants to persuade us that he has borrowed something from the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel. Against this self-accusation, I must take M. Cousin under my protection. On my word and conscience! this honorable man has not stolen a jot from Schelling and Hegel, and if he brought home any thing of theirs, it was merely their friendship. That does honor to his heart. But there are many instances of such false accusation in psychology. I knew a man who declared that he had stolen silver spoons at the king's table; and yet we all knew that the poor devil had never been presented at court, and accused himself of stealing these spoons to make us believe that he had been a guest at the palace. No! In German philosophy M. Cousin has always kept the sixth commandment; here he has never pocketed a single idea—not so much as a salt-spoon of an idea. All witnesses agree in attesting that in this respect M. Cousin is honor itself. . . . I prophesy to you that the renown of M. Cousin, like the French Revolution, will go round the world! I hear some one wickedly add: Undeniably the renown of M. Cousin is going round the world, and it has already taken its departure from France."

The following "symbolical myth" about Louis Philippe is very characteristic of Heine's manner:

"I remember very well that immediately on my arrival (in Paris) I hastened to the Palais Royal to see Louis Philippe. The friend who conducted

me told me that the king now appeared on the terrace only at stated hours, but that formerly he was to be seen at any time for five francs. 'For five francs!' I cried, with amazement; 'does he then show himself for money?' 'No; but he is shown for money, and it happens in this way: There is a society of *claqueurs*, *marchands de contremarques*, and such riff-raff, who offered every foreigner to show him the king for five francs; if he would give ten francs, he might see the king raise his eyes to heaven, and lay his hand protestingly on his heart; if he would give twenty francs, the king would sing the Marseillaise. If the foreigner gave five francs, they raised a loud cheering under the king's windows, and his Majesty appeared on the terrace, bowed and retired. If ten francs, they shouted still louder, and gesticulated as if they had been possessed, when the king appeared, who then, as a sign of silent emotion, raised his eyes to heaven, and laid his hand on his heart. English visitors, however, would sometimes spend as much as twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm mounted to the highest pitch: no sooner did the king appear on the terrace, than the Marseillaise was struck up and roared out frightfully, until Louis Philippe, perhaps only for the sake of putting an end to the singing, bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the Marseillaise. Whether, as is asserted, he beat time with his foot, I cannot say."

One more quotation, and it must be our last:

"O the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is properly only love turned inside out. Sometimes they attribute some delinquency to us, because they think they can in this way gratify another man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

From Dickens' Household Words.

DISPUTED IDENTITY.

WHEN I was a boy, I lived with my father and mother, in a little cottage, in a village in Warwickshire. He was a farm-laborer; my mother had enough to do with her family, but at harvest and hay-time she worked in the fields, and what she earned was a great help. She had a good many children; but one way or other, they all died except me and my brother.

I think I should have gone like the rest, if it had not been for a neighbor's son, named George, who was most uncommon kind to me; he helped my mother nurse me when I was ill of a fever, and he was good to me ever after. He was some years older than me, and what made him take to me, I am sure I cannot tell; but that I should love him in return is no won

der at all. I worshipped him, and that is the only word to use for it. He used to tell me no end of stories about robbers and wild beasts; but above all about battles. He used to make me windmills, and boats, and kites, and gave me endless balls of string and knives; but what I cared for most of all, was, that he let me follow him about wherever he went, and take his dinner to him out in the fields, and send me on all his errands. I felt very proud to go; for I would have laid myself down under his feet if he had wanted me. Though I was quite a little chap, he used to talk to me as if I were his equal. He told me how he hated a dull country life, and how he longed to go away, and to seek his fortune in distant parts. He would have enlisted for a soldier, if it had not been for his mother, who would have broken her heart. She was a meek, good woman, who had been tyrannized over by a brutal husband, who had been groom to a gentleman. He broke his neck, trying to break in a vicious horse. Although, being drunk at the time, it was his own fault, the gentleman pensioned the widow; so that George had all the money he earned for himself. He did not take after his father, but held himself aloof from the other fellows in the village, and never set foot in an ale-house—not from pride, but because he took pleasure in other things. He was always studying at one thing or other every leisure moment; especially he tried to pick up all he could about battles, and he used to draw plans of battles upon an old slate.

At last a change came over him—a sort of fever—and he grew desponding and unhappy. He used to talk to me a great deal, but I could only feel very sorry for him; I could say nothing to comfort him. His mother, poor body, saw that all was not right, and feared he would take after his father. She used to preach to him out of the catechism, and tell him, it was his duty to be content in the state of life to which he was born; it was all very good, but not suitable to his case. He hated his occupation, and yet, oddly enough, it was only in his work he seemed to find any relief. He did as much as three men, and then asked for more.

Well, the truth must come out at last—George turned poacher. Poaching is a breach of the law of the land. I say no more about that; but I believe myself,

that gentlemen who have a regular license to shoot, and who preserve their own game, have not half the enjoyment in a whole season's shooting, that there is in one night's good poaching. However, you see poaching has this drawback: the fellows who take to poaching leave off honest hard work; they slink out of daylight, and haunt public houses, and take to low, idle habits of every kind. The love of adventure kills the habit of steady-going industry. They would do capitally out in the Australian bush, or at the diggings; but they plague the life out of churchwardens, overseers, constables, and squires. So they make a mess of it, and get into trouble; which is a pity, for you would not believe what fine, likely young fellows many of them are, to begin with.

George, for his part, was too proud, and respected himself too much, to fall into disreputable ways. He never would take me with him; though when I saw him preparing his tackle, and cleaning his gun, I used to beg very hard that he would let me go; but he was always quite stern and resolved. However, he used to let me take care of his things, and I was very proud to do that. We made a hiding-place under some furze bushes, where no keepers would think of looking, and where every thing could be kept quite dry. I had the charge of his dog, too—a knowing, sensible brute, who loved the sport as much as his master; he was a strong, lean, yellow, cross-bred dog, with long hair and a feather tail: he knew as well as we did that he must keep quiet during the day; and, though I sometimes did my best to 'tice him, I could never prevail upon him to have a game of play. As soon as he had eaten his dinner, he would curl himself up, with his nose under his tail, and go off to sleep as sensible as a Christian; he knew that his master would give him exercise enough at night. We had made a place for him to live under the bushes close by where the tackle was kept, and we knew that nobody could meddle with it so long as he was there.

Things went on in this way for some months. George's mother, who had always been ailing, fell into a kind of waste, and the doctors said she could not last long. George was always a good son, and he watched and waited on his mother like a woman. He would not have had her know any thing of his going out at

nights for the world; and, though it was well known in the village, the neighbors had too much good feeling to tell her. George was greatly cut up by his mother's illness, but he told me that when she was taken he would not stay in the place a day, but would go for a soldier. I nearly broke my heart when he said this, but he comforted me by saying, that he would send for me, and we should share our fortune together. But this was not to be.

One night a party of men asked George to head them on an expedition into the woods of Lord Capelcurry, where there was to be a battue the next day. Of course all the keepers were on the alert, but that was a temptation rather than not. George asked me to be with his mother for that evening, and to read to her to keep her from asking questions. I consented, though I would much rather have gone with the party.

I saw George go away, and then went to the cottage of his mother, to whom I told a natural story to account for his absence. She soon grew weary of the reading, and talked and mandered on about former days, before she was married, and about her first meeting with her husband, and how much he was in love with her, and what a good husband he had been before he was led astray by bad company. I was thinking of George; but I was a good listener, and remained with her till she went to bed, and then I went home. Early the next morning I was awakened by bad news: there had been a desperate affray with the poachers the night before; one of Lord Capelcurry's keepers was killed, and another seriously wounded. All the poachers had made their escape except George, who had been taken, and was dreadfully hurt. The news spread like wild-fire; the constables were abroad; three of the poachers were secured, but the others managed to find safe hiding. It was impossible to keep the news from George's mother, and you may fancy the misery it caused. I was nearly frantic, and walked all the way to the jail in the next town, which was fifteen miles off, in the hopes of seeing George. Of course I was not admitted, but I learned that he was in the infirmary, and his wounds were doing well. I was nearly mad. I could have beaten down the gates to get at him; and when I was turned away, I thought I would set the town on fire to revenge him. Some

friends of the other men who had been taken were very kind to me, and kept me from doing mischief to myself or any one else.

There lived in the town a very clever man, who was looked up to as a sort of prisoner's friend; for if a man got into trouble, Mr. Messent was always ready to take his part; and he often got a prisoner off, when there had not seemed a chance in the world for him. We all went to him and told him our case. He spoke kindly, and seemed to be very sorry about George and the other men. He talked of the game laws in a way that was a real comfort to us, and we went home in better heart. All the village joined to help to pay the money for the defense. After Mr. Messent had been admitted to see the prisoners, he drove over to our village to collect evidence and examine witnesses. He called to see George's mother. He brought her a message from her son. He brought me a kind word from him too. Altogether he kept up our spirits wonderfully.

When, at last, the assizes came on George was recovered enough to take his trial. All the prisoners were found guilty, and George was declared to be the one who fired the shot that had been the actual cause of the gamekeeper's death. The judge, in his address, declared it to be one of the most aggravated cases he had ever tried, and called upon the prisoners to rejoice in the lenity of the sentence; which was, that George was to be transported for the term of his natural life, and all the others for fourteen years. I saw George once—for one moment. I and the friends of the other prisoners were allowed to stand in the yard as they were conveyed to the van. I sprang forward and grasped one of his hands; he said cheerfully: "Good-by, old fellow; we will meet again."

George's mother never looked up again: she died before the week was out. The gang of poachers was entirely broken up, and Lord Capelcurry and his keepers had their hares and partridges in peace. The keepers had killed George's dog; but I gathered together all the odd matters that had belonged to him, and which nobody disputed with me. I then turned my back upon the place where I had lived, and went to seek for work elsewhere.

I might have been then about sixteen. The gardener at Squire Munsford's had

married my mother's sister; so I went there first, to see if he could give me a place. It was ten miles on the other side of the village where all these things had taken place. Both he and my aunt received me very kindly. I was made under-gardener and helper to my uncle; it was a good place, and I lived there for five years. My uncle was a Scotchman, and he took pains with my learning; for he was a man of some education himself. At the end of that time, he went to be head gardener to Sir Robert Palmer, and I was promoted by Squire Munsford to his place. This was considered a great piece of good luck, and so it was; but you see, I only cared for one thing in this world, and that was, to save money enough to be able to join George across the water. I went home sometimes to see my father and mother at the old place. My brother—I told you I had one—did not turn out comfortably, and ended by running away to sea; so I had to help the old people, which kept me from saving so much as I might otherwise have done. One time, when I was down there, I heard a rumor that George had escaped from the gang of convicts, and had got clear off, along with two others, after killing the overseer. This statement had made the round of the newspapers; yet Botany Bay was so far off, no one could rightly tell whether to believe this or not; but every body who had known him wished George well; and, after I had been gardener it might be about ten years, Madam Munsford died, and the Squire broke up his establishment and went to live in another part of England.

I was left in charge of the place, with a man under me, to keep the grounds in order; and an old servant was left in the house. After Squire Munsford's death—which followed that of his wife in a couple of years—the place came into the market to be sold; and the estate was divided into lots, some of which went with the house, and others separate. A good many parties came to view the house; but for some it was too large and for others too small, and from one cause or other it remained a couple of years unlet. One morning, as I was mowing the lawn, I saw a grand travelling-carriage stop before the gate. A gentleman who was inside beckoned me to come to him. I went; but when I reached the window, I nearly dropped down with surprise, for I surely

believed that it was George himself I saw before me.

The gentleman took no notice of my looks, but quietly asked, if he could be shown over the house—he had a card to view it. He alighted, and I walked behind him like a person in a dream; the more I looked at the stranger the more perplexed I was with the resemblance. He was evidently a military man, and had the mark of a sabre-cut across his forehead. He addressed me as a perfect stranger, and asked many questions, which I answered without well knowing what I said. That George should have become a gentleman and ride in his carriage was quite likely enough; but I felt sure that, however grand he might become, he would never change towards me. At last he drove away, and I did not know whether to feel glad or sorry.

A few days afterwards, he returned, accompanied by a man of business; and, after much examination of documents and comparing of deeds, Major Rutherford (as George's Double was called) became the owner of the house and certain lots of land lying around. A nice, compact little property it was. The furniture was old-fashioned, and would have fetched nothing at a sale; but it suited the house, and was convenient as well as appropriate. This was taken at a small valuation, and thus, at a stroke, Major Rutherford took his place amongst the county gentry. Before they departed, I was called into the room and received the offer to become Major Rutherford's bailiff. The lawyer, who had been Squire Munsford's man of business, said he had recommended me; but I did not think that had any thing to do with my appointment. Ever since I had heard of George's escape, I had felt unsettled in my grand purpose; and now, though I could not make the Major out to my satisfaction, I felt quite content to stop with him.

If I had expected the Major to be like what I recollected of George, I was much mistaken: he was like George certainly; but it was George possessed by a devil. All the gloomy, moody discontent which had overshadowed him in the latter days of our intercourse, seemed to be hardened and exaggerated in the Major into a bitter, grinding sense of wrong and injustice. He had evidently lived a stormy, adventurous life; and although he had conquered fortune and position, yet he was scornful

and contemptuous—unthankful, one might say, for all the comforts and advantages he had won in his battle of life. It was understood that he was a gentleman by birth, of good though decayed family; that he had entered the East India Company's service when very young, and had won his promotion by heading more than one forlorn hope. The means by which he had obtained his fortune was not exactly known; but men in those days always made their fortunes in the East. The neighboring gentlemen all called upon him; but his opinions and theirs clashed at all points; they were all good, steady church and king men, Tories of the old school—the Major had brought home with him startling political notions about reform in parliament, and extension of the suffrage, which he propounded with a reckless audacity that nearly sent some of his most respectable visitors into fits of apoplexy. He also took the earliest opportunity of quarrelling with the rector of the parish, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman; and, in that capacity, had committed three men for some trifling trespass upon his own property. The Major declared that this was a most unchristian proceeding, and refused to attend church; the large family pew in the pretty village church consequently remained untenanted Sunday after Sunday, to the intense disgust of the rector, and the great scandal of the county-side. But the crowning act of his unpopularity was, that, at a supper which he gave to the tenants and farmers on his estate, he announced his intention of not preserving his game, and gave them all free permission to kill whatever they found on their own land.

This proceeding was in such direct opposition to the customs of the county, that the gentry looked upon it as a reflection upon them, and resented it accordingly. They all cut the Major, and spoke of him as an infidel, a Jacobite, and a revolutionary democrat. The Major took all this with great indifference, and seemed, indeed, to enjoy exasperating their prejudices. To his own tenants, he made a kind, but strictly just landlord. All the fences, farm-houses, and buildings were kept in perfect repair; the cottages of the laborers were rebuilt. He showed the greatest desire to make the condition of all who depended on him as good as possible; but, in spite of the substantial benefits he conferred, he was any thing but popular; he

was too much of a reformer, and made no allowance for the natural unwillingness of men to walk in new ways. He liked to be in the opposition, and would any day have preferred to fight for his own way, rather than obtain it uncontested.

As for myself, I was much attached to him, partly for his own sake, and partly for the sake of old times, which he so strangely brought back to me, though he never, by the most trivial word or deed, recognized any former state of intercourse. A year passed on without any remarkable occurrence; but then, there befell a curious adventure. The Major and I went to attend an agricultural dinner that took place in the next town, which is a cathedral town. As we returned home, it was a bright moonlight night. The streets were deserted; every body was in bed; but, as we drove past the cathedral, I distinctly saw a figure at one of the lower windows, fluttering a handkerchief, and I fancied I heard a faint voice cry, "Help!" I do not believe in ghosts, but I confess my heart beat thick.

"Good Heaven!" said the Major, "some one has been buried alive and is trying to escape!"

"More likely some poor mad creature who has escaped from confinement, and has hidden herself there."

Again we heard the cry of "Help."

The Major sprang from the gig. I did not like him to go alone, but the horse was young and spirited, and could not be left.

The Major soon returned. "We must find out the sexton," said he hastily; "it is a poor young woman who has been locked in by accident. She seems to be nearly mad with fear."

There was not a soul to be seen about. We did not the least in the world know where the keys were kept; but we were obliged to do something. After knocking up several wrong people, who did not bestow blessings upon us for our pains, we at length discovered the clerk, and with some difficulty got him and his lantern into the street. The Major and he went together to the cathedral, and I remained with the gig. They soon returned, carrying between them a young girl, who seemed to be dead. They took her into the house, and the clerk's wife came down stairs; lights appeared in the various houses whose inmates we had disturbed, and night-capped heads were popped out

of the windows to see what had happened. One or two, more curious than the rest, came into the street, to learn the rights of the case. As soon as the poor girl was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, she told us that she had come from Sutton-Cosely that day, with a party of friends, for a day's shopping, and to see the monuments in the cathedral. While she was looking at one of the tombs, her party passed on; and, when she turned round, she saw them leaving the building. She called, but no one heard. In her haste her foot slipped, and she fell down against a pillar, and cut her brow; before she could rise, she heard the ponderous doors clang together, and the key turn in the lock. At first, she thought they would miss her and return; but time passed on, and they did not come. She beat against the door, but could make no one hear. Evening closed in; she grew desperate at the prospect of remaining there all night. The last thing she recollected was climbing to a window and breaking the glass to attract attention. Poor thing, it was no wonder she was frightened at the prospect of remaining in that great, dark, lonely place, full of graves! I should not have liked it myself.

The Major decided that we would drive her home, late as it was, to save her friends further anxiety. She was well wrapped up, and we took her between us in the gig.

She lived about five miles across the country, in an old moated farm-house that had been once a manor-house. It was now a dim, ghostly-looking place, built of gray stone, and half unoccupied. As we drove down the lane that led to the house, we saw a number of persons moving about in great excitement. The sound of our vehicle called some persons to the door. Foremost among them was the farmer, holding a candle above his head, and his other hand shading his eyes; behind him were the maid-servants. I could feel the poor girl shrink closer to us when he appeared.

"We have brought back your daughter, Mr. Byrne," said the Major, speaking first. "We have been so fortunate as to rescue her from a very unpleasant situation."

"Where hast thou been to, wench?" asked the father, sternly. "Go to bed with you, huzzy—a pretty disgrace you are to your family! And who may you

gentlemen be?" said he, turning upon us. "How do I know that you have not made up a story amongst you, to get me to receive the girl back when she may deserve no better than to be thrown out of the window?"

The Major was struck dumb at such an address; but I, to whom the brutal, violent character of Farmer Byrne was well known, knew better how to deal with him. In a few words I made him understand that this sort of thing would not answer. He subsided into a surly civility, and gave us grudging thanks, that seemed to choke him in the utterance. On our road home I told Major Rutherford what I knew about the farmer—he was a savage brute, who had broken the heart of his wife by ill-usage, and was bidding fair to do as much for his daughter—a good, gentle, well-conducted girl; a good daughter to an ill father. I spoke warmly in her praise; for I felt very sorry for the poor thing when I thought of the beating she would be sure to get as soon as our backs were turned; but I was not prepared for the effect my words were to take. Before a month was over the Major came to me one day, and told me that he was going to be married to Farmer Byrne's daughter. Without saying a word to me, he had made inquiries about her; had seen her frequently, and partly from compassion, and partly from love, he had gone the length of proposing to her, and had been accepted.

I was surprised, and not altogether pleased. He was so mixed up in my mind with George, that I could not separate the two, and I could not bear to have any change in our relationship. He saw I was not pleased, and took some trouble to reconcile me to it. Of course, nothing that I could say would alter the matter; so I held my tongue, and they were married very quietly at the parish church by the obnoxious rector. One good result followed this marriage; she persuaded her husband to begin to go to church again, and be friends with the rector. I was very glad of this; for their feud had been one cause that the neighborhood held aloof from the Major, and I wanted to see him take his rightful position. His wife's influence, too, had a happy effect upon his temper and disposition. She softened his bitter, contradictory spirit, and showed so much good sense in her new position, that I ended by

thinking that the Major had done the wisest act in his life when he married her.

As to the poor girl herself, she brightened up under the influence of happiness, and looked quite a new creature. It was the first little glimpse of sunshine she had ever known. She was far too humble to fret herself because the neighboring ladies did not receive her into their ranks, and was far too much in love with her husband to care for any thing else. They lived quite privately and quietly; and, at the end of eighteen months, a little son was born, who filled up the measure of their content.

One morning I had been to wait on the Major, to ask directions about the drainage of an outlying meadow. He agreed to ride over with me to see what was doing, and we went out together at the back of the house, to go to the stables. As we were crossing the yard we saw a wild, athletic man, half gipsy, half tinker, standing ready to beg or to steal, as the occasion offered. The Major had a horror of vagrants and beggars, and never showed them any mercy. All the penalties the law allows were always enforced; though no man had a kinder heart to all honest and deserving poor than he. I had seen this tinker hanging about, the day before, in the village, and had warned him off. I was surprised to see him here, for the boldest beggars never ventured near the house. The Major roughly desired him to go away. The man looked at him with impudent, malicious eyes; and, coming nearer, said something in a low tone that I did not hear. To this the Major only replied by threatening him with his riding-whip he held in his hand; the man replied insolently, and the blow descended across his face. Staggering and blinded, the man shook his fists at the Major, and said:

"I know you, George Marston; and I will do for you yet."

I started, as though a pistol had been discharged in my ear. I looked at the Major; our eyes met; my glance fell beneath his, and I turned away. We neither of us made any remark; we might not have heard, for any sign we gave. The Major mounted his pony, and rode alone to the field; where he remained superintending the workmen till dinner-time. I was waiting for him when he returned.

"Has any one been to ask for me?" said he, as he dismounted.

"No, sir," replied the servant.

"Stay and dine with us, Benson," said the Major, turning to me; and we went into the dining-room together. Mrs. Rutherford and the baby were there. The Major talked to his wife, played with his child, and eat his dinner like a man who enjoyed it. I sat stupefied, and wondering what was to come next. After dinner, the Major proposed to drive his wife and the baby in a little forest carriage kept entirely for her use. She was delighted; and, as she took her place, I thought she looked prettier than I had ever seen her. She always had an innocent look, and a little air of rusticity that became her well. The Major's great calmness and indifference staggered me, and did more to make me doubt my own convictions than a dozen denials.

About an hour after the Major had gone out, two men drove up to the door in a post-chaise, and inquired for him. They were strangers, but I knew they were constables. I ordered them refreshments in the Major's room; and, having seen them seated before the bread and cheese, I went out to await the Major at a turn of the road. I told him, as indifferently as I could, not to alarm his wife, and asked whether he would choose to avoid them. His cheek flushed as I spoke, and a look, like one I well remembered of old, came into his face, as he said: "No—let them do their worst." And then, touching the pony with the whip, he drove on as calmly as though I had asked him what was to be done with a heap of stones. The constables came out at the sound of wheels, and with official stolidity presented their warrant. The Major glanced at the paper; and, shrugging his shoulders, said he was quite ready to go with them. His wife looked anxiously from one party to the other.

"It is a summons to appear immediately before the magistrates in the next town, to give evidence in a case of disputed identity. Get my carpet-bag packed directly—there's a good little woman; I shall not be home to-night."

She left the room, and he made no attempt to follow her.

"I am obliged to accompany these persons to the next town," said the Major to me. "They are constables, come to take me on the charge of being a returned convict. It is unpleasant; for innocent men have been hanged for their likeness to

other people before now. However, I hope to establish my identity; I have a few marks to help me."

He spoke in a hard, dry, distinct voice, as though every word were uttered with effort. I could not speak.

"I expect to return to-morrow," continued he; but if I am detained, I will write to you. Keep Mrs. Rutherford from feeling uneasy, and use your own judgment in all things."

His wife entered, looking tearful and agitated. She had a presentiment of evil. His lip quivered as he bade her farewell; he grasped my hand, and sprang hastily into the post-chaise which was waiting.

The Major did not return home the next day, or the next day after that; for he was committed to the county jail to take his trial at the next assizes. At first, the magistrates were extremely unwilling to entertain the charge; and they would have dismissed it, if, unluckily for the Major, Sir Gervaise Skinner had not been on the bench. He was a staunch old Tory, and had been terribly scandalized by the Major's liberal politics. No crime could, in his opinion, be too dreadful for such a man to commit; and this accusation seemed only the natural explanation of the Major's character. He insisted that the accused should be remanded, to give time to inquire further into the matter. The Major himself did not furnish so prompt an exculpation as might have been expected: he did not seem to have any friends to whose testimony he could appeal. After two remands, he was fully committed to take his trial, and I had to break the matter to his wife, who took it with a composure that surprised me. She thought her husband a persecuted man, but her faith in his innocence did not waver for an instant.

All that followed may be read in the newspapers of the time. It remains on record as one of the most celebrated causes ever tried; and, although it was certainly decided by judge and jury, yet public opinion was much divided, and even I have my doubts still about the matter. You shall judge for yourself.

The old tinker, rascal as he was, told a different story that, if true, was conclusive enough. He had been sentenced to seven years' transportation at the same assizes that saw George Marston sentenced for life. This part of his story

was proved. He had gone out in the same convict-ship, and had seen George every day during the voyage. George was put in some sort of authority over him, and excited his ill-will. When they landed, he worked in the same gang with George. He gave minute details of George's escape, and of the savage onslaught upon the overseer, which resulted in death. A body was discovered some time after, in a state of decomposition, which was supposed to be that of George Marston, the escaped convict; but he, the tinker, had reasons of his own for not believing it to be George Marston's body. He swore positively that the Major and George Marston were one and the same person. Two other persons, convicts who had served their time, and who had seen and conversed with George Marston before he effected his escape, were positive as to his identity with the Major. Several persons from the village where he was born, and lived before he was transported, recognized him the moment they saw him. The surgeon who had dressed the wounds received in the fatal affray with the keepers, identified him. There were wounds also on the person of the Major corresponding with those recorded in the prison entry, and in the surgeon's own private journal. Mr. Messent, the lawyer who had defended him, now a very old man, but in perfect possession of all his faculties, recognized him as his old client. I was then called upon to give my evidence. I was known to have been George's friend, and a great deal was expected from me; but I did not feel free to swear either way. I did not deny the strong resemblance; but, living beside him so many years, I had also perceived differences which I could not reconcile; so, after a great deal of browbeating and cross-examination, I was allowed to depart. I had at least thrown a doubt upon the case.

The story the Major told about himself, in his defense, was ingenious and romantic. He produced a certificated extract of birth and baptism from the parish register of a small market-town in a remote part of Wales; and called as evidence an old man and woman, who had kept the only inn in the place. They declared that in such a year, corresponding with the date of the extract, a lady and gentleman, unaccompanied by any servants, arrived at the Golden Lion. They were evidently rich, and belonged to what

the old man called real quality. The lady was confined of a son a few days after her arrival; and the child was baptised Andrew, and registered as the child of Thomas and Mary Rutherford. When the lady was sufficiently recovered, they, departed, taking with them a Welsh nurse for the baby. The nurse returned in a few weeks, saying that the lady and gentleman were gone abroad, taking the child with them; but she showed a great reserve and unwillingness to speak of the matter. This young woman died shortly afterwards. There was great difficulty in taking the evidence of these old people, who were very deaf, and spoke only Welsh. The Major then declared that he lived with his parents both in America and also in France, until he entered the East India Company's service at the age of nineteen; but that portion of his narrative was contradictory and confused. The beginning of his career in the Indian army was also obscure. He could call no witnesses who knew any thing about him until many years subsequently—until, indeed, the year after George had made his escape—and then he was not an officer, but a private soldier. That point made against him. The very next year he was in another regiment, as Lieutenant Rutherford, with paper and certificates of service, with the sabre-cut upon his head, the mark of which was visible enough, and also of the other wounds which actually were upon his person. From this point his case was clear; he distinguished himself in various engagements; displayed not only courage, but high military talent; and how, asked he, was it possible that an escaped convict, a man of no education, should suddenly find himself endowed with military knowledge sufficient to fill a highly responsible position? Bravery may be innate, but military skill and knowledge must be acquired. This was well put, and evidently had great effect upon the whole court. I confess I was not much struck. I recollected George's military tastes, and had my own notions of his natural tact and cleverness, which I kept to myself. He pointed out that the persons who spoke so confidently to his identity with George Marston, the poacher, had not

seen him for many years; the principal witness against him was a returned convict—a man of notoriously bad character—and who owned to having an enmity against the individual for whom he had the misfortune to be mistaken.

The whole defense was eloquent and elaborate—too elaborate and too ingenious. The judge, in summing up, pulled it all to pieces; dwelling particularly on the fact, that the accused could give no accounts of the most important events that had happened in his family. He knew evidently nothing of either France or America. His experiences in India were contradictory and confused up to the year following that in which he was accused of making his escape from transportation. All this, and a great deal more that I cannot now remember, the judge brought out. The defense was not coherent; and the jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty; but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy.

The Major heard the verdict with haughty indifference; and on being asked, in the usual form, why sentence should not be pronounced against him, replied: "Because I am not the man who has incurred the penalty." He uttered these words in a ringing, sonorous voice; and this simple affirmation took more effect than all his defense put together.

The judge passed sentence, and he was removed from the dock. The interest excited by his case was intense; petitions and memorials on his behalf were got up all over the country, and backed by highly influential persons. What effect they might have had it is hard to say; but they were rendered superfluous by the fact that the Major effected his own escape in a masterly fashion unparalleled in the annals of prison-breaking. I was not surprised. I had heard him say, that the prison was not built that could keep him inside if he chose to go out. He got clear off, and reached the continent in safety. He was afterwards joined by his wife. They are both still alive. Government declined to confiscate his property; the son inherited it. I was made trustee and guardian, and have administered the affairs ever since.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE BASQUES OF SPAIN.*

ETHNOLOGISTS who have studied the characteristics, origin, and distribution of the races of mankind, such as Pritchard and Humboldt, have been particularly struck, and much occupied by the Basques. Saint Sebastian is one of the centres of this population, who own no kin with any other European nation, and whose origin is one of the most difficult puzzles in ethnology. They call themselves the Euskaldunac, or the cunning hands. Their ancient fables commence with the destruction of a former world, from which only a few solitary men escaped, like olives on the tree after harvest, or grapes on a vine-branch after the vintage. Of the number were Aitor and his followers, their ancestors, who lived a year in an inaccessible grotto, whence they saw the water and fire at their feet disputing for the mastery. When they descended into the plains they remained faithful to the worship of one God, the Lord on high, as taught them by their ancestors of the mountains; and their old men offered up sacrifices of fruits, under oak trees, where they made laws and administered justice. Death they regarded as the bed of a long sleep, and they believed in a future state of rewards and punishments. They pretend to have been one of the first of the nations which became Christians. They say their language is as natural to the human race as cooing to the dove, barking to the dog, or roaring to the bull. William von Humboldt thought that it could not be connected with any of the languages of the Indo-Germanic family, and its grammatical structure approaches some of the American languages. Some words of it have been found by the Abbé de Hiaree to be identical with words found in a vocabulary of the language of Van Dieman's Land. Foreigners find it almost impossible to acquire the Basque language.

Nouns, pronouns, and adjectives, change into verbs, and the verbs metamorphose themselves into nouns and adjectives. Prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, interjections, and even the characters of the alphabet, are declined like nouns and adjectives, and conjugated like verbs. Every noun has six nominatives and twelve cases, and the adjectives have twenty cases. The noun changes often according to the state of the being, or the thing which it signifies. What would be said in French in a single verb is represented in Basque by thirty-six verbs, each of which expresses a modification either of the action, or of the being or thing which is the object of the action. There are besides four different conjugations, according to whether the person addressed is a child, a woman, an equal, or a superior. The Basque learn French or Spanish easily, but neither the French nor the Spaniards can ever learn the Basque language.

Every thing seems to confirm Mr. Pritchard in his opinion that the Basques are an aboriginal race, who formerly occupied extensive territories which they no longer possess. In their language we found the etymologies of a great many names of places, rivers, mountains, provinces, of Italy, France, Spain, and the Mediterranean islands. It was Leibnitz who was the first to show the importance of the names of places, from the difficulty with which they change, in discovering the traces of ancient populations. The Basques were expelled from their territories by the Ligurians and Celts, especially the latter, who drove them for shelter into the wildest passes of the Pyrenees. Protected by the mountain fastnesses they found there, they formed themselves into several little republics, and bravely and successfully maintained their independence. Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Franks, Saracens, have successively attacked, and temporarily or nominally subdued them, but they have

* *Souvenirs d'un Naturaliste.* Par A. DE QUATRE-PAGES.

always hitherto preserved their nationality, manners, customs, and language. When discomfited for a time they have always been ready to seize every opportunity to regain their complete independence. On several occasions they have displayed heroic valor against their invaders. Their institutions having been zealously preserved, they present in the middle of the nineteenth century a society with nearly all the features unaltered which they wore during the middle ages.

The privileges of the Basque provinces have become celebrated under the name of *fueros*, and they regulate their internal affairs and their connection with the crown of Spain. The king of Castile was their sovereign, and in case of invasion they were bound to rise *en masse*. They paid scarcely any taxes. No fortresses could be erected in their country; and the king himself, when he entered it, was obliged to leave, with the exception of a small escort, all his soldiers behind him. The province was in reality a federal state, composed of a number of little republics, governed by their Alcades and their *Ayuntamientos*. Every town and village was independent. Every republic was represented in the assembly of the province, to which was reserved the right of imposing taxes and the duty of preserving their *fueros*.

To be eligible to sit in this national assembly it was sufficient to be a Basque proprietor. The feudal hierarchy, as it was found everywhere else in Europe, has never existed among the Basques. The Guipuzcoans, it is true, enjoyed in Spain the rights of nobles, and certain towns of Biscay and Alava conferred them on their inhabitants; but these were only exterior privileges, and were of no value in the Basque countries. The highest titles which could be conferred by the kings of Spain on certain families, did not establish any real distinction in their favor among their fellow-citizens. In Guipuzcoa, in Biscay, and in Alava, the constitution recognized neither nobles, nor marquises, nor dukes; and, on the other hand, no one was of mean birth. To be eligible to take part in the deliberative assemblies or in the administration, it was only necessary to be the master of a house, and this quality, attached to the possession of soil, was transmitted with it. A stranger, however low his birth might have been, on buying land acquired this title, and

could take in addition, if he pleased, those of noble, gentleman, or hidalgo, which the Basques considered as only the equivalents of the first.

The master of the house enjoyed no other privileges. All professions were of equal rank, and none of them were deemed mean. When the municipality gave a ball at Saint Sebastian, they invited nobody; they simply announced the ball, and any body might come to it who liked. Insolent commercial manners have spread in recent times. Nevertheless, M. de Quatrefages has seen counts and tailors figuring away at a public ball in the same country dance. Since the war against Don Carlos, the Spanish soldiers, acting as gendarmes, have been introduced into the three provinces, and the Customs have been extended to the frontiers of France. When the Alavaise, Biscayans, and Guipuzcoans fought for Don Carlos, what they really meant was *Viva los fueros*. Occupied with their own affairs, in which every man takes the part of a free citizen, they have never been troublesome to their neighbors, neither oppressed nor oppressors, neither conquered nor conquerors. The contrast between great riches and great poverty is seldom seen in their country. They are generally in easy circumstances. From the time of the middle ages they have occupied themselves in the whale fishing, and have been hardy sailors. They are a very beautiful race, with round skulls, large foreheads, straight noses, finely-formed mouths and chins, an oval face, narrowing towards the chin, large black eyes, black hair and black eyebrows, brown complexions, slightly colored, and small, well-formed hands and feet. In public assemblies at Saint Sebastian, for one plain person there might be counted twenty or thirty truly handsome. The beauty of the ladies warms the style of our scientific academicians into eloquence. It is a principle of ethnology that the characteristics of a race are always more marked in the women than in the men. "Their faces regular and animated, their large eyes full of expression, their mouths almost always open, with a slightly mocking smile, their long hair falling in tresses to the knees, or rolled round the head like a natural crown, strike the least attentive observer. Nearly all have necks and shoulders remarkable for the purity of their lines; and this rare trait of beauty gives to the humblest peasant a something

noble and graceful which might be envied by a duchess. I do not exaggerate: there is in the gait of these *aguadoras* in rags, carrying on their heads heavy pails of water, the ease and almost the majesty of Diana the Huntress." M. de Quatrefages never saw in the village *fêtes* of a Sunday the two sexes dancing together. The women danced together, while the men played at tennis-ball and ninepins. From their proud and courteous air and brilliant costume, M. de Quatrefages calls the Basques a nation of nobles. He records, however, an odd trait in the manners of these proud, black-eyed, magnificent fellows. When one of their wives has been confined, she gets up as soon as possible, and attends to the care of the household, while the husband takes to bed with the new-born baby, and there receives the congratulations of his neighbors. We leave the whole of the responsibility of this statement to the learned academician. This custom, according to Diodorus of Sicily, once existed in the Island of Corsica; there are traditions of it among certain Scythic tribes called Tibari, on the banks of the Euxine; and it is said to be found among certain aboriginal American and African nations. The male frog (*Alytes obstetricus*), the *crapaud accoucheur*, who undertakes the maternal duties by retiring, with the new-laid eggs around his abdomen, into a solitary place in the pond or ditch, and hatching them, is certainly a zoological curiosity, but he must yield the palm of singularity to his human *analogues*. The Basque highlander seems to have inherited a custom even more curious than this Batrachian instinct. M. Chabo traces this peculiarity of the Basques to an incident in the life of their ancestor Aitor; but the origin of the "hominal" custom, and the explanation of the Batrachian instinct are alike unknown.

But enough of the accoucheur Basque. All races who are too conservative, who refuse to mix their blood, mingle their ideas, and blend their customs, with those of other races, seem doomed to perish. There is in nature an analogous process. While the Americans destroy the red man, the English the Kafirs, the Russians the Turks, the Chinese the Tartars, there is a war of extermination waging in Europe between the gray rats and the black rats. For centuries, the mouse was the only mammal of the rat kind known in Europe. The ancients knew no other. Man sought the help of cats against his redoubtable though timid and little enemies, the mice. Buffon says this was calling in the help of one enemy to suppress another, which is more inconvenient—a view of the character of cats which has been resented ever since by nearly all the ladies who have read him. During the middle ages, the black rats, coming from nobody knows where, spread themselves over Europe. They have warred against the mice ever since, who owe their preservation to their small size, which enables them to retreat into holes too narrow for the admission of their pursuers. About the beginning of the last century, the gray rat arrived in Europe from India, having been brought in merchant ships. It appeared in England in 1730. When Buffon wrote, it was only known in France, in the environs of Paris, and had not entered into the city. In a few years it overran the whole of France. Stronger, fiercer, more fecund, and swimming well, the gray rat soon mounted the rivers and streams in pursuit of the black rat, which it destroyed. Now-a-days the black rat is only to be met with here and there, in a solitary grange in the interior, or a lonely island on the coast, where it has found a refuge.

From the Westminster Review.

LIONS AND LION HUNTING.*

WE know very little about lions, considering our centuries of observation, and the abundant examples on which that observation has been exercised; and the reason is that we have known the lion only in captivity, under very deceptive circumstances. Even travellers and naturalists, perfectly aware of the fact that he belongs to the feline race, describe him as if the broad daylight, and not the stormy midnight, were his element; and because sometimes a traveller has found himself in daylight face to face with a half-sleepy lion moving from his couch on account of the flies or the sun, and because this lion, in a state of beatific digestion (having the night before devoured an ox), does not smite the traveller to the earth, the idea of his magnanimity and generosity has been circulated, or because in this state he generally declines combat, especially if fired at, the idea of his cowardice has also gained acceptance. Had naturalists studied this majestic animal in the mountain gorges from twilight until dawn, had they watched him coming to drink at the stream or in the forests when the moon has risen, or dashing among the tents when beef will not satisfy his epicurean taste, eager for man's flesh—in a word, had they watched him, as Gérard has, rifle in hand, lonely, with the intense eagerness of a hunter whose life depends upon his minutest observation being accurate, we should have another conception of the lion from that to be derived by a study of books or an inspection of menageries. Jules Gérard, whom the French with just pride surname "*Le Tueur de Lions*," has given in the two works placed at the head of this paper, the results of his observations, and the recital of his encounters—works of fascinating interest, from which we propose to condense a few details.

Let us first sketch the story of the lion's

life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but, as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, Madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion with full-grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree; the lion stopped on his path and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distinct growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go towards him, but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The two crouched, and sprang upon each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh

* *Le Tueur de Lions*. Par JULES GERARD. Paris: 1855.

La Chasse au Lion et les autres Chasses de l'Algérie. Par JULES GERARD. Paris: 1854.

was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gérard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of milady; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions.

Our lion then is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence; when she stops he stops. On arriving at a *douar* (the collection of tents—what we call a “village”) for their supper, she lies down while he leaps into the inclosure, and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one shall disturb her; and not until her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. When she feels that she is about to be a mother, that is, towards the end of December, they seek an isolated ravine, and there, without the aid of chloroform or Dr. Locock, she presents her lord with one, two, and sometimes three puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader has ever seen and handled a puppy lion, he will understand the idolatry of mother and father. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton, carefully skinned. The father, whose habitual demeanor is grave, becomes fatigued by the frivolous sports of his children, and for the sake of tranquillity removes his lodging to a distance, within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where their father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany father and mother in all nocturnal expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward that they usually wound ten for one they kill; it is not till they are two years old that they can kill a horse or a bull with one bite. While

their education is thus in progress, they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but kills that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches maturity, and lives to thirty or forty. When adult he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect, and disposition from the lions to be seen in menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast, bred like rabbits, deprived of the fresh mountain-air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gérard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged, was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gérard had killed.

It is quite clear, on comparing the works of Gérard and Gordon Cumming, that the lion of Northern Africa is a far more formidable enemy than the lion of Southern Africa. Not only does Cumming seem to have triumphed without difficulty, but he had to combat lions who ran away from dogs, and generally avoided coming to blows with him. This is quite contrary to Gérard's experience. The lion of Northern Africa is but too ready to attack; hungry or not, the sight of an enemy rouses his fury at once; and as to cowardice, Gérard's narrative leaves no room for such a suspicion. Indeed, the lion, so far from running away from the hunter, attacks a whole tribe of armed Arabs, and often scatters them to the winds. No Arab thinks of attacking a lion unless supported by at least twenty muskets; and even then, if the lion is killed, it is not until he has committed serious damage in their ranks. For a long while they suffer him to devastate their *douars*, and carry off their cattle in helpless resignation. It is not until their losses have driven them to desperation, that they resolve on attacking him in his lair, and then they always choose the daytime. Having ascertained his lair, and having decided in full conclave that the attack is to be made, they assemble at the foot of the mountain, and in groups of thirty or forty march towards the lair, shouting at the top of their lungs. On hearing the noise, the lion, if young, at

once quits his lair; the lioness does the same, unless she have her infants with her. But, as he does not fly, he is soon in sight, and a discharge of musketry brings him down upon them like a thunderbolt. If the lion is adult, he knows the meaning of this noise, which wakes him, and he rises slowly, yawning and stretching his limbs, rubbing his sides against the trees, and shaking back his majestic mane. He listens; and the approaching cries cause him to sharpen his claws, with certain premonitory growls. He then stalks slowly towards the first ledge of rock which commands the country, and espying his enemies from this height, he crouches and awaits. The Arab who first sees him cries: "There he is!" and deathlike stillness succeeds. They pause to contemplate him, and to look well to their arms, while the lion slowly licks his paws and mane, thus making his *toilette de combat*. After a long pause, an Arab advances in front of the group, and in a tone of defiance, shouts: "Thou knowest us not, then, that thus thou liest before us? Rise and fly; for we belong to such a tribe, and I am Abdallah!" The lion, who has before this eaten more than one warrior who apostrophized him in precisely the same terms, continues passing his enormous paws over his face to beautify himself, and makes no reply to the challenge, nor to the second challenge, nor to the epithets of "Jew!"—"Christian!"—"Infidel!" liberally bestowed on him, until the voices swell in a chorus, which makes him impatient. He then rises, lashes his sides with his tail, and marches straight towards the insulters. The timid are already in flight; the brave remain and await his attack—muskets ready, hearts beating. He is beyond their reach, and walks leisurely towards them. They now begin to retreat slowly in order, their faces turned to him, until they rejoin the horsemen waiting at the foot of the mountain, who immediately commence galloping about, brandishing their muskets and yatagans, and shouting defiance. The lion, on seeing the horsemen on the plain, pauses to reconnoitre. No cries or insults move him. Nothing but powder will do that. It is heard at last, and then he changes his leisurely march for a charge which scatters the little army. No one is ashamed of flying now; each tries to secure a favorable position from which to fire as the lion passes. The horsemen

then advance. If, as is usual, the lion has clutched one of the retreating troop, it is only necessary for a horseman to approach within reasonable distance and discharge his gun, the lion at once quits his victim to charge his assailant. After a while, the lion, wounded and tired, crouches like a cat and awaits his end. This is a terrible moment. He is fired at, and receives all their balls without moving; but should a horse gallop near enough to be reached in two or three bounds, either the rider or the horse is doomed, for the lion is upon him in an instant, and never quits his hold. It will astonish European hunters to hear that thirty balls at a distance of twenty paces, are not always enough to kill the lion; it is only when the heart or brain is touched that death is certain; and the nearer he is to death the more dangerous he is. During the fight, but before he is wounded, if he clutches a man, he is satisfied with knocking him down; and the man, probably protected by his burnous, gets off with a mere flesh-wound from the terrible talons. But after the lion has been wounded, he tears his victim, mangles him in his jaws, till he sees other men upon whom to spring; and when mortally wounded his rage is something awful. He crushes the victim under him, and crouches over him, as if rejoicing in his agony. While his talons slowly tear the flesh of the unhappy wretch, his flaming eyes are fixed on the eyes of his victim, who, fascinated by them, is unable to cry for help, or even to groan. From time to time the lion passes his large rough tongue over the face of his enemy, curls his lips and shows all his teeth. Meanwhile, the relatives of the unhappy man appeal to the most courageous of the troop, and they advance, guns cocked, towards the lion, who sees them coming, but never moves. Fearing lest their balls should miss the lion and hit the man, they are forced to approach so close, that they can place the musket in the ear of the lion. This is a critical moment. If the lion has any force left him, he kills the man lying beneath him, and bounds on the one who has come to the rescue; and as he lies motionless on the body of his victim, it is impossible to know whether he will bound or not. In case his strength is too much wasted, the lion crushes the head of the man beneath him the moment he sees the musket approach his ear, and then, closing his eyes, awaits death.

Such is the lion of Northern Africa, and the terror he inspires in the brave Arabs who know his power is intelligible. Before quitting our descriptive notices, we must call upon Gérard for an account of the lion's roar, as he first heard it while awaiting in a hiding-place the approach of the king of beasts. After waiting for an hour the first grumblings reach his ear, as if the lion were talking to himself, and these grow louder and louder till the very roof of the hiding-place trembles at the sound. The roarings are not very frequent; sometimes a quarter of an hour or more elapses between each. They begin with a sort of sigh, deep and guttural, yet so prolonged that it must have cost no effort; this sigh is succeeded by a silence of a few seconds, and then comes a growl from the chest, which seems to issue through closed lips and swollen cheeks. This growl, beginning in a very bass note, gradually rises higher and louder till the roar bursts forth in all its grandeur, and finishes as it commenced. After five or six roars, he finishes with the same number of low, hoarse cries, which seem as if he was trying to expel something sticking in his throat, the last being very prolonged. Nothing in Gérard's remembrance presents a fitting point of comparison with this terrible roar of the lion. The bellowing of a furious bull is no more like it than a pistol-shot is like the sound of a thirty-two pounder. Imagine what a terror such a roar would inspire, heard in the lonely mountain-passes under the silent stars. On this occasion the lion roared for two hours without quitting his place, and then descended into the valley to drink; a long silence followed, and then he began again more vigorously than ever. Soon after, Gérard saw the fires blazing in the distance, and heard the men, women, and dogs yelling as if possessed with devils; for one instant a roar covered all this tumult like a thunder-clap; and then the lion seemed to continue his route quite tranquilly, not in the least disturbed by all this noise, which only seemed like triumphant music accompanying the powerful monarch on his march. He probably knew the terror his presence inspired; at any rate he knew no terror at the presence of Arabs.

We have no space to tell Gérard's own story here. The lions are our subject, and to them must be given all our attention. The curious reader is referred to the two books named at the commence-

ment of this article, for further information.

Gérard describes at great length the death of his first lion; but although he learned several useful details by which he afterwards profited, the campaign was not one which can be abridged here with interest. His second lion was nearly the victor. He had tied up the dogs in the tents in order to preserve silence. Saadi-bou-Nar, his companion, slept behind him on the ground, while he, rifle in hand, awaited the appearance of his enemy. Suddenly the sky, which had been brilliant, was overclouded; the moon disappeared; the thunder began to mutter in the distance, like a distant lion; large drops of rain falling on the Arab, awakened him, and made him urge Gérard to retire within the tents. At this moment the Arabs shouted, "Be on your guard; the lion will come when the storm is at its height." Protecting his rifle with the burnous, Gérard waited, smiling to observe the heroic resignation with which Saadi-bou-Nar draped himself in his burnous. The rain, like all storm-rains, rapidly subsided. The sky was once more lighted by the brilliant moonbeams occasionally piercing through interspaces of cloud; at the horizon a few flashes of lightning were seen. Gérard, grateful for this fitful light, peered anxiously into space, and in one of the sudden flashes, there stood the lion motionless, only a few paces from the inclosure of the *douar*. Accustomed to find fires lighted, dogs howling in terror, women frantic, and men throwing lighted brands at his head, the lion was perhaps meditating on the meaning of this silence and calm. Turning carefully, so as to take deliberate aim without the lion's perceiving him, Gérard felt his heart beat as the last cloud passed over the moon. He was seated with the left elbow on his knee, the rifle at his shoulder, looking alternately at the lion, which presented only a confused mass to his eye, and the cloud which travelled slowly over the moon. At last his heart leaped—the moon shone in all her splendor. Never was sunlight more prized. There stood the lion, motionless as before—a magnificent creature, superbly majestic, with his head aloft, his mane tossed by the wind, and falling to the knee. It was a black lion of the grandest species. His side was turned towards his enemy. Aiming just underneath the

shoulder, Gérard fired, and at the same time that the explosion was reëchoed by the mountains, rose the roar of rage and pain, and through the smoke the lion bounded on his assailant. It was an awful moment. The lion was within three paces; there was no time to aim; the second barrel was fired at hazard, and struck him in the breast; he rolled expiring at the hunter's feet. "At first," says Gérard, "I could not believe that the animal I had just seen bounding upon me in fury, and rending the air with his cries, was that monstrous inert mass lying at my feet. On looking for my balls, I found the first, which had not been mortal, placed exactly where I had aimed it; and the second, fired almost at random, had been the one which proved fatal. From this moment I learned that it is not sufficient to aim accurately to kill a lion; and I began to see that lion hunting was far more serious than I had imagined."

The terror inspired by the lion is vividly depicted in the narrative of events succeeding this encounter. Although the Arabs heard the firing they would not approach lest the lion should still be living; for more than half an hour they remained within their tents, after which three of the bravest came out of the inclosure, bringing the jug of water Gérard had demanded; the leader came cautiously, looking round him every moment, his gun ready to fire; the second, bearing the water, came after, holding by the burnous of the leader and pausing when he paused; finally, the third held in one hand the burnous of the second, and brandished a yatagan with formidable vigor. In this order they came up to the lion; on seeing him they halted, and would not approach till Saadi-bou-Nar struck his corpse with his hand to reassure them. And these were men who in battle would fight like lions! Five minutes afterwards, men, women, and children rushed out to see their vanquished foe, whom they apostrophized in eloquent insults. As the morning broke, hundreds of Arabs came from all sides; but even in presence of their dead enemy their terror was not quite allayed; they kept within ten paces of his corpse, the women standing behind, timid and curious.

Gérard soon found that bullets were but an uncertain resource against an animal whose frontal bone sufficed to flatten one fired at no greater distance than five

paces, and who, when mortally wounded, had still strength and ferocity enough to dispatch half a dozen armed men. He, therefore, exchanged bullets for ingots of iron, and even with these he ran terrible risk, as we see from his first employment of them. At midnight, under the light of a full moon, he met a young lion—a mere puppy of two years old—who, on seeing him, lay down across the path, and did not move even when Gérard was within fifteen paces. Believing this to be the animal's tactics, he thought better not to advance nearer; kneeling on the ground, he fired, aiming just beneath the shoulder. How it happened, he knew not, so sudden was the onslaught; but before he could see any thing he was knocked down, and his hand touched the leg of the animal standing over him. "Luckily for me I wore my thick turban, which he tore with his teeth: slipping from it and leaving him my burnous, I blew out the brains of this foolish youngster while he was spending his wrath upon my clothes. My first ingot had passed right *through* his body, below the shoulder; the second entering at his left ear came out at the right." Europeans imagine it a very simple thing to vanquish the lion; "you have only to be a good shot and to be perfectly cool." To be a good shot is not rare; but when you have to meet such an antagonist, to await him, perhaps not to see him until he is about to attack, and then to know that your first ball, however well aimed, will only wound him, the "coolness" so lightly spoken of will be a very rare quality. However adroit your first aim, you have little time for your second; the first shot hits him while he is motionless; the second must be fired as he bounds upon you. Gérard soon learned this, and he says with *naïveté*, perfectly French, that he always commenced the struggle with mingled doubt and confidence; *doubt* in the effect of his shots, *confidence* in the "protection divine qu'accorde à sa créature l'Etre suprême"—as if the poor lion were not equally "sa créature!" That, however, is a thought never entering the minds of the hunter or Arab. We were amused at the lamentations and imprecations of a disconsolate woman, whose lamb had been eaten by a lion; she spoke with bitterness of the "heartless wretch" who had eaten a lamb, which she herself would have eaten had not the lion anticipated her!

Such being the terror and the hatred inspired by the lion, we can understand the frantic demonstrations of joy over his corpse. They triumph over their dead foe, insult him, call him "assassin," "thief," "son of a Jew," "Christian," and "pagan," pluck his beard in scorn, and kick him contemptuously. It is a relief to their hatred—the reaction of terror. In reading this we are naturally reminded of that scene in Homer, where the Greeks crowd round the dead body of Hector, marveling at his great stature, and each inflicting a wound on the terrible corpse:

ἄλλοι δὲ περιδραμον νίεζ Ἀχαιοῖν
οἱ καὶ θηήσαντο φῆνιν καὶ εἶδος ἄγχιον
Ἐκτορος· οὐδ' ἄρα οἱ τις ἀνούνητι γέ παρεσση.
Il. xxii. v. 396.

And we think translators and commentators fall into a blunder when they translate and understand the phrase applied to Achilles meditating the vengeance of dragging Hector round the walls, as if Homer by it meant to stigmatize Achilles. The phrase *αἰκεῖα μὴδεο ἔργα* does not mean "he meditated unworthy deeds," "but he meditated unheard-of deeds:" *αἰκεῖα*, although meaning "unworthy," derives that meaning from the primitive "unlike," or unusual. Things which are unusual, are often unseemly, unworthy, but are not necessarily so. Homer evidently did not think the vengeance unworthy, nor did the Greeks. They felt towards the dead Hector as the Arabs feel towards the dead lion.

Very picturesque is the scene of triumph. The fires are lighted in the forest; moving amidst the snow and trees are groups of men and women, looking by the firelight like phantoms, in their white burnouses, as they distribute the pieces of lion-flesh roasted on a brasier big enough for an elephant. The women chatter on their universal theme; the men talk of powder, bloodshed and lions; Abdallah, the singer, yells improvised couplets, while a flute-player charms the savage ear. They have insulted the lion, and now they eat him.

If the reader has ever had the pleasure of playing with a puppy lion he will comprehend the fascination of such a favorite in the Arab tents. The delight created by such a playfellow is not simply the delight which any fat, joyous puppy, gracefully ungraceful, and sublimely careless, will excite in all well-constituted minds;

it is that, and *with* it the feeling of all the ferocity, power, and grandeur which lie nascent in this innocent child. This feeling will of course be intensified by the terror felt for the grown lion; and as that terror is very great among the Arabs, we can imagine the interest Gérard excited by bringing into their tents a lioness of about a month old, no larger than an Angora cat, and a lion about a third larger. The young lady had all the timidity of her sex, slunk away from every one, and answered caresses with blows of her little paws; her brother, whom they christened Hubert, had more manly *aplomb*. He sat quiet, looking with some astonishment at all that passed, but without any savageness. The women idolized him, and were never tired of caressing him. A goat was brought to be his nurse. At first he took no notice of her, but no sooner had a few drops of milk moistened his lips than he fastened upon her with leonine ardor. The goat had of course to be held down—she by no means fancied her illustrious foster-son! But although the lioness had seen her brother take his meals in this way, she could not be seduced to follow his example. She was never quiet or happy except when in concealment. Hubert passed the night under Gérard's burnous as tranquilly as if with his mother; and indeed throughout his career Hubert showed a sociability which speaks well for him. His sister died the death of many children—*teething* was fatal to her! Nay, Gérard assures us that teething is a very critical affair with young lionesses, and often carries them off, there being no kindly surgeons to lance their little gums. Hubert was taken to the camp, where of course he became the idol of the regiment, always present at parade, and gambolling with the men during the idle hours. As he grew up his exploits became somewhat questionable. He had early strangled his nurse, the goat. He then showed a propensity for sheep, donkeys, and Bedouins, which made it necessary for him to be chained up, and, finally, having killed a horse and dangerously wounded two men (owing to some difference of sentiment), he was caged. Gérard of course continued to pet him. Every night he opened the cage. Hubert sprang out joyously and began playing with him at hide-and-seek; embracing him with an ardor which was more affectionate than agreeable. "One night, in high spirits,

he embraced me so fervently that I should have been strangled had they not beat him away with their sabre-sheaths. This was the last time I cared to play hide-and-seek with him. But I must do him the justice to say, that in all our struggles he scrupulously avoided using teeth or talons; he was the same to all whom he liked, and to whom he was really very affectionate and gentle." Hubert was sent to Paris, and placed in the *Jardin des Plantes*, where some time afterwards Gérard went to see him. He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all the visitors, when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face and agitation of the tail showed that the sight of the well-known uniform had roused him. He recognized the uniform, but had not yet identified his old master. His eyes eagerly interrogated this vaguely-remembered form. Gérard approached, and, unable to resist his emotion, thrust his hand into the cage. It was a touching moment which followed: without taking his eyes from Gérard, he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply; with every breath his eye became more affectionate, and when Gérard said to him, "Well, Hubert, my old soldier!" he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prison, which trembled beneath his weight. "My friends, alarmed, sprang back, and called to me to do the same. Noble beast! thou art terrible, even in thy love! He stood up, pressed against the bars, striving to break through the obstacle which separated us. He was magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him, while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gently to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in frightful expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and caresses on their retreating. It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to reassure him that he would see me again, and each time that I moved out of sight he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries." Poor Hubert! this visit, and the long *tête-à-têtes* of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injurious on the whole. He drooped, and the keepers attributed it to these visits, which perhaps made him languish for the

camp and his old days of liberty. He died, leaving Gérard firmly resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more: death in the forest, by a rifle, being infinitely preferable to a pulmonary disease bred in prison.

Has the lion a power of fascination? The Arabs all declare he has, and that both men and beasts are forced to follow him when he exercises that power over them. The royal aspect and the piercing splendor of his tawny eye, together with all those associations of terror which his presence calls up, may suffice to paralyse and fascinate an unhappy victim, although Gérard says, for his part, he never felt the slightest inclination to follow and exclaim:

"Oui, de ta suite, ô roi, de ta suite, j'en suis."

For our own parts, we can believe in any amount of fascination. We were once embraced by an affectionate young lioness, who put her paws lovingly round our neck, and would have kissed our cheek, had not that symptom of a boldness more than maidenly been at once by us virtuously repressed. The fascination of this tawny maiden, by whose embrace we were haunted for a fortnight, was equalled by the humiliation we felt on another occasion in the presence of the forest king. All visitors to the Zoological know and admire the noble lion who occupies the last den; and most visitors have seen his wrath when the keeper approaches the den before the bone he is gnawing is thoroughly clean. The sight of his wrath and the sound of his growls greatly interesting us, and the keeper not being at hand to excite them, we one day got over the railing opposite his den, and began dancing and *hishing* before him, in a wild and, as we imagined, formidable manner. Instead of flashing out in wrath and thunder, the lion turned his eye upon us, and in utter contempt continued licking his leg of beef, perfectly untroubled by our *hishing*, probably asking himself the meaning of these incomprehensible gesticulations. We felt small. He evidently did not think us worth even a growl; and we were forced to get back over the railing, utterly discomfited by the quiet dignity of his majesty.

However, on this subject of fascination, let us hear the story which Gérard heard from the Arabs. Some years ago, Seghir, the hero of this adventure, was denied the

hand of his mistress from no worse crime than *impecuniosity*, which has cut many a true love-knot, and he thought it simpler to elope with his beloved. He did so; but his path was dangerous, and he armed himself to the teeth. In this path he suddenly espied a lion walking straight towards them. The girl shrieked so fearfully that she was heard in the tents, and several men rushed out to the rescue. When they arrived, they saw the lion slowly walking a few paces in front of Seghir, on whom his eyes were constantly fixed, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl in vain tried to make her lover cease to follow the lion, in vain tried to separate herself from him. He held her tight and drew her with him, saying: "Come, O my beloved, our Seigneur commands us; come." "Why don't you use your arms?" she cried. "Arms? I have none," replied the fascinated victim. "Seigneur, believe her not; she lies; if I am armed I will follow you wherever you will." At this moment eight or ten Arabs came up and fired. As the lion did not fall, they took to their heels. With one bound the lion crushed Seghir to the earth, and taking his head within his enormous jaws, crunched it; after which he lay down by the side of the young girl, placing his

paws upon her knees. The Arabs, now, finding they were not pursued, took courage, re-loaded, and returned. At the moment their guns were pointed, he sprang into the midst of them, seizing one with his jaws and two with his claws, dragging them thus together, so that the three formed as it were but one mass of flesh; he pressed them under him, and mangled them as he had mangled Seghir. Those who had escaped ran back to their tents to relate what they had witnessed. None dared return; the lion carried off the girl into the forest. On the morrow the bodies of the four men were found. That of the girl was looked for, but they only found her hair, her feet, and her clothes. Her ravisher had eaten the rest.

We have said that Gérard declares never to have felt the fascinating power of the lion in his own person, but in one of his adventures he testifies to the fact as regards a bull, whom the lion caused to walk slowly before him to the spot where it should please his majesty to devour him. The lion, on seeing Gérard approach, stopped; the bull, ten paces in advance, stopped at the same time. Who will explain this? We dare not attempt it; the more so as our limits are already touched.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE BASS ROCK.

We presume that the majority of strangers, who for the first time visit the romantic and beautiful city of Edinburgh, speedily find their way to its Calton Hill, whence they will obtain, not merely a striking view of the Old and New Town, but also will behold, more especially if they ascend to the summit of Nelson's monument, an indescribably magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding country for many miles, including towns and vil-

lages, mountains and valleys, sea and islands. In the words of Sir Walter Scott:

"Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them, rolled
The gallant Firth, the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

To our mind, even yet more graphically, do the following lines of the amiable and

lamented Dr. Moir, of Musselburg (the *Delta* of Blackwood's Magazine), describe the marvellously grand and varied prospect:

"Traced like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty, stretching wide—
There Pentland's green acclivities;
There ocean, with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat, and, gleaming through,
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range, are seen—
North Berwick-Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters."

It is the truly remarkable and historically interesting island, or rock, of Bass, that is the subject of this paper. How vividly do we remember our first glimpse of the Bass! We were on board a Scotch schooner bound for Leith, having left France with a view to seek the restoration of our shattered health (for we had been brought to the very edge of the grave by the cholera at Paris) by imbibing the pure breezes of old Caledonia. It was in the early part of the month of July, when at eventide the schooner was off St. Abb's Head, and consequently a few hours' sailing would bring us to the entrance of the Firth of Forth. We had oft read of the wonderful rock at that entrance, and ere retiring to our berth, requested to be roused when the vessel came abreast of it. Accordingly, at midnight, we were summoned on deck, and a never-to-be-forgotten scene welcomed us! The schooner was steadily cleaving the waters at a fair speed, yet so silently, that but for the soft dashing of spray against her bows, and the occasional creak of a yard or boom, or sheet or brace, she might have been deemed a phantom vessel gliding to some unhallowed rendezvous! The air was clear, and the dark azure vault o'erhead glittered with countless stars, whilst the moonlight silvered the dancing crests of the wavelets. Broad on the beam, and at only a few hundred yards distance, rose a gigantic spectre! It was the Bass—a mighty solitary rock, placed, as it were, a silent, unchanging sentinel of Nature at the entrance of the Firth. High did it uprear its stern old northern front, and at this midnight hour, its immense bulk loomed to a size far beyond its noonday proportions. One side of it was in shade, and the shadow of the rock itself was prolonged to an enormous length over

the surface of the sea. The other side, and part of the front, were white as snow.

"Birds, sir," said our friend the captain—"all that you see gleaming so whitely in the moonshine are the wings of birds, resting and sleeping on the clefts and sides of the rock."

It was even so; and the dark streaks and patches, which here and there intervened, were simply the bare surfaces of the rock where no birds clung. Onward swept the schooner, and the Bass soon faded away in the distance; but from our memory will never fade the profoundly romantic impression it created, for this vision of the Patmos of the North seemed to us something *eerie*, almost unearthly, and yet well did we know that all was real, and that the morrow's sun would beam ruddily on the solid rock we now beheld gleaming so ghost-like in the moonlight. Twice, subsequently, did we sail past the Bass, and each time also, as it happened, about midnight, and by moonlight. Since then we have seen the Bass by daylight many a time, and a wonderful and deeply interesting spectacle it is at any time, and from any point of view. We once stood on the beach at North-Berwick, when a brilliant sun lighted up one side of the Bass with marvellous effect. A stranger would inevitably have fancied that much of the rock was of some white material, or that a recent snow-storm had thickly coated it. Indeed, a lady with us persisted that she beheld strata of chalk, and could hardly be convinced that the snowy masses were clusters of birds, and that the great rock was not less than three miles distant, for to the unaccustomed eye, it did not seem more than half a mile off. We may add that we have seen, in a remote country, a rock which bears a surprising resemblance to the Bass. It is situated at the entrance of the bay of Hammerfest, in Finmark, and is called Haajen.

The Bass is, as we have said, a solitary rock, less than a mile in circumference, which springs like an isolated tower from the sea, at about two miles distance from the nearest part of the coast. At the highest point it is upwards of four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and its sides are nearly perpendicular all round, but their height is by no means uniform, for the surface or top of the rock slopes steeply downwards to the southward. A great, natural cavern or passage runs en-

tirely through the Bass, and can occasionally be explored at low water. This wonderful perforation is nowhere less than a score of feet in height, and its length is above five hundred feet, which will give the reader a good idea of the size of the rock. There are only one or two spots where a landing can possibly be effected, and even at them it is not practicable to land, unless with great risk, except the weather is favorable and the tide at a convenient height. Having effected a landing, the visitor beholds the ruins of a fortress, concerning which we shall have more to say by-and-by. Half way up the slope are some ruins of a very different character, being the mouldering walls of a very old chapel. Much of the early history of the Bass Rock is more or less conjectural, but the researches of antiquarians and historians, in connection with it, actually extend twelve centuries backward. They tell us there existed a hermitage on the Bass at the end of the sixth century, and quote marvellous legends of the alleged miracles the recluse performed. Nothing very authentic is, however, known of the history of the rock until nigh a thousand years subsequent to the apocryphal era of the hermitage, and its occupier, Saint Baldred. As to the chapel, or religious edifice, of which the ruins yet remain, the date of its erection is unknown, but is supposed to have been in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. That the Bass was a fortified place, or stronghold, from a much earlier period, is undoubted. It is naturally adapted for such a purpose, and before the invention of cannon it must have been, if well defended, literally impregnable, except by the slow and sure assaults of famine, if closely and perseveringly blockaded. It possessed a castle at least three hundred years ago, as mentioned by contemporary chroniclers. We recently read in a curious and valuable old book, entitled "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain" (published above a century ago, and usually attributed to the celebrated author De Foe), a brief, but interesting and trustworthy, description of the Bass, as it was upwards of a century ago; and concerning the proprietorship the following statement, which other authorities substantially confirm, occurs: "It (the Bass) was formerly the possession, and sometimes the seat, of the ancient family of Lawder, who a long time refused to

sell it, though often solicited to it by several kings. King James VI. (in 1581) told the then Laird, 'he would give him whatever he pleased to ask for it;' whereby that gentleman had a fine opportunity of making a good bargain; but after he had told his Majesty, that he would sell it on these terms, and the king desiring to know what he would ask, he answered, 'Your Majesty must e'en resign it me, for I'll have the auld Craig (*i. e.* Rock) back again.' However, the family at last coming to decay, it was purchased by Charles II." So far De Foe; but certain important events in the interval between James VI. offering to buy the Bass, and Charles II. actually acquiring possession of it, require a passing word of notice.

When Cromwell turned his conquering arms to Scotland, the official records of the Church of Scotland were sent for safety to the Bass; but that stronghold was compelled to surrender, and the documents were transmitted to London. A score of years later, the Bass was sold and resold two or three times, finally being purchased by the government of Charles II., and a lamentable use did they put it to! What saith our old friend, the author of the "Tour through Great Britain?" "In the times of the late King Charles and his brother, King James VII. (James II. of England), it was made a state prison, where the western people, called in those days *Cameronians*, were confined for being in arms against the king." Now this sentence of De Foe, presuming he was author of the "Tour," although penned, as we do not doubt it was, in an honest spirit, is yet calculated to convey a most erroneous idea of the prisoners of the Bass. The "western people, called in those days *Cameronians*," to whom he alludes as being imprisoned "for being in arms against the king," were none other than ministers of the *Covenanters* of Scotland—godly men, who were *not* "in arms against the king," but were victims to a deplorable system of persecution, and are to this day reverently spoken of in their own country as the "Martyrs of the Covenant." It were needless for us to enter into any details here concerning the history of the Covenant and the persecutions and sufferings it entailed on its adherents, but we may remark that, of all the prisoners—or martyrs, as their countrymen call them—of the Bass, only two were *Cameronians*. The rest were ministers who were ready and

willing to own and submit to the king's authority in all civil matters, but not in things spiritual. They denied the right of government to interfere in ecclesiastical concerns, and to compel Presbyterians to submit to prelate authority. In the year 1662, four hundred ministers were ejected from their parishes for having refused compliance with an act of parliament which would have forced them to recognize prelate principles against their consciences. These ejected ministers wandered about the country holding *conventicles*, or meetings for religious worship, &c., and were consequently denounced as "seditious persons and contemners of the royal authority." Most of our readers must be familiar with the dismal history of the persecutions they and their pious adherents underwent for many years. It was declared a capital crime, and in many instances punished as such, for ministers, or others, to hold conventicles either in a house or in a field. Numbers of ministers were seized and cast into dungeons in different localities; but we must merely mention those sent to the Bass, for it was with a view to convert that rock into a prison, whence escape was impossible, that it had been purchased by government. From the year 1676 to 1685, about forty prisoners, of whom all, except half a dozen, were ministers and preachers—were incarcerated in the prison of the Bass. Their periods of imprisonment varied from a few months to six years, and some of them died on the Bass. The most eminent of these "martyrs," were John Blackadder, minister of Traquair; Alexander Peden, minister of Glenluce; John Dickson, minister of Rutherglen; and others, whose memory is yet cherished in the localities where they bore witness to what they deemed a righteous cause. There is ample and melancholy evidence that the prisoners on the Bass underwent terrible sufferings. Some of them were kept close prisoners in their dungeons, and the others could at any time be punished in like manner at the will of the governor. They had scanty and very meagre food, and even water was a necessity which they often longed for in vain, as they could only procure what fell from the clouds. The soldiers who guarded them were wicked and licentious troopers, who mocked the sufferings of the martyrs, and took pleasure in insulting and adding to their misery. The last prisoner released

from the Bass was John Spreul, who was liberated May 12th, 1687, having been confined to that desolate rock nearly six years.

After the revolution of 1688, the Bass obstinately held out for James II., and did not surrender until 1690, being the last place that clung to the desperate fortunes of the justly exiled monarch. Yet it soon after was again seized by some daring adherents of the Stuart dynasty, who held it for several years in the name of King James; but in reality they were a set of reckless desperadoes, who converted the Bass into a mere pirates' stronghold, bidding defiance to all attempts to dispossess them of it. De Foe, rightly enough, terms them "a desperate crew of people," and he says that, "having a large boat, which they hoisted up on the rock, or let down at pleasure, they committed several piracies, took a great many vessels, and held out the last place in Great Britain for King James; but their boat being at last seized or lost, and not being supplied with provisions from France, as they used to be, they were obliged to surrender." It is related that they compelled every vessel that passed within reach of their cannon, to pay a species of *black mail*, or tribute money, and ships out of gunshot, were boarded and plundered by their boat. It was not until 1694 that they surrendered, being fairly blockaded and starved into submission by a squadron of English men-of-war and small craft. This romantic episode closes the history of the Bass as a fortified place, for King William prudently ordered the fortifications and buildings to be destroyed, and this was, by degrees, effectually done.

From a remote period, a warren of rabbits has been kept on the Bass, and to this day, a considerable colony of these prolific creatures burrow around the old ruins. There is also a space on the upper part of the rock, said to comprise seven acres, on which a limited number of sheep have always grazed. At present, upwards of a score find pasturage. The Bass belongs to the Dalrymple family, who acquired it from the crown a century and a half ago, and it has not been altogether a barren property in their hands, for they have always let it to tenants at a good rent. The chief profit of the tenant of the Bass is not derived from the sheep and rabbits, but from the gannets, or Solan geese, which frequent it in such prodigious num-

bers. The young gannets yield feathers, and their bodies are sold at prices varying from sixpence to a shilling each. An intelligent native of the neighboring town of North-Berwick told us that these young geese are excellent eating, and so they were undoubtedly once esteemed, for they formerly sold for nearly double their present price; but we are more fastidious than our ancestors were in the kind and quality of their food, and we hold the Solan goose in slight esteem, on account of its oily, fishy flavor, and would recommend the purchaser of one to cook it in the open air, unless his olfactory nerves are the reverse of sensitive.

It was formerly supposed that the Solan goose, or gannet, bred only on the Bass, and on Ailsa Craig at the mouth of the Clyde; but it is now known that an immense number frequent St. Kilda, the outermost of the Hebrides, and that small colonies exist at one or two places on the coasts of England and of Ireland. The Solan goose is nearly the size of the common domestic goose, snow-white, excepting the pinion feathers of their wings. They have broad-webbed feet, and a most remarkable-looking head, the eyes being very large and surrounded by dark streaks, the beak long and sharp-pointed, and the mouth extremely wide. They make their nests of sea-weed, or grass, or any substance that is available, and lay but one egg at a time. During the period of incubation they are so tame that they will permit themselves to be touched. Their food, of course, is fish, especially the herring. They cannot dive in pursuit of prey when they are themselves floating on the surface of the water; but when they are soaring in the air they dart downwards with great velocity, and the impetus of the descent forces them to the required depth, and they never fail to secure the fish they aim at. The number of Solan geese attached to the Bass is supposed to be less than of yore; nor is this to be marvelled at when the numbers of young killed annually are taken into consideration. But even at this day he would be a bold man, and an excellent calculator, who would engage to estimate them within a few thousands, more or less, of the actual number, whatever that may be.

Several other species of birds also fre-

quent the Bass, particularly the Guillemot, or Scout; the Kittiwake; the Razor-bill; and several kinds of gulls. Some of these birds are numerous; others are only seen occasionally. Land birds, also, as the raven, jackdaw, and hooded crow, find congenial roosting-places amid the ruins and in the clefts of the rock.

No description would convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary spectacle afforded by the evolutions of the countless birds that hover around the stern old Bass. We shall, however, conclude by quoting the following remarks on the subject, from Mr. Hugh Miller's article on its geology, contained in the work entitled, "The Bass Rock,"* which is the joint production of five writers, each eminent in his special department of literature and science. "The innumerable birds," says Mr. Miller, "that frequent the rock, find there perilous, mid-air platforms on which they rear their young. At the time of my former visit, to borrow from old Dunbar,

'The air was dirkit with the fowls,
That cam with yammeris and with yowlis,
With shrykking, schreeking, skrymning, scowlis,
And meikle noyis and showtes.'

But all was silent to-day. . . . I was not sufficiently aware, during my previous visit, how very much the birds add to the rock scenery of the island. The gannet measures from wing-tip to wing-tip full six feet; the great black gull, five; the blue, or herring gull, about four feet nine inches; and, flying at all heights along the precipices, thick as motes in the sunbeam—this one so immediately over head that the well-defined shadow which it casts darkens half the yawl below, that other well-nigh four hundred feet in the air, though still under the level of the summit—they serve by their gradations of size, from where they seem mere specks in the firmament to where they exhibit, almost within staff reach, their amplest development of bulk, as objects to measure the altitudes by."

* Some of the information conveyed in this article we have derived from the valuable work alluded to. It is beyond comparison the most complete, authentic, and interesting account of the Bass ever published, and may be said to exhaust the subject.

From Dickens' Household Words.

DAISY HOPE.

FAR away down in the north, where the Forth, after flowing proudly past the castle of Stirling, loses itself in the rich alluvial plain through which it winds in so many golden links to the sea, there was a small collection of cottages not large enough to aspire even to the dignity of a village, but which rejoiced in the collective name of Bank Row. The largest house in the number, which bore evidence, in size and architecture, of having seen better days, was Daisy Hope, a long, irregular building, of which the wings had gradually tumbled down, and the main part of the house fallen into disrepair; while roof and chimney in many places threatened immediate dissolution, and only the lower floor and a small portion of the one above could be occupied with safety.

The lands, of which Daisy Hope had at one time been the manorial residence, had been worthy of the style and pretension of the house. Far and wide their boundaries had extended; rich Carse and Haugh had spread themselves along the river side; cattle were fed upon the Ochils and fish caught in the lower links of Forth—all on the property of the Millers of Daisy Hope. But the Millers of Daisy Hope had been careless and extravagant for many generations. When the Rebellion broke out in seventeen hundred and fifteen, there was a foolish Miller of Daisy Hope who left his comfortable quarters and led his tenants to join the Pretender. The English Government took him prisoner, and sent in a bill for his maintenance in Newgate, which cost him half his remaining land. In thirty years afterwards the son and heir of this intelligent gentleman followed his father's example, and paid more dearly for the honor of commanding a regiment at the battle of Falkirk; for he was executed on Tower Hill, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But when many years were come and gone, there came to Daisy Hope an old man

who was recognized by some of the neighbors as a son of the last of the Millers, and occupied a portion of the lands as tenant—a small portion, for though he gave it to be understood he had tried to improve his fortunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as poor as any of the peasantry around him. His family was brought up in accordance with their altered circumstances; and some ten or twelve years ago it was only the students of genealogy and inquirers after family arms who knew that the poor old man—the grandson of the last of the lairds—who added to his scanty profits, as cultivator of a few acres of land, by acting as carrier between Stirling and Bank Row, was the lineal descendant of the Millers of Daisy Hope.

Least of all to entertain such useless knowledge was honest Andrew Miller himself, a tall, upright figure, with his long, white locks escaping from under his broad lowland bonnet, as he walked sedately by the side of his strong and sinewy, but not over-fed horse, "The Bruce;" no thought of grandeur or wealth ever entered his head. If he could manage, by all his toil, to leave his wee mitherless bairn provided for, that was all he ever desired. And for this purpose he worked with all his heart. And Bessy was well worth working for. The prettiest blue-eyed, light-hearted lassie that ever was seen, it was the most charming sight in the world to see her springing along on the Stirling road to meet her father on his return; then to see her lifted into the cart, and, seizing the reins, drive the Bruce with a tiny willow wand in her hand, and encouraging the too ambitiously-named quadruped to more rapid exertion with promises of warm oatmeal for his supper, and clean straw for his bed. This was when she was eight or nine; but when two more years were past, there came into her eyes a more sedate and thoughtful expression, such as poverty

often imprints on even more youthful countenances than Bessy's; but the change gave only a deeper charm to her beauty, and even the father seemed to grow conscious that there was something about his little "lassie" that made her different from "ither folk." There was a grace in her walk which he saw nowhere else; and when she sat in the silent kitchen, and took his hand in hers after his work, and sang some old Scotch ballad with a voice so sweet and clear, old Andrew was very much astonished to find somehow that his eyes had become filled with tears, though he had never been so happy in his life. But there were soon to be other people to share in the old man's admiration. The upper floor was still fit for occupation, and after a little bargain-making a grand English lady of the name of Mrs. Donnington was installed in the apartments, into which some scanty furniture was put which Andrew brought in his cart from Stirling.

When fairly distributed over the drawing-room, and the little parlor, and the two bed-rooms, it made the mansion appear in the eyes of all the village the most sumptuous dwelling-place that ever was inhabited by a king. All the population flocked up to see the rooms before the grand lady came. There was a table of rosewood, covered with a velvet cloth of the most rich and gorgeous manufacture; embroidered on the centre of it, in gold thread, with a coat-of-arms representing griffins with expanded wings, and other unknown animals. Then there were six chairs, also of carved rosewood, and also covered with velvet cushions, with the same embroidered ornaments. On the mantel-piece was a beautiful clock, in which Time, carved in marble, blew a trumpet to awaken Industry, which unfortunately had fallen asleep on the pedestal; and over the middle of the room was spread a carpet, so soft, so thick, so beautiful in color and design, that it was thought a shame to apply so magnificent a work to so degrading a use as to be trod upon; but rather, it was unanimously agreed, that it should be hung upon the walls, carefully covered from dust with a linen cloth, and only opened out on extraordinary occasions. On the hearth-stone was spread another article which excited still more admiration. It was a rug composed of the finest possible furs, all sewed and joined together so as to make a beautifully variegated pattern; and of so much

value from its size and quality, that there could be no doubt that Leddy Donnington, as she was called, was closely connected with the royal family, or was even a cousin of the Governor of the Bank. And a stately lady she was when at last she made her appearance. With high, thin features, a remarkably erect figure, and a dignity of manner which at first over-awed and surprised the beholder, she seemed in the eyes of Andrew Miller the exact complement and appropriate conclusion to the furniture by which she was surrounded. The Queen of Sheba on her throne of gold was not more fittingly established than Leddy Donnington, with her feet on the fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet cover of the table. As for Bessy, she opened her eyes, and also her mouth, but said nothing. She was presented to the great lady as her maid-of-all-work, her tire-woman, her chambermaid, her dame de compagnie; and stood before her in that four-fold capacity, holding tight by her father's hand, who had ascended with her to the drawing-room, and so blushed and so flustered, and so stuttered and trembled at the awful apparition, that she derived no consolation even from the kind tone of voice in which the old lady spoke—nor recovered her self-possession, till by little and little the unaccustomed fear departed, and she went nearer and nearer, and looked into the eyes of her majestic mistress, and saw something in them which seemed to soften when their looks met; and on parting the first night, it was scarcely with surprise—it certainly was with pleasure—that she felt the grand dame's hand laid upon her head, and her lips applied to her cheek.

"Oh, faither, faither!" said Bessy, rushing into the kitchen, "she kens what it is to hae an orphan bairn, for she has a fatherless laddie hersel."

"Puir woman!" said Andrew. "He'll hae dee'd most likely o' the gout, for they say English great folks are terrible on the turtle and wine."

"And only think, faither!" continued Bessy, "when I cam' awa' she kissed me!"

Andrew looked at her as she said this, as if for a moment he feared her vanity had led her to boast untruly; but when he saw how real her gratification was, he said nothing, but only looked at her with more pride and affection than ever. He could not have looked at her with more

respect if she had been that moment presented with the order of the Garter, with permission to wear the insignia on her arm.

The country-side was alive with reports and conjectures about the past and present history of the Lady at Daisy Hope. Some thought she was perhaps a former Mistress of the Robes of her Majesty the Queen, and had been condemned to her magnificent exile for interfering too much in political affairs. People who were lucky enough to see her in a dress of solemn velvet, with a veil of richest lace extending its thick covering over her features, were the more confirmed in the belief in her previous dignity in the court, as they took it for granted that the perquisites of the office included the royal dresses; and nothing less than a crowned head could have worn such articles of apparel. Others, of a still more suspicious disposition, believed she was one of the deposed potentates who at that time were perambulating Europe; but whether she was a Spanish princess, or one of the elder Bourbons, they could not exactly decide. It is strange that nobody was lucky enough to guess any thing near the truth.

Bessy, to be sure, soon began to feel less awe; for the grand lady was by no means grand in her manner to her. She even amused herself by teaching her to read and write, and in a short time derived full payment for her labor in the possession of the cleverest little reader and amanuensis that any body could wish. How pleasant it was in the long winter evenings to see the little girl seated on a footstool at the lodger's feet, reading in a clear, child-like, but very intelligent voice, long pages of Orme's History of Hindostan, and Lives of Warren Hastings, and the sufferings of the English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta! But sometimes the night's entertainment consisted of lighter and more interesting volumes than these. There were poets and novelists, and historians, all opening their stores to the quick apprehension of Bessy Miller. And there was solid talk, too; for Mrs. Donnington had seen the world, though the greater part of her life had been spent in India; and, glad of an attentive listener, though in the person of one so young, she sat with her hand on the lassie's head, and told her the adventures of her life, the manners of the Far East, the storms at

sea she had encountered, the grand oriental cities she had visited, the gorgeous buildings of Delhi, and the sacred waters of Benares.

Then sometimes the new secretary tried her powers in writing letters to her patroness' son; a lad at this time of sixteen or seventeen, and just finishing his course at one of the great English schools, preparatory to his embarking in a profession. What the profession was to be the anxious mother could not decide. Meanwhile the time for his entrance upon life drew near, and his letters in reply were full of ardent hope and strong anticipations of success. Once he came, but his visit was short, and his interviews with his mother so long, that Bessy was little heeded. So again she betook herself entirely to the company of her father, and illuminated him at second-hand, with the wondrous knowledge she had picked up in the last half year. It was only when he was on the eve of his departure that Walter Donnington took any notice of his mother's friend. He thanked her for her kindness, patted her on the head with the familiar condescension of a very old gentleman to a very young child, and remarked for the first time the extraordinary beauty of cheek and eye as a blush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of gratification, seemed to suffuse them both. But boys of seventeen have an unbounded contempt for girls of eleven and a half; and Walter took a sorrowful leave of his mother, after a week's stay, and departed from Daisy Hope almost without wishing Bessy Miller good-by.

Again the confidences between the old lady and her protégée began. A commission in the army had been offered to the son, and she had at last given her consent to him to accept it. He was to spend some months at a military academy, and then join the regiment, which was stationed in India. So all the interval was spent in expectation of the visit he was to pay to Daisy Hope before he left England. Indian story was more carefully studied than ever; the history of the wars of all times and nations was carefully read; and Bessy's education was more fitted for a cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich than for the daughter of a poor Scotch carrier in a broken-down farm-house on the banks of the Forth.

The expected visit was to take place in September, and people passing the ruined gateway of the Hope were surprised

to see an approach to a little garden gradually making its appearance in front of the drawing-room windows. Sometimes even they were startled by the apparition of a tall lady dressed in black silk, and sustaining her stately form on a long gold-headed cane, superintending the labors of Bessy Miller, in watering the flowers and tying up the roses. In these labors old Andrew Miller joyfully assisted, and a painter no doubt could have made a very picturesque group of the lofty lady, and the blue-bonneted, gray-coated peasant, watching the graceful motions of the little girl with almost equal affection. It formed a bond between the elders which made up for the differences of their condition; and Andrew could stand for hours on the lawn discoursing on Predestination and Effectual Calling, as also on the prices of oat-meal, and the prospects of the barley-harvest, with the greatest ease and fluency. Sometimes he was interrupted in the middle of a disquisition on turnips, or free-will (for Andrew was a great controversialist on all subjects, and settled points of divinity and routines of crops with the same facility), by the lady's saying to him: "But, Mr. Miller, I have just been thinking again—what will become of Bessy if we both die?"

"Troth, my lady, I dinna ken; for except it be the Bruce—who has seen his best days; mair by token, he'll be fifteen year and the next grass; and wadna fetch above ten pound at Hallow fair; I'm thinking she'll hae nae great share o' world's gear—but she's a gude lassie, and a bonnie; and friends will aye be raised up for her; for isna there a promise that she'll never be forsaken, or reduced to beg for bread? The cart also wadna fetch muckle by reason one of the wheels is rather frail, and the left tram needs constant mending; but what o' that? Had Queen Esther's father a horse half sae gude as the Bruce! or any sort o' cart ava? and yet she clamb up on a golden seat, and fitted a new rope roun' Haman's thrapple—a proper end for a unbelieving Jew."

Mrs. Donnington did not seem particularly encouraged by the example of Queen Esther and Andrew's animosity to the Hebrews, but resolved to do her best for the future fortunes of her favorite herself. But not much was in her power. For some days she was busy assorting her drawers, and tying up various parcels. Then she wrote several letters with her

own hand, directing them to various practitioners of the law in Bedford Row, and other precincts of Themis; but when the answers came, they seemed to convey no pleasant intelligence. She increased, however, in her kindness to Bessy, as if to make up for some involuntary wrong; and whether from disappointment at not being able to carry out some scheme in Bessy's favor, or from some other cause, the lady became gradually unwell, her walks in the garden grew less frequent, her weakness increased, and when September came, and Walter arrived to say farewell, she was confined to her chair. His stay was to be limited to a fortnight. The excitement of his arrival, and the expectation of his departure, combined to increase her illness, so that, as Andrew Miller expressed it, "the end was unco' near." The young people were, as usual, blind to the symptoms of decay; and how great was their surprise, it is needless to say, when they were summoned, one evening, to the sufferer's bed-room, and ushered by Andrew into what he called "the chamber o' the great King." The great King was indeed there in all his majesty—and with a blessing on Walter, and with her hand locked in Bessy Miller's, the grand old lady died.

Oh! there was such surmising, and guessing, and wondering, within the next few days, as never had been heard of in Bank Row. Nay, they extended beyond Bank Row. There were curious persons in Alloa and Stirling itself, who marvelled at the incidents as they gradually evolved themselves after the death. Lawyers from England arrived and took inventories of the furniture. Many people thought they were commissioners under the Great Seal, who were going dispose of the famous carpet and the rug and the embroidered chairs, and the rich-hung beds, to some foreign potentate, and so to diminish the national debt. Even in Edinburgh, the gentlemen of the robe, in the absence of any business of their own, discussed the character of the deceased, and the legal effect of certain covenants which it was alleged she had entered into to pay off her late husband's debts, and for that purpose had conveyed to certain trustees her pension from the East-India Company as general's widow, and reduced her establishment to the dimensions we have seen it at Daisy Hope. Discussions took place as to whether her personality was included in

the conveyance; such as rings, necklaces, and even her wearing-apparel. Betsy, also, to a small amount, were plentifully laid on the question of what Court would have jurisdiction in this important case. But the law seemed to settle itself without the intervention of a single wig; for the gentlemen from London carried off all the furniture, and after paying Andrew Miller all that was due for board and lodging, took themselves off, as if in a hurry to escape from so tumble-down a mansion, and so solitary a place. But Walter had seen the parcels which his mother had so carefully tied up. They were addressed to Betsy; and on going away after the funeral, wretched and broken-hearted, he took his mother's ring from his pocket—a beautiful amethyst surrounded by small pearls, and put it on Betsy's finger—a mile too large for her tiny hand—and kissed her cheek with the tenderness of a brother, and disappeared at a great pace on the Stirling road.

And what became of Betsy Miller? She opened the parcels when her grief allowed, and saw they were gowns of silk and satin, and shawls of beautiful colors; and she determined never to part with them unless under the pressure of extreme want; and cherished them as memorials of her kindest friend, often taking them out, and gazing at them with tears in her eyes, and looking back on the two last years as the happiest and saddest of her life. Ah, Betsy! prepare yourself for more grief still—don't you see how weak your father grows? how deeply he pants for breath? how disinclined he is for exertion? And the house is falling to ruin faster than ever. The rains of October have forced their way through the roof. In the room where the grand old lady died there is a pool of water on the floor, the door has nearly dropped from its hinges, parts of the ceiling have fallen down in the drawing-room, the garden is covered with weeds. Surely there is a cloud of some great misfortune overhanging Daisy Hope. How she waited on her father! How she read to him in the Bible, and repeated the metrical Psalms, and smoothed his pillow, and comforted him, and attended to every thing; and how she watched him one terrible January night, when the river came roaring down, and the cold wind was howling among the rocking chimneys, and the fire was burning fitfully upon the hearth, and old Andrew was dy-

ing in the recess-bed in the kitchen, and how she listened for his breath amid the pauses of the storm, and saw the heaving of the bed-clothes in the uncertain light, and then, how the sudden great silence fell upon her heart, when, after a few words of prayer for his little daughter, the good man ceased to breathe, and nothing was heard more but the plash of rain upon the window and the occasional lap of the peat flame, as it flickered up the chimney, and Betsy closed her father's eyes, and knelt down by the side of the bed. And she is only twelve years old, and very desolate. Poor Betsy Miller!

But the prophecy of old Andrew soon came true, and friends were raised up for the orphan in very unexpected quarters. The poor are always kind to each other, and the villagers came in with sympathy and help. The good old minister was taken down among the first, and Betsy was taken up to the manse, for the dreariness of the ruined farm was too much for the solitary child; and before a month was past, a prospect was opened for a more permanent place than could be found for her at the parsonage-house.

There was a great handsome mansion at Balham Hill, near London, with garden-houses, and coach-house, and stables, and enormous iron gates, and rows of great trees, vainly trying to persuade itself by means of these rural appearances, that it stood in a great park in the county of Warwick; and this large domicile, with all its grounds, and shrubberies, and grape-ries, and gardens, was the residence of an overwhelmingly rich citizen, who daily performed the journey from these agricultural splendors into a little dingy-looking lane in the city, and busied himself all day long about what seemed, to the eyes of the uninitiated, the paltriest concerns. He toiled from morn to night among bales of merchandise and invoices of cargoes, and sold ship-loads of sugar, or bought warehousefuls of cotton; for nothing came amiss to him; and every thing flourished on which he laid his hands. After many hours of these labors, he stepped into his immensely-decorated carriage at the door of the dirty counting-house, and was driven rapidly through streets and avenues till he reached the suburban elysium at Balham, and was received at the entrance-hall by his daughter and his wife. This lasted so long, that it was unanimously be-

lieved by the three personages just named, that it would last for ever; it was therefore with a feeling compounded nearly as much of surprise as of grief that the lady and her child perceived that the ordinary course of affairs had suddenly changed—that the carriage came no more to the door at nine o'clock, and returned to London at half-past five; that the dinner was no longer on the table punctually at six; for a certain tremendous cavalcade had departed one morning from the front door, with the principal vehicle profusely ornamented with black feathers; and a noble piece of sculpture, emblematic of Hope and Resignation, rose gradually over the humbler graves in the Highgate cemetery. How touching is the grief of a widow left sole mistress of a place like Balham Belvidere, with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the four per cents! It overflows in square hatchments over the middle window, and black velvet over the seat in church, and yards of crape in all directions, and widows'-weeds of preternatural size. So the glories of the Belvidere were eclipsed for many months under a cloud of mourning. The bereaved proprietor devoted herself to the cultivation of her husband's memory and the spoiling of her daughter's disposition. In every room of the house, the image of a red-faced, broad-shouldered, flat-featured man was suspended, who might have been taken for the fancy figure of a blacksmith retired from trade, but was glorified in the eyes of the widow as the likeness of one of the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking of men. The daughter, aged eleven, was treated with the respect befitting the representative of such a sire, and the heiress of so much wealth. She was far from beautiful; indeed, if it had not been for her expectations, she would have been thought positively ugly—for her hair was of the reddest; her eyes, though blue in color, were not unanimous in their choice of the objects they fixed on; and her figure was bad, and her temper not of the best. But her mother thought by dint of constantly talking of her beauty, that she could induce it at last to come—so she spoke of her golden locks and her interesting eyes, and thought her Delia (such was the young lady's name) the perfection of the human race.

"I've been thinking," said the minister of Daisyside to his wife, "of a nice situ-

ation for poor Bessy Miller. There's that rich English lady up at the Wallace Arms, that drinks so much mineral water and is so generous to the poor, she wants a Scotch maid, and doesn't care how young. Now Bessy's just a wee past twelve, but she has sense and discretion enough for twenty-five, and I'll awa' up this very day, and see what can be done."

"Will she be kind to the wee bairn?" inquired the wife, "for we could manage to find work for her here, and she's no expensive, and reads so well, and is so mindful, she wad be a perfect treasure, and we hae nane o' our ain, ye ken."

"She'll be very kind," replied the gentleman. "Any body would be kind to Bessy Miller; and, besides, I'm told she has just lost a lass o' her own, about the same age—a most wonderful creature, by all accounts, both for cleverness and beauty, for she speaks o' little else to all the company at the Wells—and she'll, may be, tak' a kindness to Bessy for the dead bairnie's sake."

The minister started on his benevolent mission, and succeeded as he deserved. The lady agreed to install his parishioner as dressing-maid and reader, and on the following morning the introduction took place. When Bessy timidly entered the room where her future mistress sat, she had many sad thoughts of the time when she first presented herself to the grand old lady in the drawing-room at Daisy Hope. She clung to the good minister's hand as if loth to lose the last link of connection between herself and home, and cast shy looks at the occupant of the apartment—a large, stout figure, rendered more striking from the exaggerated appearance of woe with which it was encumbered; a face of vulgar good nature, but with an assumption at the same time of vast superiority and almost disdain. How different was the first impression from that left by the appearance of the stately Mrs. Donnington, with her gold-headed cane, and her form reclining on the high-backed, rich-covered chair, with her feet on the splendid fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet table-cover. Scarcely did the lady at the Wells withdraw herself sufficiently from the absorption of her grief to listen to the minister's words; scarcely did she take her handkerchief long enough from her countenance to look at the trembling little applicant for her favor; but when she did so, when at last she mastered her emotions

sufficiently to look at the shrinking figure, something—a stray expression of face—a faint resemblance in the color of the hair—an indefinable sentiment that struck upon some chord of recollection—made her suddenly rise from her chair, and advance a step or two towards the pair. “The likeness,” she said—“I never saw such a resemblance—she is my darling Delia over again;” and then losing the expression of dignity and rank altogether, she flung her arms round the astonished Bessy’s neck, and kissed her a thousand times.

“The woman is a Christian woman,” said the minister to his wife on his return, “in spite of her disregard of the proper position of the letter *h*, which seems a sore stumbling-block to the English nation, and she’ll be a perfect mother to Bessy Miller, for a’ her ignorance of grammar and cockney ways of going on. Riches is a snare to the slenderly educated, and she puts a little too much trust in corruptible treasure; but Bessy will be very comfortable, and has promised to write and tell us how she is treated.”

Daisy Hope fell into ruins faster and faster. It ceased to be occupied by any one. The proprietor did not like the expense of taking it down, and very wisely thought a few years would save him the trouble. The little road leading up to the front door was overgrown with nettles; the stable-roof began to fall in; the windows were broken by playful boys, or blown in by tempestuous weather; and year after year the grand catastrophe of a total tumble into heaps of stone and lime drew nearer and nearer, and the possibility of repair became more and more problematical. But when things are at the worst they will mend. When eight or nine years had done their utmost to destroy all resemblance in the old mansion to a habitable dwelling; when people began to forget all about its having been lived in; when the minister had long been dead, and the Wallace Arms had risen into high reputation, symptoms of reparation were visible. Men with mysterious implements began measuring the ground, and trying the strength of the old walls; and it was currently reported that a great English nobleman had bought the original estate and was going to build a mansion, at least the size of Windsor Castle. But the building, as it proceeded, gave no token of being designed on so gigantic a scale.

The intention seemed to be to renew the old manor-house as closely as possible, and not a bow-window was omitted, nor a jutting wall, nor pepper-pot towers at every corner; so it began to look like a dwelling of the sixteenth century suddenly transplanted into the present time, but combining in its interior arrangements the conveniences of modern life with the strength and solidity of the past. And the view from the upper rooms was unequalled in all the land! The winding Forth, the castellated rock, the glowing hills to the north, the rich valley to the eastward, and the hills all round, which assumed every day a more cultivated and civilized look. There was not in all Scotland a finer domain or a more comfortable dwelling than Daisy Hope.

One day in January last year there was a crowd in the inner dock at Southampton, to see the invalids from the Crimea brought to shore. Some were carried out looking so pale and worn that the spectators drew involuntarily back as if in reverence of approaching death; some of the more slightly wounded were received with a suppressed cheer. The Alma and Inkermann were still fresh in people’s hearts; and indignation at official neglect boiled over into acts of kindness to the sufferers. The ship had been long expected; the passengers’ names had been sent on by telegraph, and parents and sisters and brothers had assembled from all quarters to welcome their friends home.

A sad and touching, yet an elevating sight, to see the heroic reception afforded by English mothers to their wounded sons! If sorrow was there, it was chastened and ennobled by pride in the achievement that had brought the wound. Carriages were in waiting to convey the sufferers to their lodgings or hotels. Embraces were given and received without a word being said; and holding by the brother’s feverish hand, and walking close beside the litter on which he was carried, walked sisters many a one, who were afraid to ask the extent of the calamity, but were busy laying plans for their brother’s solace if he should turn out to be lame for life. All had nearly gone. Carriages and litters had moved out of the dock, and yet an old lady kept steadily at the end of the landing-board, attended by a younger, who was dressed in the plain apparel commonly adopted by the ladies who devoted themselves at that time to the duties of

the hospital; and both kept their eyes intent on the cabin stairs from which the passengers emerged on the deck. At last there came up slowly and with pain a young man in undress uniform, who supported himself on a crutch, and had his left arm in a sling. The young lady touched the arm of the senior, and drew her veil over her face. The officer looked round, but no preparation had been made for his conveyance. No mother was in waiting with easy-hung coach. "Get a cab there for Major Donnington!" cried a rough voice from the paddle-box; but the old lady stepped forward, and said to the almost fainting soldier: "'Deed, Major Donnington, ye'll hae nae cab, and gang to nae hotel. Ye'll just come to our branch o' the Crimean hospital, and ye'll no want for nurses or ony care that a mother can gie ye."

The wounded man considered that this was a piece of careful sympathy from an active and paternal administration, and submitted to his fate with resignation. Accordingly he was installed in a carriage standing near the gate, and driven off—and off through streets, and out among trees, till he entered a moderate-sized avenue and pulled up at the door of a pretty-looking villa about two miles from the town upon the shore of Southampton Water. There he was soon shown into his apartment by the ladies, who had followed in another conveyance; and as medical assistance was kept in waiting, the extent of his wounds was ascertained and a speedy recovery promised. A bayonet-stab in the left shoulder, and a bullet in the knee, were the memorials he carried away of the "Soldier's Victory." But a grateful country was ready to pour balm in his wounds. Wasn't he in a charming hospital, with a beautiful view from the window, the nicest, cleanest curtains for his bed, the best doctor in the county of Hans to attend to his recovery, and nurses so kind, so obliging, so sweet-toned and tender-handed, that it was a positive gratification to be ill! His servant arrived a short time after him with his luggage; his things were put away in convenient drawers; book-shelves in the neighboring chamber, to which he was to be removed when well enough to sit up, were filled with pleasant volumes; and in a room beyond, he occasionally, in the absence of the younger nurse, heard a clear, beauti-

ful voice, accompanied by a piano. But in spite of all this care of a watchful government, the young man felt depressed at the thought that he was causing so much trouble to two amiable ladies upon whom, individually, he had no claim. He was anxious to make all manner of inquiries, and was profuse in his acknowledgment for all their care. And at first, notwithstanding the doctor's prognostic, their care seemed of no avail. A fever supervened, during which fancy played its usual tricks, and arrayed itself in the lost robes of memory; and in his wanderings there was a curious mixture of Indian recollections and the scenes he had had in Scotland with his mother. When he had recovered sufficiently to be read to, the younger attendant sat at the side of his bed, and it seemed something like a continuance of his feverish aberration when her gentle words fell upon his ear, for the volumes she chose, were Orme's History of Hindostan, and the Life of Warren Hastings, and the story of the Black Hole.

"Mrs. McVicar," said the soldier, after one of these readings, "will you answer me a question or two? And first, do you think I am perfectly recovered from delirium?"

"Ye'll maybe be the best judge o' that, yersel," was the cautious answer of the elder nurse.

The young man paused and seemed engaged in a minute inspection of the state of his own brain. "Who is the young lady who hovers over my bed, and reads in such musical accents, that I sometimes even now doubt whether she isn't altogether an angel?"

"Her name is Miss Preedy—an English sister of charity, and I'm a mither of the same."

"And does she always wear a veil over the upper part of her face?"

"Oh, no."

"She doesn't squint, does she?" inquired the Major, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind that this might be the reason of the concealment of brow and eyes.

"I daursay, ye'll see and judge for yersel in that too," replied Mrs. McVicar; "but I suppose you'll soon be thinking of leaving the hospital. You must be anxious to get home."

The officer sighed sadly. "The fact is," he said, "I have no home—I lost my

mother nine or ten years ago, and have been in India ever since till we were sent out to the Crimea. I have no home." It seemed so melancholy a confession that they were both silent for a time. "But I hope to get well again soon," he added, "and go out to join my regiment. What does the doctor say now?"

The doctor's report was hopeful. In a week he sat up, in a fortnight he entered the little apartment next his bedroom, and in three weeks he was invited to the drawing-room. It was gratitude, probably, that made him think Miss Preedy so wonderfully beautiful. Light hair and dark blue eyes, a clear complexion, and the finest carved features with the sweetest smiling mouth, were enough to justify his admiration; but when he united to this amount of loveliness all her kindness, the care she had bestowed on his comforts, the hours she had devoted in the half-darkened room to his amusement, there is no wonder that his feelings of gratitude took a far warmer shape, and, in short, that he was in love; madly, desperately. Yes, desperately—for how would it look in the announcement, that a wounded officer had married the hospital attendant? and would a real sister of charity descend from the poetic dignity of her great and generous work to bestow her hand upon a patient? Besides, there are always plenty of other reasons in the mind of a man with nothing but his commission; for how could he expose so delicate, so refined, so lady-like a being to the discomforts of his narrow means? How wisely people resolve, when the object of their admiration is at a little distance, say a mile or two, or in the neighboring parish, or in another street—or even, as in this case, in a different room! But when he saw Miss Preedy, when he heard her speak, there was no farther use of argument. He determined to plead his cause with the utmost ardor, and with that view addressed Mrs. M'Vicar when he had an opportunity.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have something very important to say to you. Was Miss Preedy ever in Bengal?"

"No."

"Then I can't imagine where I can have seen her, or some person so amazingly like her, that I am quite confused when I look at her, and listen to her voice. Of course she was never at Balaclava?"

"No."

"Has she father and mother alive?"

"I don't think she has a living relation in all the world."

"I'm glad to hear it. Nor I. We are quite unencumbered in that respect. Ah! Mrs. M'Vicar, I wish I were as rich as Cræsus, whoever that fortunate gentleman may have been; but the truth is I am one of the most ostentatious persons in the Queen's dominions, and wear all the gold I possess upon my shoulders in the shape of epaulettes; but if a true heart—if a devoted love—if years of—. She's VERY poor, I hope," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, afraid that his intentions might be misunderstood.

"Her father was the last partner of the great house in London of Blogg and Preedy. You've maybe heard of it, in the sugar line, and she was heiress to a' the wealth o' the firm."

Major Donnington looked and felt as if another bayonet was entering his shoulder; another bullet lodging in his knee. He did not answer for a long time. At last he said, "Only one favor, my excellent friend; keep this a secret. It was a delusion—it shall not last. Take my thanks for all you have done; tell her how deeply grateful I am: I will leave this hospital to-day."

"This is Miss Preedy's villa, and a bonny little mansion it is; but its nae hospital, unless for yoursel' that has no home to go to."

The young man was overwhelmed more and more.

"Ye'll say farewell to her ere ye gang?" inquired Mrs. M'Vicar.

The interview took place; and some curious things occurred preparatory to it which puzzled Major Donnington almost as much as the discovery of Miss Preedy's wealth. In the first place, as his knee continued a little stiff, he found a cane placed beside his chair to assist his walk to the drawing-room. He looked at the stick. It was a long gold-headed staff, of a very peculiar wood, and on the top was an inscription. It was a name: "Elizabeth Donnington." He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes as he looked at the words, and continued his course. When he entered the drawing-room Miss Preedy was sitting in an arm-chair with the back to him. She wore a shawl—a rich-patterned, gorgeous-colored, tasteful-bordered Indian shawl. She wore a black silk

gown, with a particular stripe in the watering, which riveted his eyes. He advanced slowly towards the sitting figure, and saw her hand negligently spread on the arm of the chair. He looked at her hand—small, white, beautiful—and on her finger discovered a ring; it was an amethyst, surrounded with small pearls. There could be no mistake; the young man knelt and took her hand; it wasn't drawn away. He kissed the ring. Had he not a right to do so? It had been his mother's, and was once his own!

And all that blessed month of April the Spring sun had been shining on the steep roofs and proud turrets of Daisy Hope. Paxton had sent down a man to lay out a grand old Scottish garden, with broad grass walks, and a stone sun-dial in the middle—and the place was now almost perfect—and when furniture began to arrive, the lucubrations of the inhabitants of Bank Row took higher flights than ever. Then came wagon-loads from Stirling. There was a rosewood table for the drawing-room, with a noble velvet cover to it, on which was embroidered in gold thread, an impossible griffin; there was a fur rug for the hearth; and some chairs with the same heraldic blazonry as the table-cloth: and speculations were rife as to when the

new proprietors would come down to take possession.

One day in July the landlady of the Wallace Arms ushered into the bar, where I was sitting at lunch, and said, "Oh, Mr. Jocktileg, it's a' come out! They're up stairs in the best saloon—the three o' them! And wha d'ye think they are? There's Bessy Miller, who took the name of Preedy after the half-dementit haveril that adopted her, because she was so like her dochter; and there's Mrs. M'Vicar, the widow o' the gude auld minister that recommended her to the place; she's had her for governante and companion ever since Mrs. Preedy died; and the gentleman is Walter Donnington, the son o' the grand auld leddy that was Andrew Miller's lodger; and he's married to Bessy Miller—and oh! man, what a bonny cretur she is! and they're a' going to live at Daisy Hope—Mrs. M'Vicar told me so hersel—she could keep the secret no longer; and the estate's a' bought back; and look, there they go! what a handsome couple!—a wee cripple, maybe, the man, but tall and strong!—and wheesh! that's Bessy Miller—they're just walking down to the Hope to see if the furniture's all right, and they'll take possession at the end of the week."

From the London Review.

THE AUTHOR OF TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.*

IN a former number we took occasion to point out some of the evils which beset, and the blemishes which disfigure, the popular literature of our day. Our illustrations were then drawn from the writings of a critic of no mean pretensions. The reader's attention was directed chiefly to faults of exaggeration and bombast, more flagrant in the instances adduced, because occurring in the didactic pages of a literary censor. We purpose showing

that the same faults, though in a modified form, and others more or less nearly allied, obtain in different walks of popular authorship, and tend in no small measure to induce a similar corruption of the public taste.

The author whose claims we purpose to examine now, is not open to the same unmitigated censure. Less arrogant in his pretensions, he is naturally less ridiculous in his shortcomings. Though not remarkable for modesty, as his prefaces abundantly testify, he has not ventured to corroborate his self-complacency by in-

* *The Works of Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S.* In Five Volumes. Blackwood. 1854-55.

dulging a public scorn for his contemporaries, nor sought to add one cubit to his own stature by trampling on the deserts of superior men. He has contributed something to the amusement of his generation; produced, at least, one original and able work; and written always, if not in a manner most calculated for improvement and refinement, yet apparently with the sincere intention of doing good. Morality and social order are amiably reflected in his pages; and if our author has lacked the skill to invest religion with the highest grace and loveliness, he has at least succeeded in making vice hideous in some of its lower forms. These are so many claims upon our respect and courtesy; they might, under some circumstances, avail to hide a multitude of faults; and if the writings of this gentleman had been left, as fugitive pieces, to serve the author's day and generation, we should never have challenged the grounds of their popularity and success. But the case is far different when these writings come before us in their present shape, as the "Works" of Dr. Samuel Warren, and claim a permanent and honorable place in English literature. We know how seldom have the great authors of any age obtained this distinction in their lifetime. The greatest of all would as soon have thought of forming a museum of his old clothes as a collection of his old plays. He laid out his many talents with unsparing hand; and it seems never to have occurred to him, that the vested products of his industry and genius would realize a revenue of interest for all time. Milton died in good old age; but though he had labored not lightly for the improvement of his countrymen, and cherished a hope that "the world would not willingly let die" the happiest offspring of his muse, he came to no understanding with his publishers about a handsome and uniform edition of his "Works." So, too, with Samuel Johnson: he spent his industry far otherwise than in hunting his old prefaces and pamphlets through the literature of half a century; his age was employed in learning new languages, and making fresh incursions into the boundless empire of truth. Oliver Goldsmith saw no uniform collection: his "orient pearls," not even "at random strung," were left to be gathered up by future editors; and pious hands have done it with studious care, and formed of them a

matchless coronet. Charles Lamb smiled at the innocent deceit which dignified his exquisite but slender pastimes by the name of "Works." Since his day the practice has become neither harmless nor infrequent, but one of the most objectionable arts of puffery. In this and some other respects our present era differs widely from the Elizabethan age of letters. The spirit of trade has supplied a factitious stimulus for the productions of the muse, and competition and adulteration are its appropriate effects. As a body, our authors are no longer prompted by unusual gifts or guided by the loftiest principles; but vanity supplies the place of inspiration, and sordid motives are in the stead of high ambition. Hence the endless compilations of history and science in which (with many admirable exceptions) truth is let down and diluted more and more; hence the continual sacrifice of chaste and thoughtful composition to hasty patch-work and all the meretricious arts of rhetoric; and hence, above all, the loud assertions of puffery and pretension, which seek to reverse the grades of literary merit, and make the popular ear and understanding familiar only with authors of the most equivocal desert.

The remarks into which we have been led are, of course, of general application only, and admit of limitation and exception. It must be owned, too, that the advanced condition of literary arrangements may make that to be merely customary which would formerly have indicated a personal presumption. The whole matter may be very briefly stated. An author evinces no want of proper modesty by consenting to the superintendence of his own collected writings; only such consent must always be understood as claiming for him a certain definite position in the stated literature of his country; and before such claim be finally admitted it is a duty to scrutinize its grounds with equal fidelity and care. Of course we cannot entertain the mercenary plea of sale and demand, since that is quite beside the literary question.

The Diary of a late Physician stands first in the order of Dr. Warren's writings, in respect both of time and arrangement. It originally appeared, more than twenty years ago, in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and the popularity which it then obtained was afterwards extended to it in the form of a sep-

arate publication. We are indebted to the author for some details of its success in the United States, of its translation into numerous continental languages, and of the personal approbation expressed of it in many ways. We presume that the adoption of the work into the literature of Bohemia is its latest triumph of the kind, since none more recent is known even to the active intelligence of the author. This extensive popularity is, no doubt, very edifying to Dr. Warren himself, who, probably, may be disposed to rate it also as one of the best signs of the times we live in; but, before we congratulate the public on that score, we must take leave to look into the book itself.

The author of the *Diary* is at pains to assure us that he has written it with the views of a moralist, rather than those of a novelist. If there is no affectation in this statement, there is, at least, a great mistake implied. The critic knows not how to deal with a work of this description, consisting entirely of fictitious narratives, but by a reference to the laws which regulate that form of composition. We cannot judge an author by his good intentions only, even when those intentions occasionally manifest themselves beyond the limits of the preface. We may admit the evident design of inculcating salutary and impressive truths, and yet be obliged to question the virtue and success of the means employed to that effect; and this is our position in the present case. Dr. (then Mr.) Warren has set before the reader a series of vivid pictures, representing a variety of characters in circumstances of strong trial—chiefly of reverses, and disease, and death: and this he has done with the object of showing how far the life-practices and principles of the sufferer can avail to support him under the afflicting stroke. We find no fault with this design, which is certainly noble in a moral point of view, and perhaps legitimate in art; but it is full of unusual difficulties, and those difficulties are too many and too great for Dr. Warren. His knowledge of human character is too limited, his feeling of reverence wanting both in depth and refinement. His religious notions are not by any means too well defined; yet his charity wants both the breadth and delicacy demanded for the treatment of such momentous themes. Were his views all that we could wish—and they do not appear to be seriously at

fault—the style and substance of his narratives would disqualify him for the onerous task. His tendency to exaggeration appears to be irresistible; his proneness to substitute physical horrors for the sources of mental and profound emotion is painfully extreme. He may frequently succeed in shocking the reader's nerves, but how rarely does he touch the reader's heart! It is no doubtful sign of weakness in our author, that he is continually reporting in strong language the effect which the scenes he is describing produce on the by-standers. The sister falls into hysterics, the nurse is rendered helpless, the doctor himself is lachrymose—but the reader, how is he? Might he not be trusted to guess this state of things from his own emotion? How many dashes and apostrophes would thus be saved.

We do not deny, however, that a certain rude excitement may attend the perusal of this *Diary*. It is only upon that supposition that we can account for the large measure of success which has followed its publication in this and other countries. But we submit that the stimulus afforded by works of this description is gross and hurtful in its nature, and tends to obliterate the finer tracery of thought and feeling in the mind—to neutralize the exquisite but inappreciable results of sensibility and knowledge.

It is a rather popular opinion—though only excusable in a very young lady—that a book which forces the reader's tears is of the highest and rarest order of merit. This seems to us a most unworthy test, and would be fatal to the claims of some of the noblest productions of genius. How many a coarse and clumsy melodramatist might, on this principle, take the crown from Shakspeare! One thing is certain, that if the tears be otherwise than grateful—if the grief have more of pain than pleasure in it—there is a fault somewhere in the poet's art. Less poignant than the sting of real woe, the grief engendered by fictitious story is overlaid in its own honeyed balm. A churl may rudely jar the finest chord; but the skilled and sensitive musician touches with sympathetic gentleness, and wakes only the luxurious and refining part of sorrow. Poetic grief is an ideal sentiment, while personal feeling derives its strength from the necessary egotism of our nature; and so poetic sympathy is not (as sometimes said) a more, but a *less*, selfish sentiment, and

indicates the natural brotherhood of all mankind.

So also in regard to emotions of the sterner sort. The sentiment of tragic terror is as little understood by some of our popular writers as that of tragic pity. Neither the one nor the other can elevate or refine the soul, except in proportion to its own purity and depth. The degree in which our more external being is excited is of far less moment. To make the flesh creep and the roots of the hair strike cold, is not by any means the legitimate effect of art. A picture of some miserable object, racked by physical anguish, or writhing under the influence of some inexplicable remorse, is very easily produced by the aid of the coarsest brush and the strongest colors; but when done, what is it better than worthless and revolting? The horrible details of disease and famine make us not only to shudder and to sicken, but also to turn away; but pure and genuine art is pleasurable and attractive, and, while it makes us stand in awe of those eternal laws which cannot be despised with impunity, fascinates our attention by the charms of truth, proportion, and harmony, till, in the severest features of essential or poetic justice, we recognize, with secret but profound delight, the transcendent character of moral beauty. To aid in producing this paramount impression, of course a number of subordinate details is required; and here the artist's skill is principally tried; for these details are not of the nature of mere accessories; they are parts of the whole, and means to one great end; and while they may serve to amuse the mind by appealing to the love of imitation, and gratify it through the medium of association of ideas, they must never be suffered to attract a separate regard, depending always for their chief effect upon the ideas of order and proportion which they contribute to express, or, more strictly, for which they severally stand.

Now it is mainly in the choice and use of these subsidiary means—subsidiary, yet essential—that Dr. Warren fails, and more especially in the popular work before us. The moral which he proposes to convey is eminently great; and from the hands of taste and genius the same design would issue in the most powerful instrument of good, as well as the purest medium of intellectual pleasure. When Art shall thus be made the handmaid of

Religion, a new era of literature will dawn upon the world. But the time is not yet. It is not to be inaugurated by the author of "The Diary of a late Physician." He is deficient in delicacy, depth, and tenderness; his knowledge of character is too limited; he has no mastery of the detail, no adequate conception of the scope of truth. In downright homily or disquisition he might have some success; indeed, he could not so far lose his way; but in the department of moral art, a brief allegory of Addison will ever outweigh the merits of all his most notorious productions. To give the reason of this failure in one word—he has no skill to reach the heart through the imagination; and a lame story will never furnish a perfect lesson. The pathos of a genuine artist would suffer by the variation of a monotone, by the deflection of a single line's breadth; what wonder, therefore, that the nicer shades and delicate effects of fiction are lost in the repeated daubs, and overpowered by the noisy outcries, of this Diarist? A certain coarse reality, a merely superficial truth at best, is characteristic of his vivid pictures; and the reader derives no more pleasure from the scene than from a country wax-work exhibition, representing the murder of Maria Martin, or the figure of Mrs. Manning as she appeared at the bar. The vulgar eye is perhaps awestruck and delighted; but persons of pure taste and feeling turn away with loathing from the rude mechanical contrivance, whose ghastly likeness to our humanity is the very ground of their disgust. It is only a "horrible mockery" of life.

For all this, we will not deny the possible utility of such a book. It was necessary that the figures of this Diary should be brought down from the gallery of art into a lower chamber; and now their single merit may be frankly stated. Their influence is not persuasive and refining, but warning and admonitory. They may frighten some from the paths which lead down to destruction, when Wisdom would lift up her voice in vain. This is the apology of such distressing pictures as those of the "Man about Town," and the "Destroyer." We still think that the same result, and one more lasting and profound, might have been attained by a style more chaste, and a tone more calm; but if such frightful images are needed to arrest the footsteps of the headlong or the hardened sons of vice, they may, on

that account, be tolerated, though not approved by thoughtful men.

Of course there is diversity of interest and demerit in the "Passages" of which this volume is composed. Some of them have more truth of nature, and less exaggeration of manner, than the rest. Yet we cannot point to one as more than relatively good or pleasing. "The Statesman" is not by any means the most objectionable of our author's sketches. It manifests his peculiar power in an eminent degree. It has, no doubt, often been perused with breathless interest, and concluded with a feeling of admiration for the author's pathos. But it is a coarse performance notwithstanding, if not a positive caricature. A sign-board picture of a hero is far nearer to the truth than this slap-dash portrait of a statesman. The "Atticus" of Mr. Plumer Ward, is much to be preferred to the "Stafford" of Dr. Warren: if the former is rather wanting in homely breadth and vigor, the latter is galvanized into quite unnatural life. It is fruitless to surmise what public personage may be adumbrated in this character. There is none whose genius or career is indicated with sufficient clearness, though the *dénouement* of the story is evidently pointed at the fate of Castlereagh, and Sir Samuel Romilly. We gather this from the following final and characteristic entry in our Physician's note-book: "O God! O horror! O my unhappy soul! Despair! Hark!—what do I hear? Do I hear aright? Have I seen aright? or is it all a dream? Shall I awake to-morrow and find it false?" By this we are probably designed to understand, that Mr. Stafford's madness has terminated in an act of self-destruction; but surely the intimation is clumsily conveyed. No man of education was ever startled into such violent exclamations, and it is quite absurd to give them as deliberately entered in a Physician's journal.

It is necessary that the reader should be allowed to judge if our description of this work be fair and candid; and we must therefore transcribe a portion of the volume. But the selection is a matter of some difficulty. The tenor and language of not a few of the narratives of which it is composed are such as render them either unfit or undesirable for repetition. There is also an objection to a merely partial extract; for the worst might do injustice to the author, and the best would hardly

vindicate the truth of our remarks. On this account we deem it proper to transfer to our own pages, without abridgment, the shortest chapter in the Diary, forming an entire narrative in itself—assuring the reader that it is an average example of the whole series.

"'Tis no use talking to me, mother, I *will* go to Mrs. P——'s party to-night, if I die for it—that's flat! You know as well as I do that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow; so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. ——— says, late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh, dear, dear! what a night it is too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet, and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep *me* company to-night? That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P——'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go, singing jauntily:

"O! she shall dance all dress'd in white,
So lady-like."

"Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner, in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous, and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, suffering them barely to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived, by some means or other, to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about, here, there, and every where, the most showily-dressed person in the neighborhood. Though far from being pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure—for she both stooped and was skinny—she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanor, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

"For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the sallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver-complaint; and the late visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of the heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the probability of her daughter's sudden death

from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. J——'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

"It was striking eight by the church clock when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlor, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c., had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed that she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire. "Oh! it must be because young Lieutenant N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and its very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker, when the clock of ——— church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again inquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask." She rang the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?"

"Ha, no, ma'am," replied the girl; "I took up the curling-irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her in a way, ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went up-stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and, after a moment's pause, opened the door, and entered. There was Miss J——, sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty, in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking these five minutes, and"—Betty staggered, horror-struck, to the bed, and, uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up-stairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets, the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the awful intelligence of the event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors, who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass hung with a little white drapery; and various articles of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, brooches, curling-papers, ribbons, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy, fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine, the fallen lower jaw, and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold, dull stare that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsy touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny, sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death, thus leering through the tinselry of fashion—the 'vain show' of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

"Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle! Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaw together with a faded white ribband, which Miss J—— had destined for her waist that evening.

"On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly, for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never

have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*"

We shall offer only one remark on this picture of "Death at the Toilet." We presume it is intended rather for our instruction than our entertainment; but Dr. Warren has surely forgotten that narratives of such dreadful incidents have no real force, except they are the records of actual occurrences. It requires no skepticism or irreverence on the reader's part, to object that in a work of fiction they are merely gratuitous inventions. They can only serve the purpose of warning and instruction, according to the degree in which they faithfully represent the course and tenor of human life. Such awful providences no doubt have occurred, and they may therefore have an occasional but modified presentment in an elaborate illustration of the ways of God to man. But here we have all the curtness of an anecdote without its authenticity; and the mind is simply shocked at the presumption which has deliberately invented an instance of the most rare and dreadful judgments of the Almighty. Unfortunately, this error is frequently repeated by the author, and we fear the moral lessons which he has proposed to convey will be rejected by many, as founded upon cases exceptional and strange.

If temerity were a sufficient proof of genius, we could not deny the claim of Dr. Warren. He ventures boldly upon the most difficult province of art, and recounts the aberrations of the human mind in delirium and insanity, with a jaunty and familiar air, as if the subject were not both awful and inscrutable. Bad enough are his outcries and grimaces in the valley of the shadow of death; but in this yet more fearful region, instead of summoning the image of a dethroned and faltering intellect, he merely disgusts you with the mimicry of a silly human voice, with laughter that is hoarse but not unearthly, with exclamations that have no latent cause, any more than obvious meaning. Yet how could it be otherwise? The skill that so barely, so imperfectly, availed to trace the ordinary course of life, to follow the more vulgar springs of human action, was not likely to realize the method working in the mystery of madness. For madness is the disturbance, not the destruction, of the reason; and truly to depict

the significant disorder of a mind distraught, or rightly to indicate the point of its departure, demands a knowledge of its first condition. All the rules of architecture are implied even in the ruins of a temple—all the laws of harmony in a few detached and scattered bars of Haydn or Mozart. Stones heaped at random will never represent a goodly building blasted by the elements; and a picturesque confusion involves always some intimation of the original purpose or design. A gratuitous and tuneless discord is not the same as a genuine air played on a strained or jarring instrument; and to give even snatches of melodious reason demands a mind attuned to the original and perfect strain. Thus it must appear that rant and nonsense can never faithfully represent the language of mania or delirium, and that only intuitive genius of the highest order can imitate the strain of genuine madness.

We have given more attention to Dr. Warren's earliest production, than its importance may seem to warrant. But our remarks have been directed at a large and growing class of authors, of whom he is not indeed a type, but an eminent example. So long as this class enjoys a popularity so disproportioned to its merits, there is but little chance for the elevation of the public taste, and no little danger of its moral deterioration. It is true, that something lively, something not too thoughtful and refined, will long be demanded for the entertainment of a million readers. But this demand, as we may show at some future time, may be met and answered by compositions of far truer excellence. In the mean time, our object has been to assist in lowering the premium of *ad captandum* writing, by lowering the value of popular success. This we have attempted by showing that success to be due, in a majority of cases, to the coarse stimulus afforded by the author, seconded by the mercantile expedients of the publisher.

In the story of "Ten Thousand a Year," Dr. Warren gives evidence of some superior talents. Neither before nor since the publication of that work, whose merits certainly went far to justify its popularity, has the author manifested the same sustained originality and power. The character and fortunes of the despicable Titmouse are well contrasted with those of the noble and accomplished Aubrey. The subtle Gammon is an instance of vivid and suc-

cessful portraiture. The Earl of Dredlington, a weak and haughty peer, is also ably drawn; and we are especially disposed to admire the skill by which the very force of his prejudices and position is employed to give some dignity to his character, and redeem it from absolute contempt. But the most charming figure in the whole procession is that of Kate Aubrey. In her very presence there is infinite relief to the gloomy fortunes of her brother. Let us take a glimpse before the moon is hurried behind the clouds:

"It was one of the angels of the earth, a pure-hearted and beautiful girl, who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader she had extinguished her taper and dismissed her maid, without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties, telling her that she would finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber. Then she drew her chair to the window recess, and pushing open the window, sat before it, only partially undressed as she was, her hair dishevelled, her head leaning on her hand, gazing on the scenery before her with tranquil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwelt—solemn solitudes, nor yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by a glimpse she caught of a restless fawn, glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept? Then the gentle breeze would enter her window laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand! Beautiful moon! cold and chaste in thy skyey palace studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and tender radiance upon this lovely seclusion—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance turned towards thee than hers? Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the amorous night-breeze do thee hurt; for he groweth giddy with a sight of thy charms! Thy rich tresses, half uncurled, are growing damp; so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, my love, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies, dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep; and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker, to bed—to bed, sweet Kate! nothing disturbing thy sweet slumbers or agitating that beautiful-bosom. Hush, hush!—now she sleeps. It is well that thine eyes are closed; for BEHOLD—see, the brightness without is disappearing; sad-

ness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are roaring, the moon is gone: but sleep on, sweet Kate! sleep on, dreaming not of dark days before thee. Oh! that thou couldst sleep on till the brightness returned!"

The foregoing is a favorable specimen of Dr. Warren's style; but a much longer extract would be necessary to show the sort of interest which is most characteristic of the work from which it is drawn. "Ten Thousand a Year" is a novel of incident, not of character or description. There is considerable artistic skill displayed in the construction of the story; the interest is well sustained; the legal knowledge of the author is always put to good account, and sometimes used with capital effect. The work is not unexceptionable in some minor points; but these are comparatively so few and unimportant that we prefer to leave our praise unqualified.

In the story entitled "Now and Then," Dr. Warren aims at the illustration of a higher moral. Through the medium of incidents of an unusual and affecting kind the author seeks to justify the ways of a mysterious Providence. In this high and difficult design he has neither wholly failed nor very eminently succeeded. All that practical talent and strong religious sentiments could contribute to the end proposed, have evidently been at work; but the absence of genius or superior taste is equally apparent. The story is artificially constructed, and not spontaneously evolved. It is plainly book-craft of the most deliberate and pains-taking sort, and not a strong, inspired, involuntary impulse, that is here at work. The reader knows this state of things at once, and submits his attention for a limited reward—the gratification of his curiosity alone. But, happily, Dr. Warren has made his story the medium of intimations and reflections of the greatest value; and while the author is so obviously intent upon commending Christian principles to the reader's mind, and impressing religious sentiments upon his heart, we are reluctant to say any thing which may tend to abate its influence or credit. Sure we are that the amount of scriptural truth embodied in this story gives it a substantial value, in an age when our popular novelists persist in ignoring the fact and presence of true religion in our country, as though it were not the chief

element of England's social virtues, the source of her national prosperity and power.

There is another piece in this collection, which claims to take its place in our imaginative literature, and this we must very briefly notice.

Whatever favor the writings of Dr. Warren may have met with from the class of insatiate readers, perhaps the critics were never seriously divided upon their merits, excepting only in the instance of his last production. We allude to "The Lily and the Bee," which is further designated by the author, "An Apologue of the Crystal Palace." While some of our contemporaries could hardly find terms expressive of their amusement or contempt, others exhausted the language of hyperbole, in attempting to do justice to the sentiments of admiration and delight to which it moved them. The critical effusions of the former are probably forgotten, but the publisher has preserved some pretty specimens of the latter. One writer tells us that in this "Apologue" will be found "the outpourings of a sensitive, a manly, a loyal, a philosophical, and a devout mind—it is poetry of the highest order," and it reminds the critic "of the finest passages of Cædmon, and our other Anglo-Saxon bards—and still more forcibly of the inspired poetry of the sacred volume." The reader may, perhaps, be a little startled by this curious juxtaposition, but he must needs admire the learned memory which is so familiar with the poetry of Cædmon. Another critic is charmed with the "lofty eloquence" of Dr. Warren, and a third salutes him as "the Milton of the Exhibition."

The truth seems to be, that Dr. Warren seized upon a great idea, but failed sadly in his attempt to give it form and character: "The Lily and the Bee" is a pretty and expressive title, but the Apologue itself is a jumble of incoherent fancies. As too usual with him, he fatally over-valued the extent of his abilities, or strangely under-rated the difficulty of his task. The Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was a spectacle such as the world had never seen, and will probably never see again. But its difficulty as a poetic theme consists in the many marvels which were comprehended in its total grandeur. The feeling it inspired was of the most complex nature, and,

while experienced by all alike, the highest and the humblest, it has hitherto baffled the descriptive powers of lecturer and poet.* Its details were innumerable; yet these details all contributed their quota to the general impression, and the problem of its eulogist and poet is this: to express the moral of the whole without a distinct rehearsal of its parts. This is certainly more than Dr. Warren has achieved. He has felt the vastness of his subject, but is quite bewildered by its multitudinous features. He has found no point of unity, and perhaps the occasion offered none; but however that may be, his prose poem is a signal failure. We do not wonder that some critics have thought the spectacle had turned his brain. He can do nothing but ejaculate in very helpless wonder. He raves through every splendid aisle like one possessed, shouting the names emblazoned on the waving banners or suggested by the trophied stalls. We seem to hear him now above the general murmur, and he is singing as he goes:

"Again within the Nave—all bright! all beautiful!

"Hail! Welcome! Brethren, Sisters, all!

"Come hither trustfully, from every land and clime!

"All hail! ye loveliest! bravest! wisest! best!

"Of every degree! complexion! speech!

"One and the self-same blood in all our veins! Our hearts fashioned alike!

"Alike feeling, loving, admiring: with the same senses and faculties, perceiving and judging what the same energies have produced!

"Stay! Has my ear, suddenly quickened, penetrated to the primeval language, through all its variations since the scattering and confusion of Shinar!

"O rare unity in multiplicity, uniformity in endless variety!

"Yonder comes THE QUEEN!

"Nor hideous shot, nor shell, tears open a crimson path,

"But one is melting before her—melting with love and loyalty.

"All unguarded!

"No nodding plume, or sabre gleaming to startle or appal: she moves 'midst myriads—silent myriads:

"Unheard by her their voice, but not unfelt their thoughts,

"Fondly flowing while she passes by:

"—O, all from foreign lands! uncovered be a while!

* A poem by Mr. Thackeray, entitled "May-Day Ode," is the best commemoration we have seen of this famous spectacle.

"Behold a solemn sight ;
 "A nation's heart in prayer !
 "And hear their prayer,
 "God save the Queen."
 "— France ! noble, sensitive !
 "Our ancient rival, now our proudly-splendid,
 emulous friend !
 "Our Queen in gallant France ! But with no
 fear, ye chivalrous !
 "Behold the royal Lady, who, scarcely seated
 on her throne,
 "Quickly responded to your grand request,
 "Giving you back your glorious Dead,
 "Then, after life's fitful fever, sleeping well, in
 her domain in ocean far away ;
 "And now upon your soil, his own loved
 France, sleepeth Napoleon !
 "— His ear heard not the wailing peal,
 thrilling through the o'ercharged hearts of his
 mourning veterans :
 "Nor did he hear the mingled thunderings of
 our artillery, yours, and our own,
 "In blended solemn friendliness,
 "Honoring his mighty memory.
 "Ye, Frenchmen, saw, and heard,
 "Weeping nobly 'mid the melting melody : and
 we even looking on with throbbing heart.
 "See, then, our Queen ! She wears a crown,
 and holds a sceptre : emblem of majesty, of power,
 of love alone !
 "See, see, embodied to your sight !
 "England's dear Epitome,
 "And radiant Representative !
 "All hearts in hers ; and hers, in all :
 "Britain, Britannia : Bright Victoria, all !
 "— A sadness on her brow ! thinking, perchance,
 of royal exiles, sheltered in her realm :
 "It may be of a captive, too, in yours : he no
 Jugurtha ! brave : honorable : noble : broken-
 hearted—Oh ! French—ye proud and generous."

Let us follow the author a little further,
 and keep a prudent eye upon him :

"Greece—Greece ! The Queen in Greece !
 And thinking of the radiant past !
 "Of Marathon and Salamis ! of wisdom, elo-
 quence and song—
 "All silenced now !—
 "The oracles are dumb :
 "No voice or hideous hum
 "Runs through the arched roof in words de-
 ceiving :
 "Apollo from his shrine
 "Can no more divine,
 "With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
 leaving.
 "What fates were hers, since Japheth's son set
 foot upon her soil—
 "Javan to Otho !
 "Marathon to Navarino !
 "And now, amid the isles
 "Where burning Sappho loved and sung]
 "Gliding o'er Ionian waters,
 "Mellow sunlight all around,
 "And gently thinking of the days gone by—
 Protectrix.

"England in Greece—in Christian Greece.
 "Victoria there ! But not in warlike form ;
 only, lover of peace and balanced rule.

"In dusky, rainless EGYPT now !
 "Mysterious memories come crowding round—
 "From misty Mizraim to Ibrahim—
 "Abraham ! Joseph ! Pharaoh's Plagues !
 Shepherd Kings ! Sesostris !
 "Cambyses ! Xerxes ! Alexander ! Ptole-
 mics ! Cleopatra ! Caesar !
 "Isis ! Osiris ! Temples ! Sphynxes ! Obelisks !
 "Alexandria !
 "The Pyramids !
 "The Nile !
 "NAPOLEON ! NELSON !
 "— Behold, my son, quoth the Royal Mother,
 this ancient wondrous country—destined scene of
 mighty doings—perchance of conflict, deadly, tre-
 mendous, such as the world has never seen, nor
 warrior dreamed of.

"Even now, the attracting centre of world-wide
 anxieties.

"On this spot see settled the eyes of sleepless
 statesmen—

"No ! a British engineer, even while I speak,
 connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean :
 Alexandria and Cairo made as one—

"Behold Napoleon deeply intent on the great
 project !

"See him, while the tide of the Red Sea is out,
 on the self-same site traversed three thousand years
 before, by the children of Israel !

"He drinks at the Wells of Moses, at the foot
 of Mount Sinai :

"He returns, and so the tide : the shades of
 night approach : behold the hero, just whelmed
 beneath the waters—even like the ancient Pha-
 raoh—

"Had such event been willed on high !"

We might safely leave these passages
 to make their own impression : but we
 cannot help remarking that they fatally
 overstep the sublime, and have neither
 rhyme nor reason to order or control them.
 The poet is a *maker*, disposing, edifying,
 harmonizing ; but here is only so much raw
 material—and very raw it is—upset before
 the reader in confusion. There is far more
 symmetry and order, and therefore more
 pleasure as well as profit, in the published
 catalogues of the Exhibition. The lines
 we have quoted have the merit and effect
 of neither poetry nor prose. The stanza
 taken bodily from Milton is the only sign
 of poetry, or, indeed, of coherent meaning,
 which the page presents. It is cloth of
 gold pieced on a quilt of cotton rags.

Dr. Warren makes his defense in an
 elaborate introduction—but all in vain.
 His exposition is nearly as long as the
 poem itself ; and, to do it justice, it is far
 more readable. But no true work of art

demands an explanation so elaborate. It makes its own appeal direct and irresistible, passing through the imagination at once into the heart. Dr. Warren's reference to the immortal allegory of the "Fairy Queen" is quite inapposite. An allegory may admit, indeed, of some slight explanation, but, as a poem, it certainly does not require one. For this plain reason, the precedent of Spenser is simply no precedent at all. The "Fairy Queen," like every other genuine poem, supplies its own magnificent defense, while "The Lily and the Bee" is the greatest abortion of the muse of which we have any knowledge. Yet it would not surprise us to learn that the author looked upon it with especial pride. Such partiality is far too natural to astonish us, even if our sense of wonder were not by this time quite exhausted.

The last volume of this collection consists entirely of *Miscellanies*, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. They are severally

good, bad, and indifferent. The periodical literature of our day abounds in pieces far superior to any of the series—more original in matter, more correct in style, more nervous in intellectual grasp, more modest in tone, and far more able every way. There is no earthly reason—or none that is not very earthly indeed—to call for their re-production under the imposing form of "Works," when every week and every month supplies the reader with essays of equal and superior merit. There is no element of permanence, no novelty of view, no rarity of learning, no felicity of expression, in any of the papers so greedily collected and so pompously announced: and we have no hesitation in saying, that the Magazine from which they are chosen is far more worthy of being transferred *in toto* to the shelf of British Classics. Our author's contributions might then pass unnoticed and unchallenged into the silent future.

From Hogg's Instructor.

WONDERS OF THE DEEP: CORAL AND THE CORAL MAKERS.

"THE most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence, and have much more influence in the economy of nature, than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect, from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention, and from their numbers and fecundity."—*Gilbert White*.

It would be a difficult matter, anywhere in the wide dominions of Old Neptune, to meet with another of his subjects that has excited half so much interest and attention in this upper world as the tiny architect of the coral reef. Poets have sung its praise and philosophers have speculated on its marvellous doings, and its fame has been so widely spread, that there are now few people, perhaps, that are not more or less acquainted with its singular history. It is more than we dare affirm, however, that the information on the subject possessed by ordinary unscientific readers is any thing very definite and precise, or that it is by any means free from error. The

more popular accounts of the coral animal and coral reefs are singularly defective in these particulars; while the standard works on the subject are extremely few, and such as seldom find their way into the hands of general readers. Almost the only full and complete work that has been written on the subject in this country is Mr. C. Darwin's treatise on "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," being part of his "Report of the Geology of the Voyage of the Beagle." A still more recent and equally able work is the report by Mr. J. D. Dana on the "Geology of the United States' Exploring Expedition," a large portion of which is de-

voted to the subject of coral reefs. These two volumes together afford a most complete elucidation of the whole subject of coral formations, and as they are both of them but little known to the bulk of readers (Mr. Dana's, as being a recent American work, scarcely at all, perhaps), we shall be doing, we hope, no unacceptable service, by compiling from them as graphic a sketch as our limited space will allow of the interesting structures to which they refer.

Our object being to make our descriptions as accurate as possible, we shall have no scruple in making the freest possible use of the materials at our disposal in the two works to which we have alluded. We make this statement thus prominently, and once for all, as we wish to avoid crowding our pages with such a profusion of inverted commas as would be necessary to mark every separate appropriation of a phrase or sentence. And let nobody complain at our acting thus; for in making an article on coral reefs after this fashion, we only do what nature does in making the coral reefs themselves. For these same marvellous structures are by no means the original compositions they are generally taken for; on the contrary, they are merely piled-up conglomerations of broken masses of coral and coral sand, compacted into a sort of limestone, in which, however, all traces of the form and outline of the original masses of coral (coral extracts, so to speak) are, for the most part, completely obliterated. In short, they are mere coral compilations, with the quotation marks left out. Nature, in her essays at coral islands, uses no inverted commas; and we, in discoursing on the same subject, may be pardoned for following her example.

Beginning at the beginning, we must attend at first to the little coral polype itself. Our readers know its chief characters—the little cup-shaped gelatinous sac, and the fringe of grasping tentacles that surrounds its gaping mouth at top. By no means so highly endowed as the insects with which, in common speech, it is generally associated, it is one of the simplest of organized beings, and yet, strange to say, one of the mightiest of agents in producing great physical changes. All the huge creatures that geology has made known put together, with all the whales, and sharks, and great fish innumerable, that have swarmed in the ocean from the

days of Adam till now, have done far less to alter the character of the earth's surface than the successive generations of these coral polypes, which have been quietly at work the while in those same waters. And let us here say, that the vast structures which these little creatures raise up from the deep abysses of the ocean are really much more curious in their character than most people suppose. The common idea, that coral is a mere assemblage of cells which the coral animals have made to live in, is one of those popular errors which ought to have been long ago exploded. It is nothing of the sort. The little star-like sets of delicate plates which any one may see in a piece of ordinary reef-coral, are no more the sides or walls of a cell in which the coral polype lived, than are the bones of a dog the walls of a cell in which the dog lives. They are the veritable internal skeletons of the coral polypes, and the whole mass of coral is nothing more than so many successive coats or layers of these individual skeletons. This may seem very strange, but it is nevertheless perfectly true. The entire mass of stony matter forming a branch of ordinary reef-making coral, has been formed *within* the substance of the polypes that produced it, and each separate star-shaped cluster of plates is neither more nor less than the cast or skeleton of an individual polype.

It will be obvious, from what has just been said, that the coral animal does not *make* the coral, at least in any proper sense of the word. The common notion, that the stony mass is built up particle by particle, as the bee builds its honey-comb, that the coral is thus something external to the animal, and made by an intentional act, is altogether a mistake. We have already explained that it is produced within the substance of the polype, and it will be seen that, properly speaking, it cannot be said to be made at all, since it *grows*, just as much as our own bones grow, and quite as independently of the will of the polype. All that has been said and sung, therefore, about the ingenuity of the little polype as an architect, about its "industry" and important labors, goes for nothing. It is really no more an architect than an oyster, and its coral-making is in no sort to be regarded as an act of labor.

The true nature of coral formations will be more apparent, if we consider for a

moment in what condition they are found while still growing at the sea-bottom. Let us suppose, then, that, by some contrivance or other, we have managed to get up a mass of living coral from the sides of a coral reef, and that we have it now before us in a parlor aquarium. What shall we see? Well, observe, in the first place, that the entire mass is covered with a coating of gelatinous flesh, which completely conceals the hard, stony coral. Look narrowly, and you will also perceive that this fleshy coating is nothing more than an extension of the gelatinous substance of the polypes which so thickly stud its surface, and that the entire colony is not merely closely compacted together as to space, but that there is thus a most intimate organic connection subsisting between them. Each polype, indeed, has its own separate mouth and tentacles, and its own separate stomach; but beyond this, it has little claim to be regarded as an independent being. Any one, looking attentively at a mass of living coral in the manner we have supposed, would naturally come to the conclusion that the entire zoophyte is properly to be regarded, not as a society of separate individuals, but as one compound being, fed and nourished by a multiplicity of separate mouths and stomachs. This is undoubtedly the correct view of these coral masses, and it is only on such a supposition that we can explain many of the details of their economy.

Generally speaking, the whole interior of a mass of coral is mere dead mineral matter, the skeletons of former generations of coral polypes. In the common madrepores, or branched tree-like corals, the mass is alive only to the depth of about the sixth of an inch, and in the large hemispherical or dome-shaped masses of brainstone, and other similar corals, the living polypes rarely extend to a greater depth than from one half to three quarters of an inch. In all these coral masses, therefore, the region of vitality is merely a thin coating or film spread over the surface of a mass of dead, inert mineral matter. The precise mode of growth varies considerably in the different species of coral polypes; but, in all of them alike, each fresh generation commences its existence, and lays the foundations of its stony skeletons, on the enduring frames of its predecessors; and thus, layer upon layer, the mass grows outwards and upwards, not a single polype budding into life amidst the countless

throng that does not add its quota to the common pile. Bearing in mind this law of constant increase in coral zoophytes, and the immense numbers in which the little polypes swarm in the tropic seas—as many as four or five millions being often found living at one time on a single mass of coral—we can the more easily understand how it is that creatures so weak and small are yet able to prepare the materials for those extraordinary coral reefs which are amongst the most striking phenomena of the inter-tropical oceanic regions.

In now passing on to notice the character and appearance of these singular structures, it may be as well to remark at once, that they occur under a variety of circumstances, and have accordingly been roughly classified into three or four varieties, which may generally be distinguished from each other without much difficulty. There are thus atolls or lagoon reefs, barrier or encircling reefs, inner reefs, and shore or fringing reefs, each having in most cases very marked and decided characters of its own, but in others presenting such a near approach to one or more of the other kinds, as to show that, while the classification we have noticed may have its use in supplying a concise method of distinguishing the several varieties of coral formations, it is by no means to be understood as marking any essential difference in their character.

Few things strike the inexperienced voyager as more peculiar and interesting than the appearance of an atoll reef or coral island when first seen from the deck of a vessel approaching its shore. At first, only a line of dark points is descried just above the horizon. Shortly after, these points enlarge into the plumed tops of palm-trees, and a line of green, interrupted at intervals, is traced along the water's surface. Approaching still nearer, this line of green is seen to spring from a narrow belt of soil raised but a few feet above the surface of the ocean, and which stretches round in the form of a ring, inclosing a quiet lake or lagoon. The surf beats loud and heavy along the margin of the shore, and presents a strange contrast to the white coral beach beyond, the massy foliage of the grove, and the embosomed lake with its tiny islets. It is altogether a most interesting and attractive spectacle, and one that might well make an explorer eager to examine more closely into the character of the place. In some few cases,

these atolls have spurs projecting from them, and in the Marshall Archipelago there are atolls united together by a reef running in a more or less straight line, as in the case of Menchicoff Island, which is sixty miles long, and consists of three loops tied together. In by far the greater number of cases, however, an atoll consists of a simple elongated ring, more or less perfect, and with its outline moderately regular. The ring itself is a narrow rim of coral reef, generally but a few hundred yards wide, and in some parts so low, that the waves dash over it into the lagoon; in others, verdant with the rich foliage of the tropics. The coral-made land on which this vegetation grows, in some rare cases, is continuous around the lagoon; but, generally speaking, it is broken into islets, which are separated from each other by varying intervals of bare reef, and through one or more of these there is generally an opening or channel, by means of which the voyager can pass from the strife and deafening roar of the huge waves breaking in froth and spray against the outer wall of the reef, to the placid waters of the sheltered lagoon.

Before entering more minutely into the structure of these atolls or lagoon reefs, it will be well to glance briefly at the general character of barrier reefs, the next most ordinary form of coral formations. Let it be understood, then, that barrier reefs are distinguished from atolls chiefly in this particular: that, instead of inclosing a lake, they surround an island, rising most commonly to a considerable height above the sea level. As in the case of the atoll reefs, the bank of coral forming these barrier reefs varies in width from a hundred yards to a mile or more, and is usually intersected by irregular channels, and occasionally inclosing large bays, affording anchorage to scores of ships. The surface of the reef is, for the most part, flat, and covered by the sea at high tide; occasionally, however, a green island rises from it here and there, and in some instances a grove of palm-trees stretches along the barrier for miles, forming thus a spectacle of singular beauty, as seen from the higher points of the inclosed island. In many instances, the reef stands at a distance from the shore, like a vast artificial mole, leaving between it and the land a wide and deep sea, in which ships ride at anchor, and find room to beat against a head-wind. The greatest differences prevail, however,

in the depth and area of these inclosed seas, as also in the extent and relative position of the barrier reef itself. Instances occur, in which the space between the barrier and the shore is only a narrow channel, barely deep enough at low tide to be navigated by the tottling native canoes; in others, again, it is a narrow, intricate passage, obstructed by knolls and patches of growing coral, which convert it into a perfect shrubbery of stone. Then, with respect to the form and extent of the barrier, it is found in some instances to extend in a continuous ring around the inclosed island, with only here and there an intervening channel. In other cases, one barrier incloses several islands, as in the Exploring Isles, belonging to the Feejee group, which have one common barrier, eighty miles in circuit. New-Caledonia has a barrier along its whole western shore, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, but beyond this the reef stretches out into the sea for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles farther to the north. The great barrier off the north-east of Australia, again, is one thousand miles long, and has between it and the land a channel, in some parts nearly seventy miles wide, with a depth of from sixty to three hundred feet. It will be seen by the above statements, that the barrier reefs include, so to speak, two varieties, namely, reefs which more or less completely surround an island—encircling reefs; and others which merely run parallel with the coast of an island for a longer or shorter distance, without, in any proper sense, surrounding it. No essential difference, however, is to be distinguished in their character, and with the atoll reefs previously described, they may all be regarded as examples, in different stages of their progress, of the same great class of coral formations.

Bearing in mind the fact just stated, we now pass on to notice more in detail the character of these peculiar structures. And the first thing to be noticed is, that while the sea on the outer side of the coral bank descends abruptly to almost unfathomable depths, the waters of the lagoon, or of the inclosed channel within the reef, are usually very shallow. Generally speaking, there is a gradual slope of the reef from its outer edge for a few hundred feet, but beyond that there is a sudden fall, as though the entire mass rose up from the sea-bottom like a huge perpendicular wall of coral rock. In some

cases, as in several of the atolls of the Maldivé Islands, the descent is so sudden, and the depth of water outside the reef so great, that, at a distance of only sixty or seventy yards, no bottom can be found with a line of two hundred fathoms. Almost the only instance in which this rapid increase of the depth of the sea is not found to obtain, is in the case of Christmas atoll, lying to the south of the Sandwich Islands, where the sea deepens so gradually, that at a distance of a mile from the reef there is only from twenty to forty fathoms of water. Singularly enough, the strip of land surrounding the lagoon of this atoll is, in one part, no less than three miles wide; the island thus showing, by its exceptional character in both respects, that there is a sort of necessary connection between the contracted breadth of the belt of coral-formed land, and the sudden descent of the outer face of the reef. The slope of the reef towards the lagoon, or the encircled channel, is almost invariably very gradual, but the greatest depth of the inclosed water generally depends upon its area. Between the Australian barrier and the shore, we have already seen there is a deep sea. The same fact obtains in the case of the larger atolls, where the waters of the lagoon have much the same appearance as the ocean, and are similarly roughened by the wind, though not to the same extent. The appearance presented by these large lagoons is singularly interesting. An observer standing on the north shore of Raraka lagoon, in the Paumotus group of islands, and looking southward, can discern nothing but blue waters. Turning to the right or left, far in the distance, a few faint dots are distinguished, which, as the eye sweeps around, gradually enlarge into lines of palm-trees and other verdure; and still nearer round, they stand out in distinct groves and bossy masses of foliage. At Dean's Island, another of the Paumotus group, and at many of the Carolines, the resemblance to the ocean is still more complete. The lagoon is, in fact, but a fragment of the ocean cut off by an interrupted wall of coral reef, forming a series of islets surmounted by verdure. The larger coral islands very commonly consist in this way of a string of small islets arranged along the line of a coral reef; and the King of the Maldives, anxious, it would seem, to commemorate the number of his

territories of this kind, assumes the high-sounding title of Ibrahim, Sultan, King of the Thirteen Atolls and the Twelve Thousand Isles!

From these largest of coral islands, with lagoons like the open sea, there is every variety and gradation, down to small islands, in which the lagoon has been gradually filled up, and no trace of its former existence left but a slight depression of the whole interior of the island, marking its original outline. In lagoons of moderate size, the waters form a quiet lake, which rests within its circle of palms, hardly ruffled by the storms that madden the surrounding ocean. In these sheltered situations, the more delicate kinds of coral zoophytes grow in the greatest perfection, and the richest views are presented to the explorer of coral scenery. The surface of the lagoon or channel is usually studded with small reefs and patches of growing coral, beautiful clusters of which may also be seen through the still water, dispersed about upon the sloping sides of the reef, and over the white sand of the shallow bottom. The lover of the marvellous will here find abundant gratification; for

"Life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid these bowers of stone,"

and on every side there is that which calls forth surprise and admiration. The forms assumed by the various species of coral are extremely numerous, those resembling vegetation being especially abundant—shrubby, tufts of rushes, the oddly-shaped cactuses, beds of pinks, feathery mosses, the lichen clinging to the rock, and the fungus, in all its varieties, have each their representatives; while here and there stately masses of madreporé rise to a height of six or eight feet above the other forms, gracefully branched, and the whole surface blooming with coral polypes, in place of leaves and flowers. Besides these, there are gracefully-modelled vases, some of which are three or four feet in diameter, made up of a network of branches, and branchlets, and sprigs of flowers; while here and there, huge coral hemispheres, ten or even twenty feet in diameter, rise up like domes among the vases and shrubbery, their entire surface gorgeously decked with polype stars of purple and emerald green. Let the reader fancy himself looking down upon a scene like this, with its star-fish, echini, curious shells, brightly-mailed fishes gliding to

and fro, and its myriad other beings, which science alone has named, and he will have some faint conception of the beauty of these coral groves in the quiet waters of sheltered channels and lagoons.

It was for a long time one of the most mysterious circumstances in connection with coral reefs, that while coral-formed rock was known to descend to the greatest depths in the ocean, living polypes and growing coral were never found lower than about a hundred and fifty feet beneath the surface. It seemed altogether incomprehensible how it was that the coral formations should thus be found at such great depths, while the living polypes were themselves so restricted in their range. The seeming paradox, as we shall presently find, now no longer perplexes the investigator of coral structures, and we call attention to the fact in this connection, only to guard the reader against the common error of supposing that the entire wall of coral, as it fronts the open sea, is, over every part of its surface, and from the foundation upwards, alive with growing zoophytes. This idea, so widely prevalent, is entirely erroneous. Below the region of living polypes, the reef, to however great a depth it descends, consists, of course, wholly of dead coral rock, but above this limit it is by no means uniformly covered with living zoophytes. On the contrary, they are chiefly confined to the shallow waters of the reef, and to its sloping margin, up which they extend to within a foot or less of the low tide level, sometimes growing profusely over large areas, and sometimes occurring only in patches scattered over wide fields of coral sand and dead fragments, like tufts of vegetation in a sandy plain. Notwithstanding the heavy beating of the surf, the upper part of the slope is perhaps more generally clustered with living corals than any other portion of the reef, many of the more hardy zoophytes growing here in the greatest luxuriance. For about ten or twenty yards down from the top of the slope, the reef is usually pierced with holes and rugged winding recesses, affording a safe retreat for the crabs, sea-urchins, star-fish, sea-anemones, and various molluscs, which in calm water swarm over the face of the declivity, and greatly contribute to the animation and beauty of the scene. Over this portion of the reef, too, is often seen the enormous bivalve, *Tridacna gigas*, the largest of all

known shells, and which is often employed as an ornament for grotto-work and garden fountains. It is generally found more than half buried in the reef-rock, with barely room to open its ponderous shell, and expose to the waters its gorgeously-colored mantle. It will be quite obvious, that the sea front of the coral reef is at all times a scene of the greatest interest. In calm weather, there are its coral groves, with the thousand beautiful forms of living things which sport and play amidst them in the quiet waters, and in the seasons of storm and tempest, there is the magnificent line of breakers bursting along the shore in all the grandeur of utter desolation.

The top of the reef consists almost invariably of a broad and level platform of coral rock, having, however, a very uneven surface, and being in many places coated with thick layers of incrusting corallines, which give it a variety of shades of pink and purple. In most cases, this platform rises just high enough to be left partially bare at low tide. In one very extraordinary instance, however, that of the Chagos Bank, about ten degrees south of the Maldive Islands, there is an annular reef, ninety miles long and seventy miles wide, the top of which is mostly submerged from five to ten fathoms beneath the surface; and what is still more singular, the whole of this submerged atoll, for such it may be termed, appears to be entirely destitute of living corals. This latter circumstance, however, is true to a great extent of the platform in ordinary reefs, the surface being bare of growing zoophytes, excepting in the shallow pools and rugged channels towards its outer edge, where they abound. At the inner extremity of this shore platform, as it is termed, rises the steep beach of coral pebbles and sand, which always fronts the true coral islands, wherever these have been formed. The appearance of this beach, as seen in calm weather from the deck of a vessel approaching the island, is very singular. Owing to its whiteness, and the contrast it affords to the massy foliage above, its slope is not perceived at a little distance, and the whole length of beach looks like a vertical artificial wall or embankment, running parallel with the shore. Mr. Dana mentions, that on Clermont Tonnere, the first of these coral islands visited by the American expedition, the natives, stand-

ing spear in hand along the top of the beach, were believed by many people on board to be keeping patrol on the ramparts of a kind of fortification.

It may be well, before proceeding further, to state, that wherever the reef-rock is broken into, it shows unmistakable proofs of having been formed of coral fragments and sand, finely cemented together. In some cases the imbedded masses of coral are of large size, but in only rare instances are they found in the original position of growth; while it commonly happens that the fragments are both small, and much broken and worn by the action of the waves, before becoming compacted together. By far the most common form, however, in which the reef-rock occurs, is that of a solid, compact, white limestone, of as fine a texture as any of the secondary limestones, and ringing with a clear metallic sound under the blow of a hammer. The manner in which the originally loose and incoherent debris of the coral reef becomes consolidated thus into a hard and compact mass, is perfectly intelligible, and the most convincing proof of its recent origin is afforded by the fact, that it contains imbedded within it the remains of various beings still inhabiting the reef, and occasionally also significant mementoes of man himself.

The emerged land which forms the substance of the coral island as it surmounts the broad platform of the reef, and is fronted by the beach already described, is composed of blocks of similar material to that forming the mass of the reef itself. In its earliest stage, when barely raised above the tides, it appears like a vast field of ruins, angular masses of coral rock, varying in dimensions from one to a hundred cubic feet, lying piled together in the utmost confusion. Amongst these heaped-up masses, many may be distinguished as portions of individual corals; all the larger blocks, however, have the usual conglomerate character of the ordinary reef-rock, and are evidently portions of it broken off, and transported to their present resting-place by the action of the waves. Exposure to the air, and in some cases incrusting lichens, speedily discolor the pile, and give it much the appearance of a heap of volcanic scoriæ. In the next stage, the winds and waves together have partially filled in the interstices with coral sand, and a scanty soil affords nutriment to a few shrubs and trailing plants, which

spread their green leaves over the rugged blocks, and relieve the scene of much of its sterility and desolation. In its last, or perfect stage, the coral island stands eight or ten feet above the level of the highest tides, and lifts aloft its crown of luxuriant verdure, with the bread-fruit tree, the cocoa-nut, and various palms, waving high above the other foliage. The surface consists of a thin layer of coral soil, which, at the depth of only a few inches, changes to an almost pure coral sand or gravel; while, a foot or two deeper still, the mass regains its character of a more or less compact coral rock, and this, notwithstanding the fact, that the land may be buried in the richest foliage. It is by no means unusual, in islands that are pretty much broken up along the line of the reef, to meet with illustrations of each of these three stages within a very limited space; the whole process of the formation of a coral island being, so to speak, thus exhibited to the eye at a glance.

A very few words will suffice to point out the distinguishing features of "inner reefs" and "fringing reefs," and then we shall have to notice another class of coral formations, to which at present no reference has been made. Inner reefs, then, are so termed from their occurring in inclosed waters, whether in the channel inside a barrier reef, or within the area of a lagoon. Formed in quiet waters, they are, for the most part, more profusely studded with living zoophytes than is the case with reefs exposed to all the violence of the open sea; and, as a general rule, they have a more gradual slope towards deep water. As in the outer reefs, however, the great mass of the coral bank consists of a conglomerate coral rock, which frequently exhibits the same fineness of texture and similarity to ordinary limestone. The chief difference in this respect is, perhaps, that the inner reefs are composed less of broken fragments of coral than of more or less complete zoophytes compacted into the mass in the original position of growth. Fringing reefs are banks of coral formed in the shallow waters adjacent to land, and are thus termed, from their forming a sort of fringe, or border, to the shore to which they are attached. They sometimes occur around coasts unprotected by a barrier reef, and sometimes on coasts completely encircled by reefs of this description. If it were possible to lift up one of these

doubly reef-bound islands from the waves, we should find that the two banks of coral stood upon the submarine slopes like massive structures of artificial masonry—the fringing reef forming a broad, flat platform, or shelf, ranging around the land near the water line of the coast; the outer reef rising from the more deeply submerged portion, encircling it at a distance like a vast off-standing rampart.

The difficulty at one time felt in accounting for the existence of coral rock at such a vastly greater depth below the region of living polypes as that at which it is known to occur, was experienced in an opposite form in the case of the coral formations, now to be noticed—namely, islands formed of ordinary coral rock, but elevated far above the reach of the highest conceivable tides. These elevated coral islands are by no means rare. In the Pacific they frequently occur, and with every variety of elevation; from those which rise only a few feet above the ordinary reef islands, to others which have a height of three hundred feet and upwards above the sea level. Matia, or Aurora Island, one of the western Paumotu group, is an island of this description. It is about four miles long, and two and a half miles wide, and consists of a mass of compact coral limestone, rising in cliffs more or less vertical, to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. As in the ordinary reef-rock, the limestone is for the most part as compact and uniform in texture as secondary marble; but here and there a

mass of imbedded coral, or the remains of shells belonging to species still existing in the neighboring sea, clearly attest the nature and recent date of its origin. Another point of resemblance between the rock of this island and the older limestones, is the existence in it of extensive caverns. In some of these, large stalactites may be seen depending from the roof, six feet in diameter. Many of our readers will remember that the good John Williams, in his "Missionary Enterprises," mentions the occurrence of similar caverns in the elevated coral rock of Atiu, one of the Hervey group of islands; and that in one of these caverns he wandered for two hours, without finding a termination to its windings. The island of Tongatabou is another of these elevated islands. In many parts, indeed, it is low and level, but in others it rises to a height of one hundred feet, and consists of coral rock, which distinctly shows the cavities and irregularities worn in it by the action of the tide. A still more remarkable case is that of Mangaia, one of the Cook and Austral Islands. This island is partly volcanic, nearly three hundred feet high, and presents all the appearance of an upraised atoll reef. Its summit is, for the most part, level, but in the centre there is a wide hollow, over the surface of which are scattered patches of coral rock, some of them raised to a height of forty feet, which remind the observer at once of the separate knolls and small reefs in the lagoon of an atoll.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WHAT WE ARE ALL ABOUT.

OF what the literary world is "about," the key-note will be struck in mentioning the name of Macaulay. All are talking of or writing on the recent installment of fifteen hundred pages towards the payment of the large self-incurred debt by Mr. Macaulay. There are very few who wish he had made that installment less by a single line, so graphic are his general pictures, so

accurate his individual portraiture, so wide the scope of his argument, so comprehensive his grasp of subject; but, on the other hand, there are fewer still, if any, who can hope to be alive when Mr. Macaulay's task is ended. We must not, however, repine, but "take the good the gods provide us," content to foresee the enjoyment of our remote posterity, for Mr.

Macaulay is too much of a gentleman to die without fulfilling his promise.

Such implied longevity reminds us of one whom many will miss, less perhaps for cessation of intercourse than for the consciousness that the last link is broken of the chain which united the literature of the present century with that of the past. Samuel Rogers, the Nestor of poets, and something besides, has at last been gathered to his fathers. "Nec domus"—what a pretty house was his; "nec placens"—no, he had no wife, his was a morganatic marriage with the Muse; "neque harum arborum"—there were some sweet-scented lilacs and golden laburnums in the garden; none of these things will be the bourne of privileged pilgrims now that their master, whom none could invoke as "*Te brevem dominum*," is no more. What heir will till the pavement with the rich Cæcuban wines from the cellar of Samuel Rogers, who had no wine so old as himself? What guest will now linger at the pleasant breakfast-table, to listen to "the old man eloquent?" What *connoisseur* will suspend the play of his knife and fork to gaze upon the well-lit pictures that surrounded the dining-room? Will Christie seize and sell what has long been so freely exhibited? We might put a thousand such questions, all of them regrets for one, who, like the Cerberus of Mrs. Malaprop, was "three gentlemen at once," dear to Apollo, Cytherea, and Plutus, "the Bard, the Beau, the Banker."

But the year which closed yesterday bids us mourn over many of greater mark than Samuel Rogers. Within the last twelve months what a gap has been made in the memorable roll! The sagacious and indefatigable Truro; the earnest and philosophic Molesworth; the enterprising Parry; the warm-hearted and upright Inglis; the scientific De la Beche; the learned Gaisford; the reforming Hume; the harmonious Bishop; the financial Herries; the diplomatic Adair; the poetical Strangford, also a diplomatist, with Ellis and Ponsonby, his fellow-laborers in the last-named category; the gifted Lockhart; Miss Ferrier, and Adam Ferguson, connected, too, with Walter Scott; Lord Robertson, the convivial judge; Lord Rutherford, his acute compeer; Miss Mitford, and strong-hearted Currer Bell; Colburn, the god-father to half the novels of the last half-century; Sibthorp, the eccentric; the travelled Buckingham; Park,

the sculptor; Gurney, the short-hand writer; O. Smith, the preternatural; the centenarian Routh; Black, of the *Morning Chronicle*; the life-preserving Captain Manby; Archdeacon Hare; Jessie Lewers, the friend of Burns; the injured Baron de Bode; and a long file besides of titled names, and names distinguished in all the pursuits of life. The War, of course, came in for the lion's share, in sweeping among those already illustrious; or, had Fate permitted, those who would have been so: the gentle-hearted, courteous Raglan, the mirror of modern chivalry; the intrepid Torrens; the amiable Estcourt; the untiring Markham; the brave Adams; the gallant Campbell; the honest Boxer, and the unfortunate Christie, are amongst the most prominent of the heroes whom the bullet or the Crimean fever have forcibly taken from us. Death, too, has been busy with great people, in the ranks of our allies, in the field, on the wave, in the cabinet, in the private home: Harispé; Bruat; Mackau; Della Marmora, who fought so well; the painter Isabey; the statesman Molé; the poet Miczewitz; the widow of Lavalette; the wife of Emile de Girardin; the brother of Victor Hugo; Count Bruhl, the antagonist of Philidor, the King of Chess; Khosrew Pasha, that true type of the old Osmanli; the chivalrous Duke of Genoa; and Adelaide of Sardinia, the early-lost wife of our noble Piedmontese ally.

But we are not writing a necrology. Sufficient for us be the day, with some aspirations for the future.

"Great men were living before Agamemnon
And since, exceeding valorous and sage."

We have many great people still distinguishing themselves, almost as much as the valorous Argive, though not, perhaps, altogether in the same line. To do unto others as you would not be done to appears to be a rule of conduct rather too generally followed. If not, why should the effigies of the three *peccant* Bankers be enshrined at Madame Tussaud's? Why should a Judge's "fancy" play, like lightning, round a bevy of innocent people? Why should the Guards monopolize the game of "heads I win, tails you lose?" Why should Alice Gray be a heroine? Why should poisoning be the rule of domestic intercourse and not the exception? Why should we, all of us, be doing the identical

things against which we are as earnestly warned as Eve was before she ate the apple?

Some good things, however, we are about. We are striving, all of us, to do honor to the foremost woman of her time—to Florence Nightingale—whose acts have shed an imperishable lustre on her name. We are gradually putting our great metropolitan house in order, although, to effect that object in the best way, we have not elected John Arthur Roebuck our chairman—so hard it is to induce people, the best intentioned, to go the proper way to work and to put the right man in the right place. At last we are building gun-boats of light draught, and plenty of them, and all that remains is to hope that no

Austrian interference may prevent them from fulfilling their mission beneath the walls of Cronstadt, creating another "heap of blood-stained ruins," and thoroughly *humiliating*—the right word to use, *pace* Lord John Russell—humiliating to the Czar of Muscovy. In the East the gallant Codrington—the worthy son of a worthy sire—is steadily effecting the most beneficial changes in the condition of the large army intrusted to his care: the moral no less than the physical wants of his men claiming his constant care. With discipline firmly established, with mental activity heightened and bodily strength restored, the prospects of the next campaign offer every thing that is hopeful, nor have we any fear of the result.

From Tait's Magazine.

OLD-FASHIONED BOOKS.

It is one literary weakness of mine to be fond of reading that nobody else cares about, and another, never to get tired of what pleases all. My habit of re-reading books that I like is inveterate, and I am persuaded that a list of my favorites would make you laugh, and that an honest memorandum of the number of times I take them up in the course of a week would be pronounced fictitious. Shakspeare, Bishop Butler, Fouqué's "Undine," Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ," the "Vicar of Wakefield," Emerson, Bacon's Essays, and "Punch," make up an incongruous catalogue pretty accurately representing my staple diet for years past. But even in current literature, I never dream of re-viewing a book till I have read it twice, thrice, or oftener. Then there are the trimmings of the solid dishes—which I find in miscellaneous reading of newspapers, magazines, and out-of-the-way authors that nobody else thinks much of. I am constantly amused at the ignorance of books a few decades old betrayed by well-

read people. A literary *confrère* of unquestionable talent and great information asked me, the other day, who Clarissa Harlowe was—he had heard her name somewhere, but could not remember! I do not know three people who are what I should call well up in Bacon and Shakspeare. And if I may name another old-fashioned book, I do not know among professedly Christian people a dozen who read the Bible—always excepting the despised "Plymouth brethren," who *do* read it, with an assiduity and pertinacity that yield their reward in an immense command of its contents. *Once admitting the point of view*, the Biblical criticism of Plymouth brethernism is an instructive proof of what homogeneous results proper attention can get out of the most varied literary material offered by any book in the whole world.

But this is a digression. I was going to say, *inter alia*, that we are rather too apt now-a-days, to despise the humbler portions of the literature that stretches

between the Elizabethan age and our own. For the last twenty years Elizabethan literature has been gathering influence over imaginative writers, and the very best, most natural, most pure of our poets could not be acquitted of mimetic adoption of the Elizabethan tricks of composition, if he were submitted to such an examination as I may some day amuse myself by instituting. Yet brave men have lived *since* Agamemnon, and *before* Tennyson and Browning. There is an Elizabethan *cant* abroad, and the eighteenth century, in particular, is superciliously preached down. It strikes me there is a little irreverence in this way of treating any large section of the grand procession of humanity! Will nobody of catholic faith and catholic vision try and show the canters elements of real grandeur in that eighteenth century?

On my lumber shelves is an elderly work facetiously entitled the "Pleasing Instructor," for which read "Dreary Disguster," if you prefer truth to fiction. For this very pleasing instructor essays the *utile cum dulci* in this buoyant, engaging fashion:

"PATERNUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"Paternus lived about two hundred years ago—"

Why this circumstance is introduced is a puzzle. I can discover no artistic reason whatever.

"He had but one son, whom he educated himself in his own house. As they were sitting together in the garden, when the child was ten years old, Paternus thus began to him."

Paternus then proceeds to address his infant offspring in a manner which I am sure nothing but physical restraint could have induced him to sit out. Indeed, it is slyly hinted that Paternus, good man! *had hold of his son's hand* while the homily was in progress. A very rational precaution.

Furnished with this clue to the style in which Paternus had brought up his only son "in his own house," I am not in the least surprised to learn that the miserable infant had been very ill, and that he was habitually a martyr to headache (in which I can sympathize with him). "How poor," says his fond and idiotic parent—

"How poor my power is, and how little I am able to do for you, you have often seen. Your

late sickness has shown you how little I could do for you in that state, and the frequent pains in your head are plain proofs that I have no power to remove them."

How "frequent pains" are a proof of somebody's incapacity to remove them is not clear, without the supplying of a logical hiatus, which I leave to the reader's ingenuity, as Paternus did to his son's. Miserable boy! His sire twaddles through seven pages duodecimo, with a funereal didacticism which makes me say I would rather train a child of mine on lore like this taken from a much older, but infinitely more edifying book, which conveys useful knowledge in this wise:

"Q. Seeing God in his wisdom has made every creature excellently good in its kind, and subjected 'em various ways to the use, profit, and service of man, tell me what opinion the ancient philosophers (particularly Aristotle, Pliny, &c.) had of the knowledge, understanding, and excellent qualities God hath endowed those with which we term irrational creatures, and that in their order, as I shall demand the particulars of you; and first, what of beasts in general?"

"A. As for beasts in general, first, I may say, there is a great deal of difference by nature. Some are bold and hardy, others fearful; some wild and savage, others tame and gentle; some walking in herds, others wandering alone; some armed, and others trusting to swiftness for their safety."

This is speaking of "beasts in general" with a vengeance, and is certainly very safe information. Descending to particulars, we have a felicitous anecdote of the leopard, from which I only omit a passage that is too gross for quotation, though the oddest part of the business:

"Q. By what stratagem does the leopard take the prey he most delights in?"

"A. He haunts the woods where there are store of monkeys, who mortally hate him because he usually preys upon them, and finding that he cannot take 'em upon the trees, where they scout and are too nimble for him, he lies down in some open place where they may see him, stretching at length, lolling out his tongue, and groaning as if he was dying. This makes the monkeys rejoice and chatter in triumph over their enemy; and at last, he seeming to be quite dead, holding his breath, they send down a scout to approach him, who, by a sign, assuring the rest he is dead, they immediately descend, and leap about him, chattering and rejoicing. . . . But on a sudden all their mirth is dashed, for, seeing his opportunity, he leaps up, and catches most commonly three of the fattest of them, two in his paws and one in his mouth, whilst those that escape his fury run crying and screaming away in the most lamentable manner."

I shall now and then take my readers for a ramble among out-of-the-way books of a droll character, but at this moment I am going to say that we are getting a little conceited about the *pathos* of modern writing, and rather supercilious to our ancestors in that regard. You have just heard of Mr. Tickell, no doubt; but you will turn up your nose at my proposing to quote his "Colin and Lucy" as a truly pathetic ballad. "Who the dickens was Mr. Tickell? and wasn't 'Colin' exploded long ago, with Strephon and tie-wigs?" Yet with your kind permission I will recite some verses of "Colin and Lucy," and you will at least learn from them where a well-known quotation about a "hand" and a "voice" comes from:

"COLIN AND LUCY."

"BY MR. TICKELL."

"Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face."

"Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue."

"Ah! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped this slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end."

"Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapped his wing."

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That cries I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away."

"Ah, Colin, give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone!
Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own!"

"To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare;
But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
Poor Lucy will be there."

"Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

"She spoke—she died—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet."

"What then were Colin's dreadful thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept."

"Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow—
He groaned—he shook—he fell."

"He, to his Lucy's new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains."

"Oft at this place the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gray, and true love-knots,
They deck the sacred green."

"But swain forsworn, whose'er thou art,
This hallowed ground forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there!"

I am weak and sentimental and old-fashioned enough to own that I like those verses, and that they dwell in my memory. Poor stupid "Mr. Tickell" could not have written "Mariana in the Moated Grange," but he did his best, and his best touches me.

Beckford's "Vathek," Dr. Moore's "Zeluco," and Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling," are books of faded fame, and the chances are that not one in a hundred who glances over these lines has read the two latter. Yet Mackenzie (privately, if I remember, a harsh, unamiable person) writes with much quiet tenderness, and the following scene from his "Man of Feeling," is very affecting:

"HE SEES MISS WALTON AND IS HAPPY."

"His aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. 'My dear,' said she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' I descried a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.'

She started as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavored to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual for persons at my time of life to have those hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachment.'

"The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground. 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton'—his glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused for some moments. 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that also excuse it. It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly serious in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you to know their

power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime: if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes; let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value upon it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you; I know your worth, I have known it long, I have esteemed it; what would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand; a languid color reddened in his cheek; a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed; he sighed and fell back on his seat; Miss Walton screamed at the sight; his aunt and the servants rushed into the room; they found them lying motionless together: his physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded; but Harley was gone for ever."

Which of last season's novels contains anything so good.

From Chambers's Journal.

KENSINGTON AND ITS OCCUPANTS.*

ANY book with the name of Leigh Hunt upon the title-page is pretty certain to attract a large number of readers. Of all contemporary authors, he has perhaps the happiest talent for making books of a pleasant, readable description, which engage curiosity without tiring it, and excite reflection and emotion in that moderate degree which occupies and elevates the mind, without overtasking the attention. The effect of his best writing resembles that of the finer sorts of light, sparkling wines, which produce a gentle exhilaration, with no sense of after-languor or discomposure of the system. You read it with

a quiet, composed gratification; and if at any time you are moved to a profounder feeling, you scarcely notice the impression until it is fixed, independently of conscious effort, in the memory. He is charming alike in criticism, in poetical representation, in ethical disquisition, and in that strain of mingled narrative and observation which is the characteristic of the work before us. Topographical descriptions are generally dull things; yet under his handling they become lively, and replete with human interest. These memorials of Kensington, though historically slight and fragmentary, are so gracefully strung together, and form so pleasant a compendium of local biography, anecdote, and attractive recollections, that we may fairly say they present a better and more accu-

* *The Old Court Suburb; or, Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical, and Anecdotal.* By LEIGH HUNT. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

rate picture of courtly and suburban life and habits, during a given period, than any which we possess in the form of regular history. Works of this kind, indeed, are properly supplements to history, setting forth in minute detail what was obliged to be passed over in the general delineation. The design and plan of the writer will be seen from the following quotation, which we extract from the introductory chapter:

"The beauty and salubrity of Kensington, its combination, so to speak, of the elegances of town and country, and the multitude of its associations with courts, wits, and literature, have long rendered it such a favorite with the lovers of books, that the want of some account of it, not altogether alien to its character, has constantly surprised them. . . . The way to it is the pleasantest out of town; you may walk in high-road or on grass, as you please; the fresh air salutes you from a healthy soil, and there is not a step of the way, from its commencement at Kensington Gore to its termination beyond Holland House, in which you are not greeted in the face by some pleasant memory. Here, to 'minds' eyes' conversant with local biography, stands a beauty looking out of a window; there, a wit, talking with other wits at a garden-gate; there, a poet on the greensward, glad to get out of the London smoke, and find himself among trees. Here come De Veres of the times of old; Hollands and Davenants of the Stuart and Cromwell times; Evelyn peering about him soberly, and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advance Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton, Steel from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes, Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, *Junius* from a communication with Wilkes. Here, in his carriage, is King William III., going from his palace to open Parliament; Queen Anne, for the same purpose; George I.; George II.—we shall have the pleasure of looking at all these personages a little more closely—and there, from out of Kensington Gardens comes bursting, as if the whole recorded polite world were in flower at one and the same period, all the fashion of the gayest times of those sovereigns, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop-petticoats, towering with top-knots and toupees. Here comes 'Lady Mary,' quizzing everybody; Lady Suffolk, looking discreet;

there the lovely Bellendens and Lepels; there Miss Howe, laughing with Nanty Lowther (who made her very grave afterwards); there Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey; Miss Cudleigh, not over-clothed; the Miss Gunnings, drawing crowds of admirers; and here is George Selwyn, interchanging wit with my Lady Townshend, the 'Lady Bellaston' (so at least it has been said) of *Tom Jones*. Who is to know of all this company, and not be willing to meet it? To meet it, therefore, we propose, both out-of-doors and in-doors, not omitting other persons who are worth half the rest—Mrs. Inchbald for one. Mrs. Inchbald shall close the last generation for us, and Coleridge shall bring us down to our own time."

In the course of the work, accordingly, the reader is made acquainted with all the notabilities that ever lived at Kensington, or were any way associated therewith; also with every notable building within the suburb, and every nook and corner connected with interesting reminiscences. It is a convenient feature of the work that the author does not attempt to deal with his subject chronologically; since the chronological point of view, though good to start from, in order to show the rise and growth of a place, would not be suitable in dealing with minute particulars. It would only end, as he says, in confusing both time and place, by carrying the reader backwards and forwards from the same houses for the purpose of meeting contemporary demands. So he concludes: "That the best way of proceeding, after taking the general survey, is to set out from some particular spot, on the ordinary principle of perambulation, so as to attend to each house or set of premises by itself, as far as we are acquainted with it."

Of course, Kensington Palace and Holland House come in for the largest share of notice; but there is scarcely a mansion or a cottage in the locality which has not interesting recollections appertaining to it. Historical personages encounter us at almost every door and gateway; and the anecdotes which our conductor has to tell of them, if not always novel, are invariably pleasing, and may be readily remembered. No book could afford more available matter for quotation; the main difficulty we have in dealing with it is to select such passages as may have an interest for the greatest number of readers.

Let us stop, however, before a small house—one of a row—at Kensington Gore, and hear what our author has to say of it:

"In this house, a little sequestered establishment was kept by the once famous demagogue, Wilkes—a man as much over-estimated, perhaps, by his admirers for a patriotism which was never thoroughly disinterested, as he was depreciated for a libertinism by no means unaccompanied by good qualities. 'Jack Wilkes,' as he was familiarly called—member of Parliament, alderman, fine gentleman, scholar, coarse wit, and middling writer—was certainly an 'impudent dog,' in more senses than that of Jack Absolute in the play. Excess of animal spirits, and the want of any depth of perception into some of the gravest questions, led him into outrages against decorum that were justly denounced by all but the hypocritical. Nevertheless, the country is indebted to him for more than one benefit, particularly the freedom from arbitrary arrest. . . . The popularity to which he had attained at one time was immense. 'Wilkes and Liberty' was the motto of the universal English nation. It was on every wall; sometimes on every door, and on every coach (to enable it to get along); it stamped the butter-pats, the biscuits, the handkerchiefs; in short, had so identified one word with another, that a wit, writing to somebody, began his letter with: 'Sir, I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you.'

"Wilkes prospered so well by his patriotism, that he maintained three establishments at a time: one in the Isle of Wight, for the summer; another in Grosvenor Square, where his daughter Mary kept house for him; and the third at this place in Kensington Gore, where his second daughter, Harriet, lived with her mother, a Mrs. Arnold, who assisted in training her with a propriety that must have been thought remarkable. The first daughter, who was as plain and as lively as her father, died unmarried, universally lamented. The other, a very agreeable lady, in face as well as in manners, we had the pleasure of seeing once, in company with her husband, the late estimable Serjeant Rough, who became a judge in India. . . .

"Wilkes, who lived to a good age, owing probably to his love of exercise, was in the habit, to the last, of walking from Kensington to the city, deaf to the solicitations of the hackney-coachmen, and not

at all minding, or rather, perhaps, courting, the attention of every body else to an appearance which must always have been remarkable. Personal defects deprecate or defy notice, according to the disposition of the individual. Wilkes was not disposed to deprecate anything. He was tall, meagre, and fallow, with an underhung, grinning, good-humored jaw, and an obliquity of vision which, however objectionable in the eyes of opponents, occasioned the famous vindication from a partisan, that its possessor did not 'squinch more than a gentleman should.' Upon the strength of his having been a colonel of militia, the venerable patriot daily attired his person in a suit of scarlet and buff, with a rosette in his cocked hat, and a pair of military boots; and the reader may fancy him thus coming towards Knightsbridge, ready to take off the hat in the highest style of good-breeding to any body that courted it, or to give the gentleman 'satisfaction,' if he was disrespectful to the squint. For Wilkes was as brave as he was light-hearted. He was an odd kind of English-Frenchman, that had strayed into Farringdon Ward Without; and he ultimately mystified both king and people; for he was really of no party, but that of pleasure and a fine coat. The best thing about him was his love of his daughters; just as the pleasantest thing in the French is their walking about with their families on the Boulevards, after all the turbulence and volatility of their insurrections.

"But an interest attaches to this house of Wilkes's, far beyond these pleasant anomalies; for here Junius visited. At this door, knocking towards dinner-time, might be seen a tall, good-looking gentleman, of an imposing presence, who, if any body passing by had known who he was, and had chosen to go and tell it, might have been the making of the man's fortune. This was Philip Francis, afterwards one of the denouncers of Hastings, ultimately Sir Philip Francis, K.B.; and now, since the publication of Mr. Taylor's book on the subject, understood to be that 'mighty boar of the forest,' as Burke called him, trampling down all before him, the author of *Junius's Letters*. Mrs. Rough said, that he dined at Kensington frequently, and that he once cut off a lock of her hair. She was then a child. She only knew him as Mr. Francis; but she had 'an obscure imagination that her father

once said she had met Junius.' He might so, in after days; but we feel convinced that Wilkes did not know him for Junius at the time."

From Wilkes and Junius, however, we must here part company; and, passing over a good deal of local history, and many pleasant anecdotes, pause for a moment over a thoughtful passage, which we fancy the reader may like to ponder. It is on the sombre subject of the situations most appropriate for church-yards or burial-grounds.

"Returning out of Kensington Square by the way we entered it, we come, in the most open part of the High Street, to the parish church and church-yard; the former a small and homely building for so distinguished a suburb; the latter suggesting a doubt whether a burial-ground ought to abut so closely on a public way. In some moods of the mind, the juxtaposition is very painful. It looks as if death itself were no escape from the turmoils of life. We feel as if the noise of carts and cries were never to be out of one's hearing; as if the tears, however hidden, of those who stood mournfully looking at our graves, were to be mocked by the passing crowd of indifferent spectators; as if the dead might be sensible of the very market going on, with all its night-lights and bustle—as it does here on Saturdays—and of the noise of drunken husbands and wives, persisting in bringing a sense of misery into one's last home.

"On the other hand, the sociable man may sometimes be disposed to regard with complacency this kind of posthumous intercourse with the living. He may feel as if the dead were hardly the departed—as if they were still abiding among their friends and fellow-creatures, not displeased even to hear the noise and the bustle, or at least as if, in ceasing to hear our voices, they were still, so to speak, reposing in our arms. Morning, somehow, in this view of the case, would seem to be still theirs, though they chose to lie in bed; cheerful noon is with them, without their having any of the trouble of it. The names may be read on their tombstones as familiarly as they used to be on their doors; children play about their graves, unthinkingly, indeed, but joyously, and with as little thought of irreverence as butterflies; and the good fellow going home at night from his party, breathes a jovial instead of a mournful blessing on

their memories. Perhaps he knew them; perhaps he has been joining in one of their old favorite glees by Calcott or Spofforth, the former of whom was a Kensington man, and the latter of whom lies buried here, and is recorded at the church-door. And assuredly the dead Spofforth would find no fault with his living remembrancer.

"In quiet country-places there is, in fact, a sort of compromise in this instance between the two feelings of privacy and publicity, which we have often thought very pleasing. The dead in a small, sequestered village seem hardly removed from their own houses. The last home seems almost a portion of the first. The clergyman's house often has the church-yard as close to it as the garden; and when he goes into his grave, he seems but removed into another room—gone to bed, and to his sleep. He has not 'left;' he lies there with his family, still ready to waken with them all, on the heavenly morning.

"This, however, is a feeling upon the matter which we find it difficult to realize in a bustling town. We are there convinced, upon the whole, that, whether near to houses or away from them, the sense of quiet is requisite to the proper idea of the church-yard. The dead being actually severed from us, no longer visible, no longer having voices, all sights and sounds, but of the gentlest and quietest kind, seem to be impertinences towards them—not to belong to them. Quiet, being the thing furthest removed from cities, and what we imagine to pervade space, and the gulfs between the stars, is requisite to make us feel that we are standing on the threshold of heaven."

Some pages further on, there is a very beautiful passage on the practice of putting flowers on graves, with which we will favor the reader before concluding, and which will show him, along with the foregoing, how delightfully the author can blend reflection with his desultory narrative. Meanwhile, turning over the pages for some extractable anecdote which has an air of novelty as well as pleasantry, we light upon the following:

"Turning northward out of the high-road, between Lower and Upper Phillimore Place, is Hornton Street, at the further house in which, on the right hand, resided for some years Dr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the sprightliest of biblioma-

niacs. He was not a mere bibliomaniac. He really saw, though not very far, into the merit of the books which he read. He also made some big books of his own, which, though for the most part of little interest but to little antiquaries, contain passages amusing for their animal spirits and enjoyment. When the doctor visited libraries on the continent, he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gayety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting a set of old ones, the meeting was what he delighted to call a 'symposium'—that is to say, they drank as well as ate, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all, if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of works in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old book would have carried it hollow. It would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom—for though a reverend and a doctor, we can hardly think of him seriously—was a good-natured fellow, not very dignified in any respect; but he had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate sum of money was bequeathed him by Douce; and he said he thought he deserved it, from the 'respectful attention' he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking; yet he tells us, that being in company, when he was young, with an elderly gentleman, who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him, 'Not at all!' was the answer—"Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow."

"This same father was the real glory of Tom; for the reader must know that Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the 'Tom Bowling' of the famous sea-

'Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew.'

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of the

seamen; and an admirable fellow was Charles, and a fine fellow, in every respect, the brother thus fondly recorded by him. 'No more,' continues the song—for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

'No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.'

Dr. Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

"The doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him, which he considers equal to 'any romance of real life.' This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking in superlatives, and expressing amazement at every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of every-day occurrence, it may be worth repeating. A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. A retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow; paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses, 'Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?' and after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections, at Kensington Church, the doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable—the bridegroom was a collector of books, and the books were accompanied by a cellar full of Burgundy and Champagne."

In the chapter on Holland House, we have information respecting the original possessors of the mansion—the De Veres, the Riches, and the Foxes—not omitting, of course, what could be collected respecting Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and her son, who seems not to have been quite such a scape-grace as is commonly believed. Mr. Hunt, however, necessarily draws upon literary history for his facts relating to these latter person-

ages; and were we to repeat what he has set down, we should probably be telling our readers only what most of them already know. The following passage, having reference to later times, and to persons not so well known historically, may be more likely to recommend itself on the score of novelty. Rogers and Luttrell are well known to us all by name, and Leigh Hunt is likely to possess more particulars concerning them than are familiar to the generality. Let us, therefore, hear him tell an anecdote in which the two are pleasantly connected.

"The grounds at the back of the house are more extensive than might be supposed, and contain many fine old trees of various kinds, with spots of charming seclusion. The portion nearest the house presents an expanse of turf of the most luxurious description, with a most noble elm-tree upon it, and an alcove facing the west, in which there is a couplet that was put up by the late lord, in honor of Mr. Rogers, and a copy of verses by Mr. Luttrell, expressing his inability to emulate the poet. The couplet is as follows:

'Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
To me, those pleasures that he sang so well.'

Inscriptions challenge comments; brief ones, it is thought, ought in particular to be faultless; seats in summer-time, and loungings about on luxurious turfs (half an hour before dinner) beget the most exacting criticisms; and thus a nice question has arisen, whether the relative pronoun in this couplet ought to be *that* or *which*. Our first impression was in favor of *that*; but happening to repeat the lines next morning while in the act of walking, we involuntarily said *which*; upon which side of the question we are accordingly prepared to fight, with all the inveteracy of deserters from the other."

We seem now to have space only for that beautiful passage on adorning graves with flowers, which we promised to shew the reader, and which we passed over for the moment, lest we should quote too much at once in the didactic or reflective vein, for the taste of some who might prefer a few samples of the anecdotal portion of the book. Having consulted their entertainment to such extent as the foregoing, perhaps they will not mind being "edified" a little by our author's homily on the subject of graves and

flowers; for though pensive, it is not gloomy, but, like every thing he writes, illumined with the finest rays of cheerfulness. The reflections appear to have been occasioned by his noticing two graves in Kensington church-yard ornamented in the manner mentioned. After stating the names of the departed, with their ages and the dates of death, he proceeds as follows:

"We know not who the Charnleys were, but we notice them because their grave—the only one in the church-yard so distinguished—is adorned with flowers. A printed tablet requests people not to pluck the flowers; and the request appears to be attended to. Humankind are disposed to be reasonable and feeling, if reasonable appeal is made to them, and a chord in the heart is touched. The public cemeteries, which we have imitated from the French, appear to have brought back among us this inclination to put flowers on graves. The custom has prevailed more or less in almost all parts of the world, according as nations and religions have been kindly. . . . It does not follow that those who are slow to resume it must be unfeeling, any more than those who are quick to do so must of necessity be otherwise. A variety of thoughts on the subject of death itself may produce different impressions in this respect on different minds; but, generally speaking, evidence is in favor of the flowers. You are sure that those who put them think of the dead somehow. Whatever motives may be mixed up with it, the respectful attention solicited towards the departed is unequivocal; and this circumstance is pleasing to the living, and may benefit their dispositions. They think that their own memories may probably be cherished in like manner; and thoughtfulness is awakened in them towards living as well as dead. It is the peculiar privilege, too, of flowers to befit every place in which they appear, and to contribute to it its best associations. We had almost said, they are incapable of being put to unworthy use. The contradiction would look simply monstrous, and the flowers be pitied for the insult. . . . Besides being beautiful themselves, flowers are suggestive of every other kind of beauty—of gentleness, of youthfulness, of hope. They are evidences of nature's good-nature; proofs manifest that she means us well—that she loves to give us the beautiful in

addition to the useful. They neutralize bad with good; beautify good itself; make life livelier; human bloom more blooming; and anticipate the spring of Heaven over the winter of the grave. Their very frailty, and the shortness of their lives, please us, because of this their indestructible association with beauty; for while they make us regret our own like transitory existence, they soothe us with a consciousness, however dim, of our power to perceive beauty; therefore of our link with something divine and deathless, and of our right to hope that immortal thoughts will have immortal realization. And it is for all these reasons that flowers on graves are beautiful, and that we hope to see them prosper accordingly.

"But we have two more reasons for noticing the particular grave before us. One is, that when we saw it for the first time, a dog came nestling against it, as if with affection, taking up his bed—in which we left him—as though he had again settled himself beside a master; the other, that while again looking at the grave, and thinking how becomingly the flowers were attended to, being as fresh as when we saw them before, a voice behind us said gently: 'Those are my dear children.' It was the mother. She had seen us, perhaps, looking longer than was customary, and thus been induced to speak. We violate no delicacy in mentioning the circumstance. Records on tombstones are introducers of the living to the dead—makers of mortal acquaintances; and 'one touch of nature,' in making the 'whole world kin,' gives them the right of speaking like kindred to and of one another. We expressed to the good parent our pleasure at seeing the flowers so well kept, and for so long a time. She said they would be so as long as she lived.

"It is impossible not to respect and sympathize with feelings like these. We should say, nevertheless—and as questions of this kind are of general interest, we address the remark to all loving survivors—that although a lifelong observance of such attentions could do any thing but dishonor to living or dead, the discontinuance of it, after a certain lapse of time, could not of necessity be a reproach to either; for the practice concerns the feelings of the one still more than the memory of the other; and in cases where it might keep open the wounds of remembrance too long and too sorely, no loving persons, while

alive, could wish that their survivor should take such pains to hinder themselves from being relieved. It is natural for some time, often for too long a time, to associate with the idea of the departed the bodies in which they lived, and in which we loved them. Few of them can so spiritualize their new condition all at once, as to visit them in thought nowhere but in another world. We have been too much accustomed to them bodily in this. In fact they are still bodily with us—still in our world, if not on it; and for a time we must reconcile that thought to ourselves as well as we can—warm it with our tears, put it on an equality with us by means of our very sorrow, from which, whatsoever its other disadvantages, it is now exempt; give it earthly privileges of some kind, whether of flowers or other fondness.

"Nothing but urn-burial could help us better, could shorten the sense of the interval between one world and the other—between the corporeal and the spiritual condition; and to the practice of urn-burial, the nations must surely return. Population will render it unavoidable. But in the mean time we must gradually let our thoughts of the body decay, even as the body itself decays—must consent to part with it and become wholly spiritual, wholly sensible that its best affections were things of the mind and heart; and that as those, while in this world, could triumph over thoughts of death, so they are now ascertaining why they were enabled to do so in another.

"Let flowers, therefore, be put a while on graves, and contend with the idea of death. Let them contend with it, if we please, as long as we live, provided our own lives cannot, in the nature of things be long; in which case, we are in a manner making our own mortal bed with those of the departed, and preparing to sleep sweetly together till the great morning. But under other circumstances, let us learn to be content that the flowers die, and that our companions have gone away; for go we shall ourselves; and it is fit that we believe them gone into the only state in which they cannot perish."

From these extracts, and the slight remarks that accompany them, our readers will obtain some notion of the kind of entertainment they may find in the *Old Court Suburb*, and be enabled to judge for themselves whether the work be wor-

thy of their attention. If, however, they care for our opinion, we can assure them that we consider it a very pleasant book; that we have read it from beginning to end with a lively satisfaction, and no wea-

riiness; and that even in parts that were not new to us, we have been glad to be reminded, in the author's graceful manner, of things and circumstances whereof we were previously cognizant.

From Galignani's Messenger.

EUGENE SCRIBE, THE DRAMATIST.

EUGENE SCRIBE was born in Paris on the 25th December, 1791.

It is a point of honor with Scribe to re-model entirely the plays brought him. He effaces dialogue, and replaces it with his own; he invents new situations and changes plots. Thus if a piece is bad, he makes it good. But, sooth to say, he sometimes makes a good piece a bad one.

Literary work is a passion with him. He will re-commence a dramatic work three or four times, throwing in the fire the old manuscripts, and setting himself to labor on a new plan.

One day M. Dupin sent him a mediocre piece in two acts with two characters. Scribe altered and amended it; in fact, made it his own. Three weeks after, the play-bill announced the first representation. Scribe invited Dupin to dinner.

"*Mon cher*," said he, "let us hurry, for I shall take you to the theatre. I have a side box, where we shall not be perceived."

"Ah! ah! Michael and Christine, then, is yours, it appears?" asks his guest.

"It is mine."

"You wrote it alone?"

"No."

"Who was your co-mate?"

"Eat, my boy, you will find out by-and-by."

After dinner they went to the theatre. The piece commenced, and after the third scene, Dupin said to Scribe:

"It is delicious! This soldier's part,

this *role* of the young aubergiste is perfect!"

Other scenes passed on. Dupin's applauses redoubled, and Scribe said to him:

"Now do you divine my co-laborer?"

"*Ma foi*, no! Don't talk. I want to hear the piece. It is ravishing!"

"At your pleasure," said Scribe.

At the ninth scene Dupin said:

"*Diable!* this situation reminds me of the second act of our piece. Don't you think so?"

"We will remedy it," said Scribe.

"One is never sure of any thing at the theatre. Your co-laborer has got one of our ideas—unless you introduced it?"

"No, it's his."

"What's his name?"

"The act is nearly over: you'll soon know."

Some minutes after the curtain fell, amid myriads of plaudits, and in answer to calls for the author, the stage-manager announced that the authors of Michael and Christine were Scribe and Dupin.

"'Tis a bad father," said Scribe to Dupin, "who does not recognize his children."

"*Parbleu!*" said Dupin; "what if they are changed at nurse?"

Scribe has executed fifty *tours de force* as marvellous as that. Valeria, his *debut* drama at the Comedie Française, was originally in one act. He destined the *role* for Leontine Fay, the pet actress of the Gymnase. She fell sick. The author

altered his piece, added two acts, and lo! Valeria was metamorphosed into a three-act comedy.

They received it with acclamation, Mlle Mars enacting the *role* destined for Leontine.

Scribe is a beautiful poet, and his knowledge of stage effect is perfect. Scribe has composed something like two or three thousand verses more than Lamartine or Victor Hugo ever did. Operas, both serious and comic, offer an amusing study. Scribe has written a million rhymes for Cherubini, Meyerbeer, Boieldieu, Rossini, Herold, Auber and Carafa.

His hair has become grizzled in this strange labor, in which he tears to-day what he did the day before, to re-commence and destroy again to-morrow.

"Here," said Meyerbeer to him one day, giving him a libretto, "our subject demands a poem."

"Good," replied Scribe. "What rhythm do you want?"

"I wish eight-syllable verses."

Scribe set himself to work, and gave his composition to the maestro, who shortly afterwards sent it back, saying, "It won't do. Try ten-syllable verses."

Scribe re-modelled the piece ten successive times; when suddenly Meyerbeer remarked to him:

"Do you think that you have a good subject for your poem?"

"It's your subject, not mine."

"Ah! If it is so, you need do nothing more. We were deceived."

Another day, meeting Scribe on the Boulevard des Italiens, Meyerbeer hissed these words mysteriously in his ear:

"I had a magnificent idea last night."

"For our opera?"

"Yes, for our opera."

"Let us hear the idea."

"I want to bring all the characters together in the fourth act to have a *sestette*."

"But it is impossible," said Scribe; "the first three acts are ended. When you want such a situation, you must let me have the idea at the beginning."

"Doubtless. I agree with you. 'Tis an enormous labor to re-write it. But a *sestette*! think of it—a *sestette*!"

"Well, I will arrange it," said Scribe, groaning. He consecrated six weeks to re-touching it. Meyerbeer took the libretto, kept it three years, and said to his *collaborateur*: "All things considered, our

sestette will not do. I prefer a monologue."

A third time he set himself about re-modelling the piece. That day Scribe had serious thoughts of suicide.

All the other musicians have made him a victim of similar extravagances. Auber cut one of his strophes in a manner to make it unintelligible; Boieldieu inverted the order of his rhymes and sent parody to old Nick; Herold displaced the *cesura*, and Carafa put twenty feet into a hexameter!

We come to 1830, a fatal epoch for our writer. His rose-water comedy suddenly depreciated. The crowd fled from the Gymnase. M. Scribe had kept within bounds; he had forgotten the possibility of a headache.

Another literature than his own was the public's fancy. In vain he redoubled his efforts, and he resolved to put some strength into his bouquet of flowers.

The success of Valeria, and of the Marriage for Money, opened to him all the doors of the Theatre Francaise; he tried a new style. Mr. Fortoul, who at this time had traced his portrait, expresses himself in these words:

"He is laborious and honest; but, not having been laborious enough in the commencement of his career, he is perhaps too much so now. He is *spirituel* rather than fine; burlesque rather than comic; he devotes the dramatic art to resemblance of reality. He has no more originality than that of having dared to laugh at every thing at any cost."

In 1838, when Mlle Mars, already *passee*, wished to fill the young girls' parts, some secretaries said to M. Scribe:

"Ah! if we could only get her to play the *duennas*."

"Why not?" replied he. "I will wager that I make her accept one."

He set to work, and composed for Mlle Mars the *role* of a grandmother; but, in order to gild the pill, he put into the piece a young man, who, on the point of espousing a girl, falls in love with the grandmother. The comedy finished, he hastened to the celebrated actress, who found it charming.

"You understand," said Scribe, "what *role* I destine for you?"

"Certainly," replied Mlle Mars, "but who is to play the grandmother?"

Scribe could then say nothing; he carried his piece to the Gymnase, where it

was played by Leontine Fay, May 14, 1840, with a great success.

The day when he was installed in the seat left vacant by the death of M. Arnault, an academician, who had refused him his voice, dared to say, sufficiently loud to be understood:

"It is not an arm-chair we should give this gentleman; it is a banquet where we could seat his forty-eight co-laborers."

Another added:

"How long have we to receive brokers?"

M. Scribe was attacked on all sides at his reception. The press showed itself especially ill-natured.

If M. Scribe were a *litterateur*, if he had looked deeply into human nature, instead of stopping at the surface, he would be one of the greatest illustrations of the theatre; but he has sculptured wax, when he could sculpture brass; he has courted the present to the prejudice of the future, and the present which cannot give him glory, has given him only gold. He has two or three millions in his coffers. His receipts sometimes reach enormous sums. There have been years when he has been paid one hundred and twenty-four thousand francs. Some of his contemporaries and rivals charge him with penuriousness, but no impoverished brother poet ever applied to him without being liberally treated. Facts are related of him which would have honored Saint Vincent de St. Paul. One morning, very early, Saintine, eager to finish off a joint dramatic effort with him, went to his friend's house. He saw in the street a crowd of poor workmen in the neighborhood. He spoke to them, and learned that on the first of every month, since the depreciation of labor, Scribe gave them a little sum of money, which he promised to continue till their work re-commenced. This had lasted a long time, but Saintine, though intimate in the house, never knew it! Scribe has dispensed in this way more than five hundred thousand francs in charities, dowries and *cadeaux*. A lady of an uncertain age once brought him the manuscript of a vaudeville called "Quacks of Old."

"*Mon Dieu, madame!*" said Scribe, "I am loaded with labor; you run the risk of waiting a very long time."

"*N'importe,*" said she, "provided my turn will come. 'Tis all that I ask."

She left the manuscript in his hands, too happy at the hope. The next day

Scribe learned that the lady was in a deplorable situation, and very near starving. He quitted all his other work, took the manuscript of the *Quacks*, arranged, corrected the piece, took it to the Gymnase, and had it played, all in less than six weeks. Unhappily, it was not a success. The lady hastened to bring two other vaudevilles, from which she hoped to realize more silver than from the first. This fecundity of the *bas-bleu* became annoying. Therefore Scribe gave her twelve hundred francs a year—a pension for the privilege of playing her pieces. But he did not gain the expected quiet. His generosity exposed him to visits every two or three days, and there was a perfect deluge of manuscripts.

"Let us work, M. Scribe, let us work," said the lady. "Last month our receipts were larger than those of any one in the province."

Scribe was obliged to take a sudden trip into the country, to get rid of these victorious arguments.

Scribe's manner of working has been the same for many years. Nothing is changed, whatever happens. At five in the morning, both summer and winter, he commences work with his pupil. He remains at it till mid-day, dines, and then revises his labor. And so on next day, the routine being never interrupted.

A certain author, married to a rich girl, had many of his pieces represented by paying round sums to the manager. His wife, who thought all authors employed the same means, said one day, on glancing at the newspaper: "Three pieces of M. Scribe this week! What extravagance! He'll surely ruin himself!"

Scribe has himself arranged in alphabetic order a complete list of his dramas. Noticing one day that three letters were wanting in it, K, Y, and X, he hastened to write *Kiosque* for the Opera Comique, *Yelva* for the Gymnase, and *Xacarilla* for the Grand Opera. The alphabet has now, therefore, nothing to reproach him with.

He has written three hundred and forty-five pieces, or, in all, eight hundred and seventy-seven acts. He has also made some excursions into the territory of romance. Many of his novels have been published in the *Siecle*. This journal paid for Piquillo Alliaga the sum of twenty thousand crowns, with which Scribe bought a forest, which he joined to his

park at Serinecourt, under the name of the wood Piquillo. His country-seat is a terrestrial paradise. It has three rivers, one of which he calls Robert Le Diable, another the Huguenots, and a third the Jewess.

It is true that the fertile vaudevillist is a little short of subjects. The mine is somewhat exhausted, but he has another resource, to appreciate badly worked ideas of other authors, and to re-write them entirely.

"The White Rose! The White Rose!" said Crosnier, the director, to him one day—"is not that the title of a piece played last year at the Gaité?"

"Yes," said Scribe.

"Is it the same subject?"

"Precisely the same."

"The dence! the piece failed last year."

"Well, who cares, so it succeeds this?"

Crosnier decided to receive the libretto. The music was composed; the piece was played, and the White Rose succeeded.

Our hero sits in front on the first night of each of his pieces. When a piece fails he rubs his hands, saying: "It will be a success yet."

His reputation is enormous. To him are attributed all the pieces played in Paris. It is not rare to hear Tartuffe and Lucretia attributed to him. The highest personages have prayed him to write with them, and Louis Philippe once composed a vaudeville with him!

All honor to Eugene Scribe! for he is an honor to France.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN HISTORICAL MILKWOMAN.

"If my commendation be thought extravagant, qualify it, dear madam, with the reflection that it is bestowed on one who writes under complicated disadvantages; who is unacquainted with a single rule of grammar, and who has never seen a dictionary."—*Hannah More to Mrs. Montague.*

THE metropolis of the west had long been famous for its race of merchant-princes and the sons of genius nurtured within its walls. By the literary world it was still regarded with undiminished interest, as the birthplace of Chatterton, when a new aspirant to literary fame, still more lowly born, arose in the person of Anne Yearsley, whom her fellow-citizens delighted to call "the poet milkwoman of Bristol."

The class to which Anne Yearsley belonged were peculiar to the west country, and more especially to the city of Bristol. They inhabited the villages adjacent, and poured into that city from six to nine A.M., uttering, as they sped along, their still remembered cry of, "Hae any muilk," in the purest Doric of the Somerset and Gloucestershire dialect. Their costume

was peculiar. We see a clumsy representation of it in original editions of Isaac Walton. Pepys has left a word-sketch of a similar one, as worn by the gay maskers who frequented Tunbridge fair in his day. The milkwoman demanding her score in Hogarth's Distressed Poet, and she who aids the discord that drives his Enraged Musician mad, are thus attired. The gown, some gaudy chintz of the most pronounced pattern, low at the bosom, short in the sleeves, open in front, was constantly drawn up through the pocket-holes, to display a gay, quilted kirtle of crimson, the chief pride of its wearer. A neckerchief of orange silk clothed the bosom. The shoes had broad buckles, and wooden heels of unusual height. A cap of ample frill was surmounted by a very low-crowned gipsy-beaver, encircled by a coronal of

broad ribbon. On this very graceful head-gear, they balanced their snow-white wooden pail, hung round with glittering measures of all sizes, and brimful with the luscious fluid, fresh from the meadows, rich and yellow almost as the petals of the buttercup which floated on its surface. I never pass by one of those disgusting establishments called a London dairy, with its stalls of melancholy, imprisoned, dirty kine, and dirtier attendants, without involuntarily adverting to my west-country milkmaids.

It may readily be imagined that a city so ancient retained many traditional usages long neglected elsewhere. Accordingly, Gunpowder Treason was celebrated with almost its original fierce demonstration; and on the birth-festival of King Charles, Bristol, overhung by the spoils of adjacent oak groves, resembled a city in a wood. The sports of May-day were not forgotten. I remember in my boyhood, how, on the last day of April, young and old went out "a cowslipping" in the meadows, returning in groups at eventide, dusty and footsore. To be the bearer into town of the largest "cowslip stick," was considered a great triumph among the lads and lasses of Bristol. This often measured a yard in length—being a hazel-wand, slit in four, to hold the stalks, while the petals, smoothly ranged outwards, looked like a great golden staff. Part of the spoil was, on reaching home, quickly tied up into what the children called "tosties," or flower-balls; a part was reserved to deck the May-pole. By a custom ancient as the days of Queen Bess, the city inn-keepers lent to their milkmaids any amount of silver plate with which to celebrate the coming May. In no instance was this confidence abused. Indeed, the custom had grown into something like a privilege. The May-pole being erected on a sylvan spot of unrivalled beauty, well known to Bristolians as the Downs, these maskers, fantastically attired, and bearing aloft flowers, flagons, and tankards, mingled into one huge pyramid, proceeded thither with musicians, ere sunrise, to dance the morris. That over, they restored the borrowed plate, donned a soberer habit, and by eight o'clock were again pursuing their rustic vocation, with nicely-balanced pails, through the city's narrow streets.

Such was the costume and the calling

of our poetess, and of her mother, likewise a milkwoman, who had catered for the breakfast-tables of the Bristol lieges in the reign of Queen Anne. At the period of Anne Yearsley's introduction to literature, though only twenty-four years of age, she was already the mother of six children. Her maiden name has not survived; her husband occupied no higher position than that of farm-laborer; and one is at a loss to understand what could have influenced an intellect like hers to unite itself to a helpmate in all respects so uncongenial.

They resided in a cottage upon Clifton Hill, a romantic spot, commanding a prospect of vast extent over the hills and fertile valleys of Somerset. It seems to be an established law, to which there can be no exception, that prophets and poets are alike unhonored among those who know them best. Our milkwoman shared this common lot. "Her neighbors," writes one who at an early period interested himself in her fate, "did not esteem her in anywise different from themselves. 'She was,' said they, 'active and industrious; always busy with her cows.' Her mother, she herself told me, was a woman of sense, delighting in books, and hence originated her own passion for reading. On asking her how she managed to procure books, she replied: 'From her betters, who kindly lent them.' She has no manners of society—how should she? But when seated in the meadows at morn and evening milking, she warbles her wood-notes wild with a beauty and taste which cultivation might ripen into the powers of a siren."

Walton, too, had his milkmaid. Our readers will recall—though possibly the worthy citizen who writes thus did not—that one of the pleasantest passages in the old fisherman's delightful book is the expression of his admiration of her simple rustic song. "As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. 'Twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not attained to so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of things that will never be; but she cast away all care, and sang like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it."

Providence, however, had decreed that the stern realities of life should press heavily upon the poetess, and desolate her

home. Before proceeding further, let me observe, that the credit of having rescued this child of genius from obscurity and wretchedness belongs to one, the tenor of whose life illustrates the great axiom, that piety without works is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. On Hannah More's return from a visit to Mrs. Montague—a name familiar to all the readers of Shakspeare—her servants told her that a poor woman, who used to call daily for the kitchen refuse to feed her pig, was now, with her mother, husband, and children, slowly perishing for want; that they literally fed upon the refuse the swine did eat. The following day, she was shown a copy of verses, said to have been written by this very person. Mrs. More, although at first incredulous, hastened to discover the presumed author, from motives of benevolence. There was, besides, a "natural and strongly-expressed tone of misery in the verses, which seemed to fill the writer's mind," whoever it might prove to be. Her generous intentions were anticipated. A philanthropic merchant of the city, whose name is frequently mentioned in the poems, had already become acquainted with her distress. It is said that the scene he encountered in the milkwoman's home, though familiar to the pages of fiction, has, happily, not often been realized, even in the annals of the poor. Her cows, the main dependence of a large family, had gone to satisfy the landlord's claims; the cottage, denuded of its humble plenishing, scarcely afforded a bed; before a fireless hearth sat the famished, dispirited husband; scattered around were six children crying and clamorous for bread; in one corner, on a heap of dirty straw, lay the aged grandmother, bedridden; while at the opposite side, struggling in the throes of childbirth, was she who bore the relation of daughter, wife, and mother to all these wretched beings. It is almost needless to say that succor came promptly and liberally; to one alone it came too late. The grandmother, overcome with joy at knowing that relief was secured, sank back and died.

This sad catastrophe seems to have ever dwelt in the poetess's recollection, and tinges with melancholy most of her subsequent compositions. In a poem addressed to Hannah More, under the name of Stella, she twice revives the circumstances of her parent's death.

"Like the poor beetle creep my hours away;
The journey closed, I shoot the gulf unknown,
To find a home, perhaps—a long-lost mother.
How does fond thought hang on her much-loved name,
And tear each fibre of my bursting heart.
O dear supporter of my infant mind,
Whose nobler precept bade my soul aspire
To more than tinsel joy! the filial tear
Shall drop for thee, when pleasure loudest calls.
The dark sky loomed, and the storms of life
Rose high with wildest roar; no voice was heard,
But horror's dismal train affrights our souls.
For see, from the dark caverns of the deep
Their grisly forms arise; the crown of Death
Shone horribly resplendent. See! they seize
A trembling, fainting, unresisting form,
Which hourly met their grasp; ah! spare her yet.
See, from the shore V—— waves his friendly hand;
He's born to bless, and we may yet be happy:
Quick let me clasp her to my panting heart,
And bear her swiftly o'er the beating wave.
In vain, in vain; some greater power annerves
My feeble arm; inexorable Death,
Why wilt thou tear her from me? Oh! she dies.
Though V——'s dear name had lent a feeble glow
To her pale cheek—she owns him, and expires.
Tremendous stroke! this is thy pastime, Fate;
If shrinking atoms thus thy vengeance feel,
What the grand stroke of final dissolution?"*

Again:

"O nature! shriek no more;
I have no answer for thy thrilling voice;
Go, melt the soul less frozen in her powers,
And bid her weep o'er miseries not her own;
Hold up the fainting babe who sighs its wants,
So mutely incoherent; mark the head
Which age and woe bend tremulous to earth;
Whose lamp, now quivering in its socket, calls
In haste for aid, ne'er finds it, and goes out."

Pleased with her simple character, and the absence of all affectation and pretense—"for," remarks the lady, "she neither attempted to raise my compassion by her distress, nor my admiration by her parts"—Mrs. More became warmly interested in the poor milkwoman's fate. She found her, as we may reasonably suppose, to have been an insatiable reader, and "was surprised at the justness of her taste, a faculty least expected to exist. In truth," continues Mrs. More, "her remarks on the books she has read are so accurate, and so consonant to the opinions of the best critics, that from that very circum-

* *Night*, p. 6.

stance, they would appear trite and commonplace in any one familiar with the habits of society; for without having ever conversed with any one above her own level, she seems to possess the general principles of sound taste and just thinking. She never received any education, except that her brother taught her to write; had read the *Night Thoughts* and *Paradise Lost*, but was astonished to learn that Young and Milton were authors of anything else. Of Pope, she had seen the *Eloisa* only; and Dryden, Spenser, Thomson, and Prior, to her were quite unknown, even by name. She knew a few of Shakspeare's plays, and spoke of a translation of the *Georgics* with the warmest poetic rapture. On her benefactress expressing surprise at some classical allusions in one of her poems, she said she had taken them from little ordinary prints that hung in a shop-window! Reader, imagine this untutored rustic, as she wends her homeward way, loitering at every print-stall, and drawing inspiration from the few tawdry productions which may be presumed to have comprised the art-collections of a provincial town in the year 1784!

The "wondrous tale of the milkwoman," to quote the language of one of her admirers, circulated rapidly through the literary coteries of the metropolis. Horace Walpole criticised her verses, and wrote complimentary notes, to which she replied by a poem on his *Castle of Otranto*. Beyond a single subscription to her poems, he never did any thing more. But Walpole was equally a literary trifler and a trifler with literary men—very desirous to be thought the friend of genius, while, cold and heartless, he denied that material aid without which patronage was worth nothing. Other distinguished persons of that period were more considerate. Mr. Weller Pepys remitted her a handsome sum, in a letter thanking Hannah More for the pleasure he had derived from the perusal of Anne Yearsley's manuscript. The following passage, which paints a mind conscious of extraordinary powers, vainly struggling to surmount the barrier of ignorance with which it is "cabined, cribbed, confined," seemed to him a novel and very interesting intellectual phenomenon:

"Oft, as I trod my native wilds alone,
Strong gusts of thought would rise, but rise
to die;

The portals of the swelling soul ne'er oped
By liberal converse, rude ideas strove
A while for vent, but found it not, and died.
Thus rust the mind's best powers. Yon starry
orbs,

Majestic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,
Eye-wasting lawns, and heaven-attempting hills,
Which bound th' horizon and which curb the
view—

All those, with beauteous imagery, awaked
My ravished soul to ecstasy untaught—
To all the transports the rapt sense can bear;
But all expired, for want of powers to speak—
All perished in the mind as soon as born,
Erased more quick than ciphers on the shore,
O'er which the cruel waves unheeding roll."*

Other acts of munificent kindness followed fast. The Duchess of Beaufort sent for her to Stoke; her Grace of Rutland, to Belvoir Castle; Lady Spencer and the Honorable Mrs. Montague, to Bath; the Bishop of Salisbury, to his episcopal palace. "The noble and munificent Duchess of Portland," writes Hannah More, "has sent me a £20 bank-note." Anne, therefore, promised soon to be the richest poetess—certainly the richest milkwoman—in Great Britain.

It has too often been the just reproach of genius, that its possessors are clogged with a more than ordinary amount of human infirmity. Hers seems to have been an indomitable pride. Like her fellow-townsmen and brother poet—

"The sleepless soul that perished in its pride"—

she was influenced by an almost insane impatience under obligation; and whilst mother, husband, offspring, were slowly perishing from hunger, she struggled to defeat the kind intentions of her friends. During the dreary winter of 1783, and the famine which succeeded it—still recorded among the traditions of the west—Mrs. Palmer of Bristol, one of those good Samaritans whose vocation is charity, offered her assistance. At once she shifted her residence to evade her. "When she does call upon me," says that kind lady, "I can't persuade her to tell me where she lodges, nor induce her to eat, her pride is so great, although at the time there is famine in her looks, and I know she is near perishing." This spirit seems to have rather elevated her in Mrs. Palmer's estimation than otherwise; for she styled it a "noble fierté," and liked her

* To Mrs. Montague, p. 104.

milkwoman never the worse. The reader of Chatterton's life will here recall how, only two days before poverty drove him to self-murder, his worthy landlady, Mrs. Angel, almost with tears in her eyes, begged him to share her frugal dinner, knowing that he had not eaten for more than two days. But his proud and graceless spirit took offense; he assured her he was not hungry, and seemed indignant at her supposing he could be in distress.

She now began to express a very great amount of indignation that her new friends should still continue to speak of her as the Bristol milkwoman. She had long provided for herself a more classic distinction:

"The swain neglects his nymph, yet knows not why;
The nymph, indifferent, mourns the freezing sky;
Alike insensible to soft desire,
She asks no warmth—but from the kitchen-fire;
Love seeks a milder zone; half-sunk in snow,
LACTILLA, shivering, tends her favorite cow."^{*}

Again:

"Such rapture filled LACTILLA's vacant soul,
When the bright Moralist,† in softness drest,
Opens all the glories of the mental world,
Deigns to direct the infant thought, to prune
The budding sentiment, uprear the stalk
Of feeble fancy, bid idea live,
Woo the abstracted spirit from its cares,
And gently guide her to the scenes of peace.
Mine was that balm, and mine the grateful heart,
Which breathes its thanks in rough but timid strains."

From a kindred degree of sensitiveness, she shrank from being represented by her friends as an object of pity, and mourns that their donations were not exclusively bestowed from personal regard, and as a tribute to her intellectual superiority:

"My soul's ambitious, and its utmost stretch
Would be to own a friend—but that's denied.
Now, at this bold avowal, gaze, ye eyes,
Which kindly melted at my woe-fraught tale;
Start back, Benevolence, and shun the charge;
Soft-bending Pity, fly the sullen phrase,
Ungrateful as it seems. My abject fate
Excites the willing hand of Charity,
The momentary sigh, the pitying tear,
And instantaneous act of bounty bland,

To misery so kind; yet not to you,
Bounty or Charity, or Mercy mild,
The pensive thought applies fair Friendship's name—
That name which never yet could dare exist
But in equality."^{*}

An attempt was made to secure some permanent provision for Anne Yearsley's family, by publishing her early poems. The generous zeal with which Hannah More's large circle of friends seconded her intentions, soon produced a very large subscription, which includes many of those most illustrious for rank or talent of that day. It contained above a thousand names, and the money thus collected was placed in the Funds, under the joint names of More and Montague. But this arrangement, so judicious, proved most distasteful to its object, who had hoped the whole would be unconditionally surrendered to her use. It is scarcely to be credited, that a person who had previously shown a decided unwillingness to accept pecuniary obligation, should all at once become possessed by the demon of avarice. Perhaps the vulgar greed of her family connections, who ignorantly beheld in that sum an inexhaustible mine of wealth, worried her into a manifestation of flagrant ingratitude, which justly alienated all her generous friends. I really regret to record, that she wrote or delivered the most unworthy messages and insinuations to one who had been her chief friend. "The open and notorious ingratitude of the Milkwoman," observes Hannah More, "shocks me. There is hardly a species of slander the poor creature does not propagate. I am described as secretly jealous of her poetic talents, and as intending to defraud her children of the money subscribed after her death; and all this because in my preface to her book, I allude to her as an object of charity, called her Milkwoman, and placed the money at interest, instead of allowing her to waste it. I confess my weakness; it goes to my heart: not for my own sake, but for that of our common nature. So much for my inward feelings. As to resentment," says this Christian philanthropist, "I am trying to get a place for her husband, and to make up the sum I have raised—£500. *Fate bene per soi* is a beautiful maxim."

Mrs. Montague's rejoinder was characteristic and amusing enough; more espe-

^{*} *Clifton Hill*, a poem. Jan. 1785; p. 108.

† Hannah More.

^{*} Poems, p. 84.

cially as she had at first been completely carried away by a generous enthusiasm, expressing the utmost anxiety that this noble creature should be rescued from unmerited obscurity. But a change came o'er the spirit of her dream. She now rejoices to think they shall soon be free from any connection with the Milkwoman; and has the same opinion about favors to the ungrateful-minded as the common people have about witches, that bestowing a gift upon such wretches gives them a power over you for evil. But for all this, she avows her intention never to be deterred from giving to distressed persons of talent, as long as she had any thing to give.

Unwilling to confront those whose kindness she is represented to have so ill repaid, Anne Yearsley now withdrew to Melksham, in Wiltshire. She published a second edition of her poems about 1787; in the preface to which, says M. Lefebvre Cauchy, she rebuts the accusation of ingratitude, "avec la vivacité d'un bon cœur, et l'énergie d'un poète offensé." Many of her fellow-citizens deemed otherwise, and looked upon the apology but as a reiteration of previous calumnies. Shortly after, there appeared a drama, entitled *Earl Godwin*, which was represented on the Bristol stage with considerable ap-

plause. The gallant M. de Cauchy regards this production as a sort of dramatic phenomenon, "une double singularité;" seeing, he observes, it is "tragédie sans amour!"—"a tragedy without a love-scene—written in imitation of Shakespeare, by a peasant woman of the humblest class." He calls her *La Laitière*, a prettier sound than her own—*Lactilla*—and which, doubtless, was balm of Gilead to poor Anne's too sensitive feelings: even more so his "Miss Anna"—had he not, in a line or two previous, recorded her being married, and the mother of seven children. Mrs. Yearsley published also "The Royal Captives," a romance of very considerable merit, which, as the introduction informs us, was discovered—à la Chatterton—in an old oak chest. Verily, our literary predecessors had the queerest fancies anent the gullibility of their readers. Some verses on the slave-trade, and a small collection called "The Rustic Lyre," complete the sum of her literary labors. She died at Melksham, Wilts, in 1806, and her death gave rise to the following jeu d'esprit, not exactly in the very best taste:

"Anne Yearsley tasted the Castalian stream,
And skimmed its surface as she skimmed her cream;
But struck at last by fate's unerring blow,
All that remains of Anne is—'Milk below!'"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GUSTAVE PLANCHE, THE FRENCH CRITIC.

CARRIES, by courtesy and conventionally so called, swarm in buzzing legions on the face of the earth. But a critic of M. Planche's weight and figure is a *rarissima avis in terris*. It is practically an abuse of the parts of speech to put him in the same category with them. The generic title covers him and them, distinct as they are in species, much as the term University-man includes alike the double-first and the πολλοι, or as the immortality of the *Æneid* extends to fortisque Gyas fortisque

Cloanthus as well as to pious Æneas, or as the histrionic profession numbers not only the genius who enacts *Hamlet*, but the twin walking-sticks who play *Rosencrantz* and *Guilденstern*. We do not claim for M. Planche the very highest place in the critical guild, or the next to it, or the next but one, and are far from accepting, on faith, his own estimate of himself, implicit or explicit (and, sooth to say, if implicit in form, it is explicit enough in spirit: if he blows his own trumpet, he

does it with no uncertain sound); but at least he is one who brings method, philosophy, and science to bear on his critical studies; he is no desultory dawdler, no shallow dogmatist; he is not one of those who give judgment on the spur of the moment, by instinct; who vent oracular deliverances, by intuition; and who spare us, as well they may (in fact, as needs they must), their reasons. M. Planche has his reasons for his verdicts, and gives them; he has premises for his conclusions, and propounds them. If he begs to differ from a received opinion, it is always with an *et voici pourquoi*. If he prefers Victor Hugo's "Feuilles d'Automne" to his "Orientales," he lets us know the reason why—prefacing the statement of it with a *voici pourquoi*, and appending a *voilà pourquoi* when the statement is on the record. And what he practises himself, he expects from others; as where, reviewing M. Villemain's Preface to the new French Dictionary, and taking exception to the writer's depreciation of the style of the encyclopedists, when compared with their Augustan forerunners, he observes: "I have no wish to twit him with this peculiarity of taste; he is, of course, at liberty to prefer the austere, chastest epoch in our literature. But he owed it to himself, he owed it to the Academy, to explain his reasons for this preference," &c. M. Planche has bitterly denounced the want of frank and loyal critics, and the "scandalous prostitution" of his craft, to purposes of sordid hire; to the no-meanings of slipshod indifference, elegantly apathetic, broaching all questions, solving none; to reckless cleverness, scattering fine things hap-hazard; and to stiff-starched pedantry, far-seeing only into the far back, purblind to the present, stark blind to the future. But there is a criticism, and with it M. Planche casts in his lot, which is "severe, watchful, impartial, recognizing no other law than conscience, no other end than truth." Of this order of criticism he would be, and in many respects is, a Representative Man, worthy of all acceptance.

M. Alfred Michiels* has laid stress on the coolly-conducted plagiarisms of M. Planche, especially his *quasi*-approbation of Sir Walter Scott's critical biogra-

phy of Fielding. A reviewer in one of our (now defunct, one and all) Foreign Quarterlies, while calling this a "very impudent reproduction," and while allowing that M. Planche's literary essays contain some barefaced picking and stealing from others, and not a few errors all his own, affirms that all these drawbacks may be admitted to the utmost, and yet not affect M. Planche's reputation as "the most penetrating and redoubtable critic of the day." His great merit, it is urged, consists in the certainty of his glance—in seeing at once the difference between what the author under his review *intended* and what he has really accomplished.* Hence he is said to have been for many years the terror of the poets—"and justly, for with a keen glance he saw through all their sophistical pretenses, and detected the latent falseness of the ideas which glittering verses or paradoxical systems had served to conceal." If he saw from the first the "astonishing genius" of Madame Dudevant, so did he "the false, mechanical, paradoxical talent"† of Victor Hugo. The latter has had to bear a deal of rough usage at his hands. M. Planche ridicules the excess of costume and upholstery lore in *Notre-Dame*, to the exclusion of living men and women: "it is plain the author would much more readily put up with the cathedral without deacon or ringer, than with deacon or ringer without the cathedral." Quasimodo and Claude Frollo are mere points baptized with the names of men: jewels and apparel are the chief, nay the only actors in this book. Certain ballads of the same author are said to mark, in M. Hugo's career, a lamentable transit from incomplete thought to abolition of all thought whatsoever. In the "Orientales," he "says all that he wishes, but it should be added that he has nothing to say." "I can understand," says M. Planche again, "why M. Hugo admires and applauds himself in the *Orientales*; for his object was to strike us blind, and that object is attained." Eugène Scribe is another of the critic's black sheep, at whose expense he is severe and satirical *à discrétion*.

* "This is the touchstone of criticism. The poet deceives himself, and then deceives his readers by a dexterous or pompous exhibition of his aim. The word is taken for the deed; tinsel holds the place of gold; and, since both glitter alike, the public needs the real connoisseur to warn it of the counterfeit."—*British and Foreign Review*, vol. xvi.

† *Ibid.*

* "Histoire des Idées Littéraires en France au XIX^e siècle" (1842).

tion—making merry, especially, at the dramatist's reception at the Academy, for which occasion he happily "found time to pen his discourse between a cavatina and a trio"—while M. Villemain is flouted for his part in the scene, in answering the discourse of the new member; the historian being characterized as one who cannot take, but is active at following, the lead—constituting himself the tribune of a successful cause, or of a cause within an ace of success—careful not to compromise himself in behalf of adventurers, but proclaiming in clear and sonorous tones the triumph of ideas which *are* triumphant. "Ten years ago," it is objected (we may call it thirty years ago now), "M. Villemain would only have offered M. Scribe contempt or cold respect; to-day, the breach being already opened and stormed, M. Villemain mounts courageously to the assault." Chateaubriand found no dazzled votary in M. Planche. M. de Chateaubriand, says he, peer, ambassador, and minister of state, had persuaded his readers that he was a great statesman, who wrote poetry at snatches of leisure; and the multitude was astounded at this universality of genius: on the other hand, M. de Chateaubriand, author of the "Genius of Christianity," the "Martyrs," and the "Itinerary," had persuaded the legislators of the Luxembourg, the ambassadors of Europe, and the sovereigns of the Restoration, that he was, above all, and before all else, a master of poetry and eloquence, and that, by the beauty of his speeches, he swayed the Chambers and the diplomatic corps. Thus the statesman and the author aggrandized each the other, people being forbidden to think of them apart; but in effect, when once separately scrutinized, the statesman and the author dwindle to far less marvellous proportions. We then find in M. de Chateaubriand nothing beyond a reader of fine discourses, a writer of a high class, but one whose name will long outlive his works. Of the "Genius of Christianity," M. Planche remarks, that had there been a Madame du Deffand, or one of her quality, among the women of the Consulate, this book would have been characterized more severely than the *Esprit des Lois*: "it might have been called without injustice *les Agréments de la Religion Chrétienne*"—for, in truth, he adds, neither history, nor philosophy, nor art, regarded in its various aspects, is fairly dwelt with

in the "Genius of Christianity," which is really a book written for lounging woman-kind, and for young gentlemen who devote their time to gaming, fencing, and riding; while for earnest minds who read for other purposes than mere diversion, it is a barren repast, a flavorless kind of fruit, a sapless plant, just so much light dust, valueless in itself, but gleaming and gilded, and so engaging the eye that admires all that glitters though it be not gold. Delavigne is rallied on the cautious adjustment of his plays to the timidity of public taste or classical tradition; Dumas, on assailing it without first appraising the worth of the monument he set about destroying—preoccupied by Shakspeare and Schiller, and rashly undertaking war against the ideal, that is to say, against poetry itself; Eugène Sue, on the hash he made of history and romance in his historical romance of "Latréaumont"—of which the critic declares himself forced to speak with severity, "because the way in which the author speaks of himself and his writings does away with every thought of indulgence." The day has been when the rising talent of the great nation shook in its *souliers* (if it had them; if not, perhaps in its *sabots*) at the name and fame of that terrible Gustavus Planche.

In analysing poem, play, or romance, he shows the hand of a master. He leaves to others the practice of that kind of analysis which consists in a mere abridgment, a dry though minute abstract of the plot and purpose. Thus, in a notice of Delavigne's *Don Juan d'Autriche*, he prefaces his analysis of the "characters" of the piece by a warning to his readers that he is not going to *résumer* the story of it; "for it is my belief," he says, "that neither literature nor the public is ever a gainer by *procès-verbaux*." If there be readers who expect from their journal a dramatic bill of fare of the current play, just as gourmands do the programme of a feast, before they give the signal to their curiosity or their appetite, he bows out such readers, as gentry to whom criticism has nothing to say, and for whom he neither has written, writes, nor will write. As instances of the power, the delicacy, the often subtle psychological art, which distinguish his analysis of fictitious character, may be mentioned his study of Manon Lescaut, who, whatever the extent of her errors, "never fails to soften our indignation by her tender and inge-

nuous ways;" of the Chevalier Desgrieux, in the same tale, who, the better to enjoy the present, shuts his ears to the menaces of the future, and who *will* not doubt, because to doubt were at once the doom of his happiness; of George Bussy, in Jules Sandeau's *Marianna*, too true an exponent of the too true doctrine that "love is assuredly the most cruel and selfish of all the passions;" and, indeed, of nearly all the characters in the same careful novelist's writings, most of which exhibit the same ingenious though latent alliance of philosophy and poetry, the same skill in drawing forth action from thought, and embodying in the actors the ideas engendered by reflection. Similar examples may be seen in M. Planche's review of Sainte Beuve's *Volupté* and anatomy of the heart of Amaury, its unheroic hero; in his scrutiny of the love and lovers in George Sand's *Lélia*—the sensitive, heart-shattered Sténio, who resolves on slaying the soul within him that he may forget what he has failed to reach unto, the heaven above him—Trenmor, gifted with powers of genius and will sufficient to realize the grandest thoughts, the most colossal enterprises, but selecting the gamester's career, as a perpetual challenge cast in the teeth of destiny—Magnus, a weak and halting nature, capable of self-denial and enthusiasm, but credulous, superstitious, forsaking the world that the world may not be his ruin—Pulchérie, flesh and blood symbol of sensuous pleasure, raised to its topmost height—and *Lélia* herself, type of that skepticism of the heart which comes of duped affection. Equally subtle and discriminative is our critic's analysis of the hearts that beat, and bound, and are so disquieted in vain, in the same epicene author's *Jacques*—including Fernande, who accounts "change" in love a word void of sense, and to whom fidelity is a law of destiny, irresistible, a necessity of the heart—and Octave, whose course of love has been a series of transports and humiliations—and Sylvia, who cannot love, because she has had dreams of a love beyond the possible—and Jacques, who has served a long apprenticeship to suffering and resignation, and though disappointed in his hopes of true love and constant faith, has not forsworn love itself, but watches with calm and steady gaze the blood that trickles from his wounds—who holds that duty is action, and that the highest wisdom, the loftiest dignity, is

devotedness extended to its utmost limits. While the English reader, however, cannot but admire the searching and sympathetic quality of M. Planche's exegesis, as displayed in studies of this description, he will miss the moral tone of exception, warning, protest, which he looks for in a systematic commentary on the novels of that

—"large-brained woman and large-hearted man,
Self-styled George Sand — whose soul, amid the
lions

Of her tumultuous senses, moans defiance,
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can."*

The English reader in question will, in fact, generally speaking, prefer M. Planche in such moods as that in which, for example, he points out a capital distinction between Sophocles and Shakspeare—the distinction between what is simple and what is complex. He shows, with great ability, how far the characters of Shakspeare are from being, like those of Sophocles, restricted to the expression of one single passion exclusively; how, in the short space of some two thousand verses, they undergo and interpret an infinite series of doubts and contradictions, and are swayed by thoughts and passions the most diversified, without ever ceasing to be their very selves—metamorphosed and multiplied, but retaining their individuality throughout. This complexity M. Planche reckons the main feature in Shakspeare's dramas. If it were no more than a capricious variety, a reckless aggregate of unexplained doubts and aimless passions, this complexity would not challenge admiration as well as astonishment, as at present it does; in that case, astonishment would master admiration, or rather put it to silence. But the fact is, as the critic goes on to show, that all the seeming inconsistencies in character, as portrayed by the genius of Shakspeare, are made infallibly to centre in the most harmonious unity. The man of the first act is not exactly the same as he of the second; sometimes the third act discovers in him unmistakable symptoms of an unexpected change of character; nevertheless, of these three men, not one, upon any occasion, or under whatever aspect he may appear, involves a contradiction to the one he succeeds in the action of the piece. Never is the new face worn by the character begotten by the poet's ge-

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

nus a virtual negation of the old. "Unity in variety, variety in unity, such is the twofold point of view from which Shakspeare's creation is to be regarded. Whether he treats of English or of Roman history; whether engaged in depicting Henry VIII. or Coriolanus, Richard III. or Julius Cæsar, he is unceasingly one and many. He rejects no item of the accidents of human life which can serve to fill up the portrait of his hero; he disdains none of the homely details, the trivial fond records of biography; but he is careful always to subject these accidents and details to the main lines traced by his all-puissant will. Even when he borrows the theme of his comic or tragic inventions from the Italian novelists of the sixteenth century—from Giral-di, or Bandello—he still holds himself bound in allegiance to this imperious law of construction. He claims, and exercises largely, the right of modifying, extending, interpreting the narratives of the Italian *conteurs*. As soon as he has determined the number and the nature of the episodes he will introduce, he coördinates and marshals them into order with inflexible logic. For he is aware that the creatures of mere fancy, born and bred, are just as amenable to the laws which regulate the faculties of man, as the personages of history." And what M. Planche says to this effect, of Shakspeare's *dramatis personæ*, he applies with equal emphasis to the fables in which those *personæ* play their part. "The dramatic programmes of this man, so profoundly wise in his very boldest singularities, so far-seeing and so self-assured in his most impetuous whims, have the same complexity as his heroes. But it were quite to misconceive and misrepresent the skillful construction of these dramas to seek for, and see, in them an exclusive design to excite the curiosity and enchain the attention by the rapid succession of incidents. Tested by a pitiless dialectic, there is not a single one among these thousand incidents which fails, in the poet's hands, to become a thing of use if not of necessity. He multiplies his means, without ever annulling them; and it is precisely in this that Shakspeare's prodigious skill consists." "He lets his eye sweep over an immense tract of country, but without forgetting the lines of the landscape on which he has already gazed. If, then, he happens to add to his dramatic machinery a wheel which to you seems purposeless, be sure that he will soon undeceive you. The

machine you regarded as complete, would have been incapable, without that addition, of producing the effects contemplated by the maker. It was all it need be to realize your previsions; but, to realize those of the poet, there was wanting that increment of power which he has just imparted to it. Unquestionably he once and again forsakes the high-road, and, ere his goal is reached, takes numerous windings and detours; but every one of these digressions, far from being a childish diversion, really prepares the mind of the audience for a better comprehension of the *dénouement* itself." And so with Shakspeare's dialogue; if it is without explicit unity, M. Planche asserts its implicit unity. What language, he asks, can suit complex characters but a complex language? Objections to the poet's conceits, and pedantries, and puns, and coarse pleasantries, and heavy-laden euphuisms, he dismisses with the remark that, properly speaking, all these threads of glazed silk and common wool have but a slight connection with the substance of the stuff, and that it is not in these *hors-d'œuvre* we should study Shakspeare's art of dialogue. Under this perishable bark there flourishes an amaranthine tree; below this opaque mass there lies a diamond of limpid light; beneath the poet of the sixteenth century, there is a poet of all time. And the language of this poet, which belongs to all generations, though in nothing it recalls the language of Greek tragedy, is, nevertheless, not a whit less powerful, or less logical. It is not cast in the same mould, but it is of an equally pure metal, and expresses with no inferior happiness the energy of the soldier and the majesty of the prince.*

It is from no partiality in favor of Shakspeare's fatherland that M. Planche says these civil things of the poet. On the contrary, he seldom misses an opportunity for saying things not too civil of us and our ways. The great poet himself, it appears, barbarian as he was, is not barbarian enough for us unlicked cubs of civilization. "The French," says M. Planche, and quite credibly, "are not generally aware that Shakspeare is nowhere less esteemed, nowhere less admired than in his own country." The upper classes in England, he assures his readers

* See, *passim*, the essay "De l'Etat du Théâtre en France."

(this was in 1837, however), "prefer Sheridan Knowles to Shakspeare." The English aristocracy might crowd together, at Wellington's installation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to hear some fragments of Shakspeare translated into Greek iambs; "but at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, 'Othello' and 'Macbeth' appear rarely on the bills"—(what can M. Planche think of our two "patent theatres" now?)—"the middle-class dramas of Sheridan Knowles take precedence of 'Richard III.' and 'King Lear.'" "Selfish egoism now sways Shakspeare's native country." England is upbraided, too, with her neglect of the remains of Lord Byron—with "ingratitude towards the only poet she can place beside Shakspeare and Milton." Elsewhere, M. Planche connects mention of the "melodious sounds of the Italian language," the "sonorous and haughty speech of Spain," and the "guttural accents of Germany," with the "hissing idiom of that immense counting-house which styles itself Great Britain." Ireland is one "deep, bleeding wound, the mere sight of which is enough to repress the pride of the English aristocracy." "London is *triste*, beyond a doubt, even in its wealthiest suburbs, even in its boasted parks; but the gloom of the place is not so much in the bricks of the houses, as in the attitude and demeanor of the inhabitants." England at large is said to personify industry; but her whole conduct, it seems, from the time of Sir Walter Raleigh's earliest voyages, refers to mercantile speculations, and she "signs and tears up treaties only to enlarge her workshops, and drive a brisk export trade in coal and iron." But in this time of *entente cordiale* it is hardly seasonable to rake up old bits of stones of stumbling and rocks of offence, even though M. Planche does reproduce them in the new editions of his critical miscellanies.

In nearly all his reviews he is a punctilious inspector of style. His principle with regard to style is, that it must, to have any positive value at all, be the direct product of the writer's thought; that whenever, in fact, it proceeds not from this single and sovereign source, it is wanting in force and life, and interprets but incompletely the ideas and sentiments of which the discourse is composed, and is incapable of conveying either evidence to the mind or emotion to the heart. He insists the more upon the importance of

style, from his persuasion that the question is one which contemporary critics had treated with indifference, if not utter neglect. Hence, in his *Portraits Littéraires*, he dwells with interest on the style of l'Abbé Prévost, which, "with all the unquestionable faults which disfigure it, is full of attraction and power—spontaneous, overflowing, like the thought itself of the author;"*—on that of Jules Sandeau, "generally pure, chastened, transparent," expressing *nettement* the writer's meaning, so that the idea is always visible beneath the image, the words obeying the thought, and never wresting it from its shape and purpose—analogy, "that supreme law of style," being constantly respected in the imagery employed;—on that of Sainte Beuve, "pure and graceful," the form of whose romance (*Vohupté*) admits every variety and shade of style, from the familiar to the lyrical, from the simple and nude to the epical and picturesque—though the romancer may have disregarded the law which presides, or should preside over, the succession of these varieties and shades—the law, namely, of sobriety, of moderation, of tasteful self-restraint;—on that of Ponsard, whose style is pronounced the best thing about his *Agnes de Méranie*, it being free and fluent, though deficient in unity;† on that of

* "Prévost seldom knows beforehand what use he shall make of the thought that occurs to him; he treats language as he does thought, with a want of foresight which might pass for indolence, were it not that every page proves that the author gives the best expression he can to the idea he has not taken time to select. We are certainly far enough from recommending improvisation as a literary method, for improvisation, taken *per se*, amounts to a negation of serious art; but we are constrained to own that Prévost, for once in his life, found improvisation of wonderful service to him. The style of *Manon Lescaut*, in spite of its incorrectness, is invariably natural, perfectly clear. It is living, lively, rich in imagery, broadcast with felicitous illustrations, never spoilt by rhetorical artifice. It is born together with the thought, which it follows throughout with exemplary fidelity; like it, unequal and irregular, it never suffers the attention to relax."—*Portraits Littéraires*. ("L'Abbé Prévost.")

† "There are, in M. Ponsard's style, three elements not easily to be reconciled: a periphrastic tone, a familiar tone, and a tone betwixt and between these two, which I am at a loss to define. By the first, periphrasis, he should belong to the school of the Empire . . . ; by the second, or familiar tone, he would approximate to Corneille, and sometimes, as I own with pleasure, he is not without *grandeur*. As to the intermediate tone, I am really at a loss what to call it; it is something which is neither periphrasis, nor familiarity, and very hard to describe—an almost perpetual monotone, destitute

Lamartine, who, in his earlier poems, was little solicitous about imposing a definite form on his ebullient thoughts, but trusted to his "inspiration," and rarely "cross-examined" the first word that occurred—being persuaded that there is for every sentiment some one fated word that reflection would never discover, and that reflection cannot improve or correct—and accustomed to regard style as a crystallization, all the motions of which are subject to unseen laws, so that any intervention of the critical faculty is to be mistrusted, as hazarding the order of this crystallizing arrangement. The style of Casimir Delavigne, in his *Louis XI.* (now familiar to English play-goers in Mr. Dion Boureicault's version), is censured as something marvellous and unheard-of, a sort of acrobatic versification, wherein the Alexandrine, between two rhymes not always too "sisterly," executes, *sans balancier*, the most diversified steps and evolutions.* The style of George Sand's earlier tales is commended as picturesque, abundant, ingenious in resources, adapted for utterances the most varied, simple, yet bold, and making good progress in precision and purity: "The style of *Jacques* is like a lamp of alabaster, the light within being made visible without; whereas the popular style of the day, encrusted with glittering stones, reflects the rays that come upon it from without, but as for a flame within, that it would not let you discover, if it had any." Of Guizot's style it is remarked, that although Montesquieu, in the *Espirit des Loix*, has shown how place may be found for the greatest beauties of style as well in political philosophy as in the tableau of the passions, M. Guizot, after having substituted logic for history,† forgot to impart to his logic such a style as might have given something of interest and life to the exposition of his ideas. The Guizot school

of composition, in this respect, gives occasion to our critic to observe, that, among *savants*, the same as among the multitude, there is a deeply-rooted prejudice, in favor of which it is held that science may dispense with style, and which even goes so far as to proclaim the danger of style in science. This prejudice he assails, as resting on an inaccurate and incomplete notion of what style really is. It is evident, he allows, that the style proper to romance or ode is not suited to geometry or physiology. But it is reasonable to seek for, and it is possible to find, a beautiful style for the expression of physiological and geometrical truths. If there are mathematicians and naturalists who declaim when they ought to demonstrate, that is a misfortune for which style is not responsible; a misfortune, too, that would not happen if all mathematicians and naturalists had a true respect for style.

M. Planche's remarks on the manner of the old writers are always clever and interesting. As where he shows how, from Froissart to Montaigne, his native tongue faithfully reflects the passions and opinions of his native country. Thus, in the chronicler of the fourteenth century, the expression is picturesque, animated, capricious, irregular, warlike: the syntax that governs its evolutions resembling the tactics employed in governing the troops of the Black Prince—being, that is to say, lavish of means, prodigal, improvident, and averse from choosing the nearest road. The language of Philippe de Comines, again, is more sober in respect of imagery, more careful of its resources, more skilfully managed; but then its prudence not unfrequently merges in mere cowardice. "It too often denies itself the tumultuous sympathy which, in Froissart, overflowed in glowing and thronging waves; it suppresses the drapery, nor does it ever attain to the exact design of the form. It is a language that smacks of trade and the counting-house, fit for colporteur, spy, or usurer, often ambiguous in its very precision. It has lost its epic vigor; it has forsaken the battle-field for the privy council of Louis XI.; it is no longer chivalric, but dittish." With Montaigne, the French language assumes another guise; it is imbued with Græcisms and Latinisms, but with such skill and address, that it has the brightness of steel without losing the pliancy it had gained

of literary value, without precision or clearness, and wearying the attention without ever moving the heart or exalting the thoughts. By the union, or rather juxtaposition, of these three elements, M. Ponsard has composed a style which, though certainly not absolutely original, yet occasionally charms the ear, and is capable of producing illusive effects on inexperienced minds."—*Ibid.* ("Ponsard.")

* "The poet has silk and velvet for all the ideas he brings forward. In *Louis XI.* periphrasis reigns supreme, corpses and bloodshed are ennobled," etc.—*Ibid.* ("Casimir Delavigne.")

† In the *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

under the hammer in coming out of the furnace. In Hellenising, it still remained Gallic. It knows right well whither it is wending, but is none the less ready to take a devious route. At once naïve and sententious, it brings together imagination and reason with wonderful harmony; it has both the inspirations of poetry and the illuminations of philosophy. It gives itself up to the portrayal of human sentiment, as though emotion were its one sole theme; yet when the time comes to knit together in close-bound sheaf all the scattered ears of fruitful thought, it is equal to this new task: it is as rich for the artist as it is clear for the thinker. However, the syntax of Montaigne, suffice as it might for the capricious reflection of the *Essais*, undergoes a marked transformation at the hands of Pascal. The diction takes a severer and more exact outline. The combination of words aims at something more than the mere expression of the general or particular, abstract or concrete idea—it aims at conciseness. Syntax, from the lips of Pascal, proclaims a sumptuary law, and banishes from the language all effeminate coquetry; allows itself no other elegance than the severe; gathers up the sweeping train of rhetoric, and forbids to language any trespass beyond the pale of thought. This implacable austerity is softened and subdued in the *Esprit des Loix* and the *Essai sur les Mœurs*; for though the diction of Montesquieu and Voltaire is as well wrought as that of Pascal, it is more lightly armed, and often wears coat of mail instead of cuirass. In this manner M. Planche traces the variations of the French language, and shows how, in the course of five centuries, it has steadily and sensibly progressed in clearness and pliability—becoming more limpid, more transparent, in each new phase of its existence.

Unsparring, therefore, are his strictures on those contemporaries whose style threatens a relapse or decline in this progressive development. On Eugène Sue, for example, who "seems" to treat the language with absolute contempt, overleaping all the laws of style *à pied joints*,* and the "unexampled" sallies and somersaults of Delavigne; and the grammatical solecisms that bristle in Lamartine's *Jocelyn*—where sometimes *pleurs* are femi-

nine, sometimes the indicative alternates with the imperfect tense, at three lines' distance, and the singular number replaces the plural, to accommodate the rhythm, and neuter verbs are transfigured into verbs transitive, as occasion may require. M. Planche's own style ought to be something rich and rare, for self-vindication against angry and very numerous retorts; and on examination it will be found to have a power, scientific arrangement, and artistic finish, which warrant its master's right to sit in judgment upon others.

His criticisms on works of Art eloquently enforce the canon, that painting and sculpture, in the hands of eminent masters, have always been an interpretation, never a literal copy of the model. Take these arts, he says, at the most splendid epochs of their history, and you will never find them separated from interpretation, that is to say, from the ideal. Form and color, as employed in representing the human model, are made to—not literally reproduce, but—render it intelligible, now by exaggerating, now by effacing certain particulars. If literal fidelity to nature is the *dernier mot* of human art, then are Phidias and Raffaele far below the figures of Curtius. If the genius of the artist is in exact proportion to the illusion produced, then is colored wax, clothed in serge, very superior to the metopes of the Pantheon, and the frescoes of the Vatican. Honestly to affirm that nature, servilely copied, is the highest expression of art in painting, sculpture, and poetry, is, M. Planche contends, to convict oneself of having never had a glimpse of, much less made a study of, the laws of imagination, whether in the domain of conscience, or in that of the works of art which all men of culture, with one consent, declare beautiful. To support the doctrine of realism in art, is, he asserts, to misapprehend the very cause of that admiration which works of beauty produce; it is to remain blind to the beautiful; it is to proclaim one's utter incompetence in the entire province of æsthetics. True, a careful study of the real is indispensable to him who would "invent" something in marble, on canvas, or in the language of poetry; but this study, however complete, is only a means to, not a guarantee of, invention. Imagination, as M. Planche defines it, is neither mere vision nor recollection; it is something of both these, but also something more than both; it is to perceive that

* In "Atar Gull."

which never has been, that which yet might be; it is to gaze, face to face, on the idea desoried with lively faith; it is to believe as sincerely, for some moments, in the heavenly apparition, as in the world which surrounds us. His æsthetical essays are, in short, rich in arguments for the doctrine maintained, as Sir Bulwer Lytton remarks,* by every true critic in art, from Aristotle and Pliny, from Winkelman and Vasari, to Reynolds and Fuseli,

that Nature is not to be copied, but exalted; that the loftiest order of art, selecting only the loftiest combinations, is the perpetual struggle of Humanity to approach the gods.* We have no space to particularize, however; and must refer the uninitiated to the copious writings of M. Planche in this department, for only

So this green writer may pretend, at least.
To whet your stomachs for a better feast.†

From the Eclectic Review.

†FUR HUNTING IN OREGON.

THE author of this work is entitled to respectful hearing. His volumes, unlike many which our prolific press sends forth, have something to tell. There is an honest purpose in them. A veritable narrative is given, and the intelligent reader will rise from their perusal with information which it is difficult to obtain, and with strong confidence both in the integrity and in the intelligence of the author. For forty-four years Mr. Ross resided in the Indian territories of North America. The first fifteen of these years were spent in Columbia, the extreme point of the "Far West;" the remaining twenty-nine have been passed in the Red River settlement, "a spot more effectually cut off from the rest of the world than any other colony of the empire." During the earlier period of his career he was actively engaged in commerce; first, in connection with the Pacific Fur Company; then with the "North West;" and lastly with the Hudson's Bay Company. Having published in 1849 his adventures, in connection with the first of

those companies, he is now encouraged to attempt a more extended narrative, which, with all the interest of its predecessor, has attractions of its own not frequently equalled. "His aim has been to exhibit realities; to relate facts as they occurred; to impart to others at their quiet firesides the interest of a wild and adventurous life, without its toils, privations, and dangers, and to adhere always to the simple truth. As, then, these volumes range over a wider expanse of Indian territory than the former, so do they introduce new features of Indian life and manners. Regions unvisited and now only partially explored, are portrayed as they appeared to

* "The great painter," says Sir Edward, "like the great author, embodies what is possible to man, it is true, but what is not common to mankind. There is truth in Hamlet, in Macbeth and his witches, in Demona, in Othello, in Prospero, and in Caliban; there is truth in the cartoons of Raffaele; there is truth in the Apollo, the Antinous and the Laocoön. But you do not meet the originals of the words, the cartoons, or the marble, in Oxford street or St. James's." Again: "The idea is not inborn; it has come from an intense study. But that study has been of the ideal that can be raised from the positive and the actual into grandeur and beauty." He adds, that the common-place public scarcely understand the idealizing principle, even in art. "For high art is an acquired taste."

† Dryden's Prologues.

* "Zanoni."

† *The Fur Hunters of the Far West; a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains.* By ALEXANDER ROSS. In Two Volumes. Post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

the first civilized intruder in the wilderness."

Mr. Ross's commercial engagements were those of the fur trade, which brought him into frequent contact with the Indians; exposed him to many perilous adventures, and has pre-eminently qualified him to describe the occupations and habits of the wilderness. It is no *dilettante* record with which we are here furnished. The work performed by our author was rough and perilous. It involved the sacrifice of many lives, and was frequently attended with much hardship. The narrative given partakes of this character. It is a clear, unvarnished, business-like statement, the deep interest of which arises from the facts reported, and not from the artistic skill of the narrator. Not that there is any deficiency in the latter quality, but that the author is too fully occupied with the history he records to be much concerned about the mode in which he presents it. The great interest of the work is derived from the peculiar phase under which human life is seen. We have been wearied with the *common-places* of modern travel. The eternal round of the same unmeaning sentimentalisms has become perfectly disgusting. The mere sight of such volumes is sickening. We turn from them with distaste, assured that the intellectual region they unfold—if such, indeed, it may be termed—is a dead level, without one point of interest, or any capability of exercising a healthful mental influence. Mr. Ross's volumes differ from all this. They introduce us to another world; paint men and women in a somewhat different color from that in which they are ordinarily seen. They disclose in part, at least, the secrets of the wilderness, and whilst they correct many of our previous notions, they add considerably to the domains of knowledge.

The Oregon territory is little known to Englishmen. It lies at the extreme west of North America, between Canada and California, and was a matter of dispute between Great Britain and the United States a few years since. That dispute, however, was happily settled by the Conventions of 1839 and 1846. At the time to which these volumes relate, few white men inhabited this district. The solitariness of the forest was scarcely disturbed, and vast numbers of beavers rewarded the labors and the toils of adventurers. This state of things, however, is passing away. The Indians, formerly so numerous and

dreaded, are disappearing. The fur trade has almost perished, and the plough is rapidly extending the domains of civilization. "Churches," says Mr. Ross, "are already rising upon villages, schools are multiplying, the hymn of peace has taken the place of the wild song of the savage; and soon all traces of the past will be in the memorials which the pen has preserved."

Some of our readers may possibly regret this change. ~~We cannot say we do.~~ That there has been much misery and many crimes involved in it, we do not doubt; over these we mourn, but the general result is favorable to human virtue and happiness. Nor can we conceal from ourselves the fact that the Indian of these volumes is a vastly different being from the Indian of the novelist and the poet. He has some noble qualities which, apart, may render him an object of special interest; but there are others which, as seen in real life, awaken emotions of a vastly different order. But it is time that we turn to the volumes themselves. The following brief extract will inform our readers of one kind of danger to which our author was exposed:

"I slept but little during the night: my mind was too occupied to enjoy repose, so we got up and started at an early hour. Our journey to-day was through a delightful country of hill and dale, wood and plains. Late in the afternoon, however, we were disturbed and greatly agitated, by a fearful and continuous noise in the air, loud as thunder, but with no intervals. Not a breath of wind ruffled the air; but towards the south-west, from whence the noise came, the whole atmosphere was darkened, black, and heavy. Our progress was arrested; we stood and listened in anxious suspense for nearly half an hour, the noise still increasing, and coming, as it were, nearer and nearer to us. If I could compare it to anything, it would be to the rush of a heavy body of water, falling from a height; but when it came opposite to where we stood, in a moment we beheld the woods before it bending down like grass before the scythe! It was the wind, accompanied with a torrent of rain—a perfect hurricane, such as I had never witnessed before. It reminded me at once of those terrible visitations of the kind peculiar to tropical climates. Sometimes a slight tornado or storm of the kind has been experienced on the Oregon, but not often. The crash of falling trees, and the dark, heavy cloud, like a volume of condensed smoke, concealed from us at the time the extent of its destructive effects. We remained motionless until the storm was over. It lasted an hour; and although it was scarcely a quarter of a mile from us, all we felt of it was a few heavy drops of rain, as cold as ice, with scarcely any wind: but the rolling cloud passed on, carrying destruction be-

Beginning of story

from the reader's view

fore it, as far as the eye could follow. In a short time we perceived the havoc it had made by the avenue it left behind. It had levelled every thing in its way to the dust: the very grass was beaten down to the earth for nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth.

"The Indian that I had along with me was so amazed and thunderstruck with superstition and fear at what he had seen, that his whole frame became paralysed: he trembled and sighed to get back. He refused to accompany me any further; and all I could either say or do could not turn him from his purpose. At last, seeing all mild endeavors fail, I had recourse to threats; I told him I would tie him to a tree and proceed alone. At last he consented, and we advanced to the verge of the storm-fallen timber, and encamped for the night."—Vol. i. pp. 48, 49.

Notwithstanding, however, this consent, Mr. Ross placed no reliance on his Indian companion. Seeing the reluctance with which he prosecuted the journey, and being apprehensive of his escape, "I endeavored," he says, "to watch his motions as closely as possible during the night; yet, in spite of all my watchfulness, he managed to give me the slip, and in the morning I found myself alone! I looked about in all directions for him, but to no purpose; the fellow had taken to his heels and deserted."

Another enemy shortly appeared. The principal chief of the Oakanagan Indians came to Mr. Ross, with a serious countenance, informing him that strange wolves, as large as buffaloes, were coming up the river, killing everything in their way; and so fierce as to set at defiance all the measures that could be arrayed against them. On the third day after this communication, the wolves made their appearance, and killed five horses during the night.

"On discovering in the morning the havoc the unwelcome visitors had made, I got a dozen steel traps set in the form of a circle round the carcass of one of the dead horses; then removing the others, and keeping a strict guard on the live stock, we waited with anxiety for the morning. Taking a man with me, and our rifles, we set out to visit the traps; on reaching the spot, we found four of them occupied. One of them held a large white wolf by the fore leg, a foot equally large was gnawed off and left in another, the third held a fox, and the fourth trap had disappeared altogether. The prisoner held by the leg was still alive, and certainly, as the chief said, a more ferocious animal I never saw. It had marked and cut the trap in many places; it had gnawed and almost consumed a block of oak, which held fast the chain, and in its fruitless efforts had twisted several links of the chain itself. From the moment we

approached it, all its efforts were directed towards us. For some time we stood witnessing its manœuvres, but it never once turned round to fly from us; on the contrary, now and then it sprang forward to get at us, with its mouth wide open, teeth all broken, and its head covered with blood. The foot which the trap held was gnawed, the bone broken, and nothing holding it but the sinews. Its appearance kept us at a respectful distance, and although we stood with our guns cocked, we did not consider ourselves too safe, for something might have given way, and if so we should have regretted our curiosity; so we fired two shots and put an end to its sufferings. Its weight was a hundred and twenty-seven pounds; and the skin, which I gave to the chief, was considered a valuable relic. Leaving the chief in a joyful humor, the man and myself followed the faint traces of the lost trap which occasionally appeared upon the crust of the snow. Having proceeded for some miles, we at length discovered the wolf with the trap at his heels, making the best of his way over a rugged and broken surface of rocks, ravines, hills, and dales; sometimes going north, sometimes south, in zig-zag courses, to suit his escape and deceive us; he scampered along at a good trot, keeping generally about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. We had not been long in the pursuit, however, before the man I had with me, in his anxiety to advance, fell and hurt himself, and had to return home; I, however, continued the pursuit with great eagerness for more than six hours, until I got a shot. It proved effectual. Had any one else done it I should have praised him; for at the distance of one hundred and twelve yards, when nothing but the head of the wolf appeared, my faithful and trusty rifle arrested his career and put an end to the chase, after nearly a whole day's anxious pursuit.

"Some idea of the animal's strength may be conveyed to our readers from the fact, that it dragged a trap and chain, weighing eight pounds and a half, by one of its claws, a distance of twenty-five miles, without appearing the least fatigued."—Ib. pp. 63-65.

It appears that there were three wolves of unusual size in this pack, but these were accompanied by numerous smaller ones. Two of the larger wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and the mode in which the attack is conducted is singularly ingenious and amusing.

"If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatted on their hind quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a slyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of

the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous: both wolves spring at their victim the same instant, one to the throat, the other to the flank, and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before, then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless: the victory is won. At this signal, the lookers-on close in at a gallop, but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance, until their superiors are gorged, then they take their turn unmolested. The wolves, however, do not always kill to eat; like wasteful hunters, they often kill for the pleasure of killing, and leave the carcasses untouched. The helplessness of the horse when attacked by wolves is not more singular than its timidity and want of action when in danger by fire.”—*Ib.* pp. 66, 67.

On one occasion, a party of trappers was forbidden by the Indians to hunt in the Wallamitte, and a larger party having subsequently been dispatched to pacify the natives, a serious encounter took place, in which three of the Indians were killed and one of the hunters was severely wounded. The commercial operations of the traders were seriously checked by these occurrences. Those in command were earnestly desirous of remedying the mischief; and for this purpose a strong party was placed under Mr. Ross's charge. Of the singularly characteristic negotiations which took place, the following account is given:

“This half-diplomatic, half-military embassy, consisting of forty-five armed men, left Fort George in three boats, and reached the Wallamitte falls on the third day. It was there the Indians had assembled to resist any attempt of the hunters to ascend the Wallamitte. There we found them encamped on the left or west bank. We took up our position, with two field-pieces to guard our camp, on the east or right hand side, which is low, rocky, and somewhat uneven. Both parties were opposite to each other, with the river between them. Early the next morning, we set the negotiation on foot, and made several attempts, but in vain, to bring the Indians to a parley. I went to their camp; we offered them to smoke, and held out the hand of friendship in every possible way we could; but to no purpose. They refused holding any communication with us;

but continued to sing their war-songs, and danced their war-dance. We, however, were not to be discouraged by any demonstrations on their part.

“Patience and forbearance do much on these occasions. It is the best policy to be observed with Indians; indeed with all the natives of Columbia. Peace being our object, peace we were determined to obtain. We therefore quietly waited to see what time would bring about.

“The first day passed without our effecting anything, and so did the second; friendly offers were constantly held out to them, but as constantly rejected. On the third day, however, the chiefs and warriors crossed over to our side, and stood in a group at some distance from our camp. I knew what was meant by this; so I took a flag in my hand, and went alone to meet them. Just as I had reached the party, the whole Indian camp burst into a loud and clamorous scene of mourning. That moment, the chiefs and warriors, forming a ring, squatted down, and concealing their faces with their garments, remained silent and motionless for about the space of half an hour. During all this time I had to stand patiently and await the result. Not a word was uttered on either side; but as soon as the lamentations ceased in the camp, the great men, uncovering their faces, stood upon their feet. I then offered the pipe of peace, according to Indian custom; but a significant shake of the head from the principal chiefs was the only reply,

“After a momentary pause, the chief, turning to me, exclaimed in his own language: ‘What do the whites want?’ Rather nettled at his refusing the pipe, I answered, ‘Peace—peace is what we want;’ and in saying so, I presented him with my flag. ‘Here,’ said I; ‘the great chief of the whites sends you that as a token of his love.’ A moment or two passed in silence; a whisper went round; the peace-offering was accepted, and in return, the chief took a pipe, painted and ornamented with feathers, and laid it down before me. This was a favorable sign. On such occasions, the calumet of peace is always an emblem of friendship. They were gratified with the toy; it pleased them. The chief asked to smoke. I then handed him the pipe he had but a little before refused, and some tobacco, and they sat down and commenced smoking; for that is the introductory step to all important affairs, and no business can be entered upon with these people before the ceremony of smoking is over.”—*Ib.* pp. 103-106.

A rude treaty was subsequently agreed on, and it is due to the uncivilized man to state that Mr. Ross asserts “that the Indians faithfully and zealously observed their parts of the treaty for many years afterwards.”

The following sketch of an Indian banquet will not be uninteresting to our readers. We need say nothing of its want of refinement; this is sufficiently obvious. It evidently forms one of the first links in that extended chain which binds

in a common brotherhood the lower and the higher types of humanity. Compared with the European, a North-American Indian is a savage; but compared with the Australian aborigines he is far advanced in mental culture:—

"On the score of cheer, we will here gratify the curiosity of our readers with a brief description of one of their entertainments, called an Indian feast. The first thing that attracts the attention of a stranger, on being invited to a feast in these parts, is, to see seven or eight bustling squaws running to and fro with pieces of greasy bark, skins of animals, and old mats, to furnish the banqueting lodge, as receptacles for the delicate viands: at the door of the lodge is placed, on such occasions, a sturdy savage with a club in his hand, to keep the dogs at bay, while the preparations are going on.

"The banqueting hall is always of a size suitable to the occasion, large and roomy. A fire occupies the centre, round which, in circular order, are laid the eatables. The guests form a close ring round the whole. Every one approaches with a grave and solemn step. The party being all assembled, the reader may picture to himself our friend seated among the nobles of the place, his bark platter between his legs, filled top-heavy with the most delicious *mélange* of bear's grease, dog's flesh, wappatoes, obellics, amutes, and a profusion of other viands, roots and berries. Round the festive board, placed on *terra firma*, all the nabobs of the place are squatted down in a circle, each helping himself out of his platter with his fingers, observing every now and then to sleek down the hair by way of wiping the hands. Only one knife is used, and that is handed round from one to another in quick motion. Behind the banqueting circle sit, in anxious expectation, groups of the canine tribe, yawning, howling, and growling; these can only be kept in the roar by a stout cudgel, which each of the guests keeps by him, for the purpose of self-defence; yet it not unfrequently happens that some one of the more daring cars gets out of patience, breaks through the front rank, and carries off his booty; but when a trespass of this kind is committed, the unfortunate offender is well belabored in his retreat, for the cudgels come down upon him with a terrible vengeance. The poor dog, however, has his revenge in turn, for the squabble and brawl that ensues disturbs all the dormant fleas of the domicile. This troop of black assailants jump about in all directions, so that a guest, by helping himself to the good things before him, keeping the dogs at bay behind him, and defending himself from the black squadrons that surround him, pays, perhaps, dearer for his entertainment at the Columbian Cascades than a foreign ambassador does in a London hotel!"—*ib.* pp. 112, 113.

The Indians are fickle and wayward as children. Several instances of this are recorded, to which we can only allude in

passing. On one occasion, Mr. Ross missed a small terrier, which, on escaping from captivity, scampered towards its master's tent, and was followed by two Indians with their guns. The latter attempted to shoot the dog, but for the former very naturally interposed on behalf of his little pet. A child of one of the Indians had been scratched by the dog, and the consequences of the rupture threatened to be serious. A slight concession, however, averted the danger. Putting the camp in a posture of defence, the leader of the traders and Mr. Ross went to the Indians. "We gave the scratched bantling," he says, "a small present; invited the chiefs to our camp to smoke, gave them a little tobacco, and parted once more the best friends in the world: and all this did not take us two hours' time, nor cost us five shillings." Mr. Ross may well remark, "that the Indian is, in some respects, a mere child, irritated by and pleased with a trifle. Instead, however, of being treated with the forbearance due to childhood, every possible advantage is taken of his simplicity, and the worst passions are frequently indulged at his cost. The Iroquois Indians were employed in the service of the traders and evinced unhappily the worst vices of both classes. They were the frequent cause of dispute, and were always ready to indulge their native ferocity to the utmost.

One of their number having been killed in a quarrel, which themselves had stimulated, a considerable party, under charge of Mr. Ogden, was dispatched from Fort George to punish the murderers, and to settle the affair. On approaching the Indian encampment, he earnestly counselled the Iroquois to be very guarded in their demeanor, but they arrived unhappily at the tents of their enemies prior to Mr. Ogden; "and instead of waiting for orders, or ascertaining whether those they had found were or were not the guilty persons, the moment they got within gunshot of the Indians, they fired on all they saw." Twelve persons were thus killed, and even after Mr. Ogden's arrival, and notwithstanding his utmost efforts to stay the slaughter, another was shot. To crown the whole, the Iroquois scalped three of their victims, and on returning to Fort George, exhibited these sanguinary trophies on poles, and danced with them in the square.

A still more atrocious instance is record-

ed by our author in a subsequent work. No doubt there were provocations, but the men who could enact the following, partook rather of the nature of demons than of human beings. Any thing more disgustingly cruel we never met with :

"As soon as our people had got over the second ravine, they took a sweep, wheeled about, and met the Indians in the teeth ; then dismounting, the battle began, without a word being spoken on either side. As soon as the firing commenced, the Indians began their frantic gestures, and whooped and yelled with the view of intimidating ; they fought like demons, one fellow all the time waving a scalp on the end of a pole ; nor did they yield an inch of ground till more than twenty of them lay dead ; at last, they threw down their guns, and held up their hands as a signal of peace. By this time our people had lost three men, and not thinking they had yet taken ample vengeance for their death, they made a rush on the Indians, killed the fellow who held the pole, and carried off the scalp and the five horses. The Indians then made a simultaneous dash on one side, and got into a small copse of wood, leaving their dead on the spot where they fell. Our people supposed that they had first laid down their arms and next taken to the bush because they were short of ammunition, as many of the shots latterly were but mere puffs. Unfortunately for the Indians, the scalp taken proved to be none other than poor Anderson's, and this double proof of their guilt so enraged our people, that to the bush they followed them.

"M'Donald sent to the camp for buck-shot, and then poured volleys into the bush among them, from a distance of some twenty or thirty yards, till they had expended fifty-six pounds weight ; the Indians all this time only firing a single shot now and then, when the folly and imprudence of our people led them too near ; but they seldom missed their mark, and here three more of the whites fell. At this part of the conflict two of our own people, an Iroquois and a Canadian, got into a high dispute which was the bravest man ; when the former challenged the latter to go with him into the bush and scalp a Piegan. The Canadian accepted the challenge ; taking each other by one hand, with a scalping knife in the other, savage like, they entered the bush, and advanced until they were within four or five feet of a Piegan, when the Iroquois said, 'I will scalp this one, go you and scalp another ;' but just as the Iroquois was in the act of stretching out his hand to lay hold of his victim, the Piegan shot him through the head, and so bespattered the Canadian with his brains that he was almost blind ; the latter, however, got back again to his comrades but deferred taking the scalp.

"M'Donald and his men being fatigued with firing, thought of another and more effectual plan of destroying the Piegans. It blew a strong gale of wind at the time, so they set fire to the bush of dry and decayed wood ; it burnt with the rapidity of straw, and the devouring element laid the whole bushes in ashes in a very short time. When

it was first proposed, the question arose who should go and fire the bush, at the muzzle of the Piegan's guns. 'The oldest man in the camp,' said M'Donald ; 'and I'll guard him.' The lot fell upon Bastony, a superannuated hunter on the wrong side of seventy ; the poor and wrinkled old man took the torch in his hand and advanced, trembling every step with the fear of instant death before him ; while M'Donald and some others walked at his heels with their guns cocked. The bush was fired, the party returned, and volleys of buck-shot were again poured into the bush to aid the fire in the work of destruction.

"About one hundred yards from the burning bush, was another much larger bush, and while the fire was consuming the one, our people advanced and stationed themselves at the end of the other, to intercept any of the Piegans who might attempt the doubtful alternative of saving themselves by taking refuge in it. To ensure success, our people left open the passage from the one bush to the other, while they themselves stood in two rows, one upon each side, with their guns cocked ; suddenly the half roasted Piegans, after uttering a scream of despair, burst through the flames and made a last and expiring effort to gain the other bush ; then our people poured in upon each side of them a fatal volley of ball and buck-shot, which almost finished what the flames had spared. Yet, notwithstanding all these sanguinary precautions, a remnant escaped by getting into the bush. The wounded victims who fell under the last volley, the Iroquois dealt with in their own way—with the knife."—Vol. ii. pp. 56-59.

But we turn to more pleasing topics. The principal occupation of the white man in this distant territory is trapping the beaver, and the mode adopted in this pursuit is thus briefly described :

"A safe and secure spot, near wood and water, is first selected for the camp. Here the chief of the party resides with the property. It is often exposed to danger of sudden attack, in the absence of the trappers, and requires a vigilant eye to guard against the lurking savages. The camp is called head-quarters. From hence all the trappers, some on foot, some on horseback, according to the distance they have to go, start every morning, in small parties, in all directions, ranging the distance of some twenty miles around. Six traps is the allowance for each hunter ; but to guard against wear and tear, the complement is more frequently ten. These he sets every night, and visits them again in the morning ; sometimes oftener, according to distance, or other circumstances. The beaver taken in the traps are always conveyed to the camp, skinned, stretched, dried, folded up with the hair inside, laid by, and the flesh used for food. No sooner, therefore, has a hunter visited his traps, set them again, and looked out for some other place, than he returns to the camp, to feast, and enjoy the pleasures of an idle day.

"There is, however, much anxiety and danger

in going through the ordinary routine of a trapper's duty. For as the enemy is generally lurking about among the rocks and hiding-places, watching an opportunity, the hunter has to keep a constant look-out; and the gun is often in one hand, while the trap is in the other. But when several are together, which is often the case in suspicious places, one-half set the traps, and the other half keep guard over them. Yet, notwithstanding all their precautions, some of them fall victims to Indian treachery.

"The camp remains stationary while two-thirds of the trappers find beaver in the vicinity; but whenever the beaver becomes scarce, the camp is removed to some more favorable spot. In this manner, the party keeps moving from place to place during the whole season of hunting. Whenever serious danger is apprehended, all the trappers make for the camp. Were we, however, to calculate according to numbers, the prospects from such an expedition would be truly dazzling: say, seventy-five men, with each six traps, to be successfully employed during five months; that is, two in the spring, and three in the fall, equal to 131 working days, the result would be 58,950 beaver! Practically, however, the case is very different. The apprehension of danger, at all times, is so great, that three-fourths of their time is lost in the necessary steps taken for their own safety. There is also another serious drawback unavoidably accompanying every large party. The beaver is a timid animal; the least noise, therefore, made about its haunt will keep it from coming out for nights together; and noise is unavoidable when the party is large. But when the party is small, the hunter has a chance of being more or less successful. Indeed, were the nature of the ground such as to admit of the trappers moving about in safety, at all times, and alone, six men, with six traps each, would, in the same space of time, and at the same rate, kill as many beavers—say 4716—as the whole seventy-five could be expected to do! And yet the evil is without a remedy; for no small party can exist in these parts. Hence the reason why beavers are so numerous."—Vol. i.—pp. 228-230.

Another Indian custom is illustrated by the following, which will be read with interest by those who are concerned to attain an accurate knowledge of Indian life. It may be well for us to bear in mind that our superiority is not always so complete as we imagine. Many of the ceremonies practiced by the denizens of the forest appear to us ridiculous, but we may profitably ask whether the evasions and duplicity practiced by European diplomatists do not indicate still more reprehensible qualities? Rudeness and ignorance may be obvious in the one case, but the deeper stain of moral delinquency is frequently shown in the other. But to our extract:

"The chief's lodge was quickly put in order,

with a fire in the centre, when the ceremony of ratifying the peace, according to Indian form, commenced. The two Cayouse plenipotentiaries were placed in the back part of the tent by Pee-eye-em, and I next to them; eighteen Snake dignitaries next entered and squatted themselves down on each side of us. Lastly, Pee-eye-em sat opposite to us, with his back to the door, having Ama-keta on his right, and another chief on his left; apparently with the intention of keeping out all intruders, and preventing any one from either going out or coming in during the solemn sitting. This completed the diplomatic circle. After which, a silence ensued for some time.

"The great medicine bag was then opened, and a decorated pipe of peace taken out of it; the pipe was then filled, with the usual formality, by Pee-eye-em, who immediately afterwards took a handful or two of sand, with which he covered a small hole by the fire-side; then smoothing it over, he made two small holes with his finger in the sand, large enough to hold a goose's egg, one on each side. This done, he then took out of the medicine bag a small piece of wood, shaped like a sugar-tongs, with which he took up a piece of burning horse-dung, and laid it in the hole of sand to his left; resting the bowl of his pipe in the hole to the right, and holding the stem of his pipe all the time in his left hand. He then took up the same piece of wood or tongs, and with it took the burning piece of horse-dung out of the hole to the left and laid it upon his pipe; which was no sooner lighted, than Pee-eye-em taking up the pipe with both hands, drew three whiffs, allowing none of the smoke to escape, but swallowing the whole of it; then taking the pipe from his mouth, he held it vertically each time that he smoked, blowing the cloud out of his mouth on to the stem: this he did three successive times, and each time he uttered a short prayer, as if invoking a blessing.

"Then holding the pipe horizontally, and pointing to the east, he drew three whiffs, blowing the smoke on to the stem as before; then turning to the west, next to the south, and lastly to the north, he did the same; always observing to repeat the short prayer when he turned the pipe. Lastly, pointing the pipe to the ground, he drew three whiffs, blowing the smoke as before, on to the stem; signifying that the animosities of war might be for ever after buried beneath the earth. But in all this ceremony, Pee-eye-em did not once, as is generally customary among Indians, hold the pipe to, or blow the smoke, either to the sun or the firmament.

"All this time Pee-eye-em was sitting on his hams; but now rising up, and turning the pipe-stem, he presented it to one of the Cayouses, telling him to touch it with his mouth, but not to exhale any smoke; the Cayouse did so; then withdrawing the pipe for a moment, he presented it to him a second time, with the same positive injunction, which the Cayouse observed. The caution was no doubt intended to impress upon the Cayouse the duty of reflecting on the responsibility of what he was going to do; for smoking with Indians on such occasions is the same as an oath with us; then putting it to his mouth the

third time, the chief said, 'You may smoke now;' adding after he had drawn a few whiffs, 'we are now brothers.'

"The Cayouse, after smoking, handed me the pipe, but without any ceremony. The smoking then went round and round the circle, with no other formality than that Pee-eye-em always filled the pipe and lighted it himself, with the same tongs as before. The fire was always a piece of horse-dung, till the ceremony on the part of Pee-eye-em was gone through.

"The lodge during this time was like an oven, so that I got up to go out and get a little fresh air; but Pee-eye-em shook his head, and made signs for me to sit down again. I then asked for a drink of water; but Pee-eye-em giving another shake of the head, I had to sit down and compose myself: there we sat, half roasted, half stifled, thirsty, and uncomfortable, until long after midnight; when Pee-eye-em, getting up and opening the door, went out; we all followed, and the ceremony ended."—Vol. ii. pp. 93-96.

Many of our readers will be astonished at the extent of the journeys performed by the trappers in their annual excursions. On one of these occasions, we are told that the distance travelled was 3450 miles. From the Snake country, which they visited with considerable labor and much risk,

they returned with 5000 beaver skins, exclusive of other peltries.

Retiring from his exhausting and perilous labors, our author settled down in the Red River Colony, where the winter endures for seven months, and the mercury sometimes freezes. "Generally speaking," he says, "the isolated position of the colony and its northern and frozen locality, almost preclude the inhabitants from intercourse with the rest of the civilized world; except once a year, when the Company's ship from England reaches York Factory." Mr. Ross promises a history of this settlement, which we shall be glad to receive, and in the mean time we very cordially commend his present volumes to our readers. Though they relate to a period some thirty years since, and to a state of things which is rapidly passing away, they are full of interest. It is not often that we obtain so competent a guide amidst the vast solitudes of the forest. We are happy to have done so on the present occasion, and invite our readers to share the information we have thus obtained.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

DAMASCUS AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.*

DAMASCUS is unquestionably one of the oldest cities in the world, and in many respects one of the most remarkable. It has been a city from the time when Abraham left his home "between the rivers" to journey westward to the "Land of Promise." It has outlived generations of cities, and has been a witness of the stirring events of full four thousand years. It is one of the few remaining connecting links between the patriarchal age and modern days; and its beauty and rich-

* *Five Years in Damascus: including an Account of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of that City.* By Rev. J. L. PORTER, A.M., F.R.S.L. Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1855.

ness have ever been proverbial. The Arab writers call it one of the four paradises on earth. It has in succession formed an important part of the most powerful empires of the world. The monarchs of Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome have conquered it, and it has prospered under every dynasty, and outlived them all. It was for a time the capital of the vast dominions of the Khalifs; and as the stronghold of Islamism it was (excepting the holy cities of Mecca and Medina) the last place that tolerated a European hat in its streets; yet now, Mr. Porter tells us the Osmanlis, its present rulers, are fast do-

clining, and ere long it may be forced to acknowledge other masters. This is more than is admitted by some politicians of the Osmanlis, even in Europe; but no amount of political sagacity will suffice to uphold long a corrupt system or a death-stricken race except as an allied or vassal power. The decline of the Osmanlis may be repudiated by partisans, but the unanimous testimony of those who have lived long among them, or studied them intimately, as Mr. Porter has done, all goes to establish the fact.

Few cities possess such advantages in respect to situation as Damascus. It stands on a plain, at the eastern base of Antilibanus, having an elevation of about 2200 feet above the sea. The area of this plain is about 236 square geographical miles. The fine stream of the Barada breaks through the lowest chain of the anti-Lebanon by a wild ravine, and entering the plain, at once waters the city and its gardens. Aqueducts intersect every quarter, and fountains sparkle in every dwelling, while innumerable canals extend their ramifications over the wide expanse, clothing it with verdure and beauty:

"The view that presents itself to the eye of the traveller as he surmounts the last ridge of Antilibanus, after passing the bleak and barren slopes beyond, is rich and grand almost surpassing conception. From the side of the little wely above referred to the best prospect is obtained. The elevation is about 500 feet above the city, which is a mile and a half distant. The peculiar forms of Eastern architecture produce a pleasing effect at this distance. Graceful minarets and swelling domes, surmounted by gilded crescents, rise up in every direction from the confused mass of terraced roofs, while in some places their glittering tops just appear above the deep green foliage, like diamonds in the midst of emeralds. In the centre of all stands the noble pile of the great mosk, and near it may be seen the massive towers and battlemented walls of the old castle. Away on the south the eye follows the long narrow suburb of the *Medân*, at the extremity of which is the 'Gate of God,' where the great pilgrim caravan, on each returning year, takes leave of the city. The buildings of Damascus are almost all of snowy whiteness, and this contrasts well with the surrounding foliage. The gardens and orchards, which have been so long and so justly celebrated, encompass the city, and extend on both sides of the Barada some miles eastward. They cover an area at least twenty-five miles in circuit, and make the environs an earthly paradise. The varied tints of the foliage, and of the blossoms and fruit in their season, greatly enhance the beauty of the picture. The sombre hue of the olive, and the deep green of the walnut are finely

relieved by the lighter shade of the apricot, the silvery sheen of the poplar, and the purple tint of the pomegranate; while lofty cone-like cypresses appear at intervals, and a few palm-trees here and there raise up their graceful heads. The variously colored foliage thus surrounding the bright city, and the smooth plain beyond, now bounded by naked hills, and now mingling with the sky on the far distant horizon, and the wavy atmosphere that makes forest, plain, and mountain tremble, give a softness and aerial beauty to the whole scene that captivates the mind of the beholder."

It has been supposed that in this age of locomotion, libraries of researches, narratives, and journals have exhausted the romance of travel, and made persons familiar with most objects of interest, especially in the East, and with all their associations, classic or sacred, ere the eye rests upon them. But this is not the case. There is a magic power in the living reality which neither poet's pen nor painter's pencil can ever appropriate, still less exhaust. The descriptions of others, however graphic, and even the sketch of the artist, however faithful, only place before the mind's eye an ideal scene, which we can contemplate, it is true, with unmingled pleasure, and even with satisfaction; but when the eye wanders over plain and mountain, or the foot touches "holy ground," the superiority of the real over the ideal is at once felt and acknowledged.

Not that Damascus, a city thoroughly Oriental in character, has not also all the usual drawbacks of Eastern habits. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, the city irregular, dirty, and half ruinous, the houses like piles of mud, stone, and timber, heaped together without order, but in the same city, also, all that remains of the romance of the East is likewise to be met with. Its bazaars are splendid, and they are frequented by a great variety of races—Arab, Turk, Druse, Persian, and Kurd—in most picturesque costumes. Most of the mosques are fine specimens of Saracenic architecture, as are also the khans. In both it is in the gateways that the Saracenic architecture is seen to the greatest advantage.

But the chief glory of Damascus is in the splendor of its private houses. No contrast could be greater than that between the exterior and the interior. The irregular mud walls and rickety-looking projecting upper chambers give but poor promise of splendor within. The entrance is by a mean doorway into a narrow and

winding passage, or sometimes a plain stable-yard. Passing this the outer court is gained. Here is a variegated pavement of black and white stones, intermixed with pieces of marble tastefully designed. A fountain sparkles in the midst, shaded by evergreens and flowering shrubs; and at one side is an open alcove, called a *liwan*, with a light and beautifully ornamented arch supporting the exterior wall. The floor is of marble of different colors, and a raised dais, covered with soft cushions of silk, surrounds the three sides. The chambers and halls in this court are all occupied by the master and his men-servants; here he receives his visitors, and to this alone are strangers ever admitted. Another winding passage opens from this to the inner or chief court, called the *Harim*, whose door is kept by eunuchs. It is when this court is gained that the splendor of the mansion first bursts upon the view.

Mr. Porter is enabled to describe this tabooed interior by the privileges obtained through the wife of one Ottoman Effendi. This lady was the daughter of Ali Aga, secretary to the treasury under Ibrahim Pasha, and although her father was put to death by the Egyptian chief, under suspicion of holding a treasonable correspondence with the Turkish government, still the daughter has inherited some of the spirit of the times, which were eminently progressive, and sets light value on the absurd laws that make Muslim ladies little better than prisoners.

"The interior court, or *harim*, is a quadrangle from fifty to sixty yards square, with a tessellated pavement of marble; a large marble fountain stands in the centre, and several smaller ones of great beauty sparkle around, and give a delicious coolness to the air, even amid the heat of summer. Orange, lemon, and citron trees, diffuse their fragrant odors; while gigantic flowering shrubs and rare exotics are disposed in tasteful groups, and climbing plants are trained on trellis-work overhead, affording grateful shade and pleasing variety. All the great reception-rooms and chambers open on this court; the former are upon the first floor, and the latter above, having in front a narrow corridor closed in with glass. On the southern side is the *lewan*, or open alcove, similar in design to those found in the exterior courts, but loftier, and far more gorgeously decorated. The grand *salon* is a noble room. It is divided into two compartments by a beautiful arch richly ornamented with gilt fretwork. The floor of the first compartment is of the rarest marbles of every hue, arranged with admirable precision and pleasing variety in mathematical designs. In the centre is

a fountain inlaid with mother-of-pearl and rare stones. The walls to the height of twenty feet are covered with mosaic in panels, in the centre of each of which is a slab of polished granite, porphyry, or finely-veined marble, with the exception of those in the upper tier, which are inscribed with sentences from the Koran, written in letters of gold. Several niches relieve the plainness of the walls; in their angles are slender columns of white marble with gilt capitals, and the arches above are richly sculptured in the Saracenic style. The upper part of the walls is painted in the Italian style. The ceiling is about thirty feet high, and delicately painted. The central ornaments and cornices are elaborately carved and gilt, and inlaid with innumerable little mirrors. The other and principal part of the room is raised about two feet. The walls and ceiling are similar in design to those described, except that the former are in part covered with a wainscoting, carved, gilt, and ornamented with mirrors. Around the three sides run the divans, covered with the richest purple satin, embroidered with gold, in chaste designs of flowers and scrolls, and having a deep gold fringe descending to the floor. Though none of the workmanship might bear minute examination, and some of those accustomed to the chaste and subdued style of decoration in Western Europe might pronounce this gaudy and even vulgar, yet all will admit that the general effect is exceedingly striking. It resembles, in fact, some scene in fairy-land; and one feels, on beholding it, that the glowing descriptions in the 'Arabian Nights' were not mere pictures of the fancy. But it is only when the 'bright-eyed houris' of this sunny clime assemble in such a *salon*, decked out in their gay and picturesque costumes, and blazing with gold and diamonds, and when numerous lamps of every form and color pour a rich and variegated flood of light all around, to be reflected from polished mirrors, and countless gems, and flashing eyes, that we can fully comprehend the splendor of Oriental life, and the perfect adaptation of the gorgeous decorations of the mansions to the brilliant costumes of those that inhabit them.

"There are many other apartments in the court, less spacious, it is true, than the grand *salon*, but no less beautifully finished. The style of decoration in this mansion may be called the modern Damascene, the painting of the walls and ceiling being a modern innovation. In the more ancient houses, the ceilings and wainscotted walls are covered with the richest arabesques, encompassing little panels of deep blue and delicate azure, on which are inscribed, in elegantly interlaced Arabic characters, whole verses and chapters of their law. Vast sums of money are thus expended, the ornamenting of one chamber often costing upwards of £2000 sterling. A few of the more wealthy Jewish families have also large and splendid residences, but they cannot be compared with those of the Muslims. The Hebrew writing, too, which they universally put upon the walls, is stiff and formal looking, and is infinitely inferior, in an ornamental point of view, to the graceful curves and easy flow of the Arabic."

Travellers have generally represented Damascus as almost wholly destitute of ancient remains. Mr. Porter shows that if ruins do not stand out here in bold relief from a desert plain as they do at Palmyra, or lift their proud heads in solitary grandeur far above the crumbling ruins around them, as in Baalbek, Busrah, or Jerash, they still abound, encompassed by modern mansions or buried in the labyrinth of bustling bazaars. Indeed, with the help of a valuable Arabic MS. of Ibn Asaker's "History of the Celebrated Tombs and Mausolea in and around Damascus," and his own persevering and long-continued researches, we are presented with such a picture of Damascus as it once was, and Damascus as it is now, as has never been attempted before, or is likely to be superseded for detail and accuracy for many a year to come.

Oriental archaeologists, also, owe Mr. Porter a debt of gratitude for his researches on the plain of Damascus, more particularly his determination of the Tell es-Salahiyeh as an Assyrian ruin.

"The Tell es-Salahiyeh is one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity in the whole plain. It is an artificial mound of an oval form, about 300 yards in diameter and about 100 feet in height. The whole surface is covered with loose earth, composed mainly of brick-dust and fragments of broken pottery. On the southern side, next the bank of the river, a portion of the mound has been cut away, and here may be seen the regular layers of sunburnt brick of which the whole appears to have been constructed. From the present form of the mound it seems that there was originally a large platform built, from twenty to thirty feet high, and then in the centre of this stood a lofty conical structure, which during the course of long centuries has gradually crumbled down to its present form. On the western side of the mound, beside the little village, I found, on my first visit to this place, a limestone slab, about five feet long by three wide, containing a bas-relief representation of an Assyrian priest. The workmanship is rude and the stone has been defaced; but still it was sufficiently plain to show the costume and attitude of the figure. I sketched it at the time, intending on some future occasion either to obtain a cast or the stone itself; but, unfortunately, it has since disappeared, and I have been unable to discover what has been done with it."

There can be no doubt that none of these tells, so numerous in Syria, but would repay the archaeological explorer more or less. We have already particularly called attention to the groups of artificial mounds in North Syria, between Antioch and the Euphrates, and in Northern

Mesopotamia, between Urfah and Mardin; Mr. Porter also calls the attention of future explorers to the tells in the valley of the upper Orontes, ancient Cælo Syria, more especially near Hums.

"Almost the only objects of interest in an antiquarian point of view in this whole region are the artificial mounds that meet the eye in every part of the plain, but which occur in greatest numbers along the bank of the 'Asy. They are regular in form, generally truncated cones, and vary in height from 50 to 250 feet. The sides and summits are universally covered with loose whitish gravel, like the *débris* of some structure originally composed of bricks and small stones united with cement. These mounds are also found in the Bokâ'a and plain of Damascus. Villages generally stand either upon or beside them, and fountains, or large cisterns, and wells are always found near those that are situated at a distance from the river's bank. They appear to be in every respect similar to the mounds on the plains of Mesopotamia and Assyria described by Layard and others, and from which monuments and sculptures of such great interest and beauty have lately been brought to light. It is highly probable that, were some of the more extensive of the Syrian mounds excavated, sculptured tablets, like those of Nimroud and Kouyunjik, would be discovered, at least in sufficient number to repay the labor and expense. The bas-relief already referred to at the tell el-Salahiyeh, on the plain of Damascus, proves the existence of sculpture in some of them, and forms an interesting and important monumental evidence of the occupation of this region by the ancient Assyrians, and of the truth of the statements in the Sacred Record."

The mound on which Hums itself stands is of the same character; so also is the great mound of Jisr Shogher; as also in part that of Aleppo, and of most other towns in Syria that have a mound, whether crowned with a citadel or buildings, or not.

Mr. Porter by no means confines his researches to the immediate neighborhood of Damascus. He visits Palmyra, and experiences, on crossing the desert, all those annoyances from lawless Bedouins which are inevitable in that part of the country. Mount Hermon and the sources of the Pharpar and Jordan also come in for his critical and controversial remarks, and he again falls foul of the unfortunate De Sauley. The determination of the site of Helbon, and the description of the site itself, is a gem of archaeological topography.

But the great points of interest are decidedly associated with the Hauran, a wild, rocky, desert region, covered with

ruins of ancient time, but now given up to robber tribes, and rarely visited since the days of Burkhardt. Here was the kingdom of Bashan, here also the ruins of Kenath, of Bozrah, of Salcah, and of a hundred other remarkable sites of antiquity. Mr. Porter grapples with the whole subject like a man who has studied it thoroughly, and traces the history of the country through its various political phases in Biblical and in Roman times. He makes us more than ever familiar with those peculiar stone houses and tombs with stone doors of one massive slab, as have also been detected in modern times at Kohrasar, in Northern Mesopotamia.

To show under what adverse circumstances the ruins of ancient towns have to be explored in these regions, we extract the following account of an adventure in Edhra, the ancient Edrei or Adra :

"While we stood examining the exterior of this building, and trying to decipher the inscription, we noticed that a crowd of some sixty or seventy people had collected round us in the court. We paid little attention to this, however, as we had got accustomed to such evidences of popularity; and so intent were Mr. Barnett and myself on our antiquarian work, that we did not hear the remarks passed or the threats uttered by them. Nikóla heard these, and felt alarmed; but, just as he was about to inform us of them, we turned and went into the interior, while Mr. —, Nikóla, and the shiekh remained without; Mahmúd and our servants were in the house where we had left our luggage and arms. Shortly after we had entered, Mr. Barnett was some yards in front of me, writing, and I stood, with my arms folded and my back against a column, looking at the building. Ten or twelve men had followed us into the building. While I was thus standing I received a heavy blow on the shoulder from a large stick or club. I turned round suddenly, for I was completely taken by surprise, as not a word had been spoken, or a question asked, or a sound heard. The club was again raised, and I got another stroke on the arm which had been aimed at my head, but by starting back I escaped it. Several men, armed with their clubs, now attempted to close upon me, but I leaped back, and demanded what they wanted; at the same time, throwing open my large over-coat, I drew a pistol, which I had fortunately put in my belt at Busr el-Hariry. These things quickly attracted Mr. Barnett's attention, and he saw at a glance the danger of our position, and also drew a small pistol from his pocket. The cowardly ruffians had watched their opportunity, and, as soon as they saw our little party divided, they rushed upon us. They had no doubt thought we were altogether unarmed, and, having two of us inside the church and two outside it, they felt that it would be easy to accomplish their purposes. The moment, however,

they saw our pistols they rushed out of the door; but we, knowing the great number without, felt that our position was very critical. We, consequently, followed them, but the moment we appeared we received a volley of stones. In the crowd I could not see our companions or the shiekh, and I supposed they had either escaped or had been driven off. There was no possibility of my making my way to the door of the court, and to remain where I was would have been almost certain death; so, dashing forward, and pushing those before me to each side, I leaped over the wall in front to the hollow ground below. Just as I reached the ground a large stone struck me on the back, and stunned me. Exerting all my strength, I ascended a little mound of rubbish, and turned upon my assailants, who were now attempting to descend the wall. I again drew the pistol, and threatened to shoot the first who would descend. This checked them for a moment, and I then attempted to reason with them, inquiring what we had done that they should thus beat and abuse us like dogs. The only reply was a savage yell, 'Kill him! kill him!' A perfect shower of stones followed this, and one of them striking me on the hand carried away the whole flesh of the sides of two of my fingers. I now observed Mr. — and Nikóla, in the midst of the crowd, going out of the little gateway, and Mr. Barnett, I saw, had got round to near where I stood. The whole fury of the attack seemed directed against me, and, while I was meditating what to do, I was struck with a stone on the back of the neck, but the thick collar of my coat in part deadened the blow. Fifteen or twenty men came close to the little mound I occupied; all were afraid, however, to close upon me, though the stones came thick and fast. I saw that my only chance was in flight, for, even should I fire, it would not save my own life; and if I should kill or wound any of my assailants, I well knew that not one of our party would leave the village alive. I turned, and ran across a field, as I thought, in the direction of the house where Mahmúd and the servants were. In my way I met a respectably-dressed man, whom I took for the shiekh of the village, and I entreated him to keep back the mob, or they would murder me. He made no reply, and I continued my course. I now saw an opening in the range of houses before me, and entered it, but to my horror, found it shut up by a lofty wall a few yards in front. I wheeled round on the moment, and ran to the summit of a mound of rubbish; here, however, some twenty or thirty men were close upon me, and flight seemed no longer possible. Before I had time to consider what I should do, the stroke of a stone on the back and another on the head brought me to the ground. Those that were before afraid to approach now rushed on me *en masse*. Though greatly stunned and exhausted, I was perfectly conscious, and saw one fellow deliberately aiming a blow at my head with his club. I received it on my left arm, and leaped to my feet. A vigorous effort drove a few of my assailants to some distance, and again I seized my pistol, and the crowd began to retreat, but at that

moment a man from behind threw his arms round my body, and entreated me not to attempt to fire. I cast him off, after a hard struggle, but he still grasped the pistol, and prayed me not to use it, or we should all be murdered. Looking at him, I recognized the respectably-dressed man I had met a few minutes previously. 'What am I to do then?' I demanded. 'Give me the pistol, and I will save you.' He looked honest, and I thought my life would be sacrificed at any rate; so, with a quick motion of my finger, I struck off the caps and gave up the pistol. This precaution I took lest it should be used against myself. Having got it, he told me to run. 'Where?' I asked. He pointed out the path, and away I ran, while he restrained the mob behind. I soon overtook Mr. — and Nikôla, who were likewise running, and the old shiekh trying to restrain their pursuers. I inquired for Mr. Barnett, but at that moment he too came up without hat or shoes, and the blood flowing from his head. We now ran along, guided by some men, and soon reached our house.

"Our appearance, wounded and bleeding, surprised Mahmûd and our servants, and they quickly gathered up the arms and prepared for defense. Mahmûd, rushing out, confronted the angry mob, who were coming, as they said, to murder us all. He succeeded in turning them back; but as they went away they were heard to say we could not leave the village without their knowledge, and that as soon as we attempted to leave they would finish their work.

"We had now leisure to examine our wounds and consider our position. My bruises were comparatively slight—I was much stunned, but not deeply cut. Mr. — had received a severe cut in the arm; but Mr. Barnett's injuries were by far the most serious of all. He had got several blows on the head and face, and was so much exhausted as to be unable to stand; and we had

great doubts of his being able to sit on horse-back, even should we manage to get away. I discovered that a small leather case, in which I had carried my note-books, letters, and the coins and medals I had collected, had been lost in the struggle."

It was with great difficulty that the party made their escape during the darkness of midnight from these bigoted and ruffianly villagers. Nor was the treatment they met with at some of the other villages of a much less hostile and inhospitable character. And no wonder, for the Arabs of the Hauran acknowledge themselves to be thieves by profession, as may be deduced from the following colloquy:

"'What brought you to the *Deir* when you saw us there?' I asked him.—'To strip you,' he coolly replied. 'And why did you not do it?'—'Because Mahmûd was with you.' 'But why would you plunder us? we are strangers, and not your enemies.' 'It is our custom.' 'And do you strip all strangers?' 'Yes, all we can get hold of.' 'And if they resist, or are too strong for you?' 'In the former case we shoot them from behind trees, and in the latter we run.' 'How do the people of your tribe live? Do they sow or feed flocks?' 'We are not *fellahin*! We keep goats and sheep, hunt partridges and gazelles, and steal!' 'Are you all thieves?' 'Yes, all!'

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Mr. Porter was enabled to accumulate a mass of curious and important details and discovery, which will render his work one of permanent importance to the student of sacred and classical geography.

STATE PATRONAGE OF LETTERS.—A munificent pension has recently been bestowed by her Most Gracious Majesty upon Mr. Joseph Haydn, the laborious compiler of the well-known *Dictionary of Dates*. A munificent pension of—ahem!—how much? Can any one guess? Actually a pension of £25 a year! Otherwise a reward of—£2 1s. 8d. a month! or, 9s. 7d. a week! or, just 1s. 4½d. a day! A reward for—what? For the work of a shoeblack? For journeyman tailoring? For sweeping the staircases of Buckingham palace, or weeding the gardens of Osborne, or rolling the gravel walks of Balmoral? Nothing of the sort. Instead of this, for long years of intellectual labor—years consumed, first of all, in the accumulation and diffusion of valuable

knowledge! A reward of £25 a year, or £2 1s. 7d. a month, or 9s. 7d. a week, or, as we have said, just 1s. 4½d. a day, for ingenious and laborious research among the treasures of chronology—for sedulous, and earnest, and devoted application to the interest of literature—for very appreciable though not easily calculable service to the cause of popular instruction, the great and good cause of national education, abandoned for the most part to the spontaneous self-sacrifices of such men as Mr. Haydn by the negligence or incompetence, or procrastination of the Imperial Government! A pension of £25 a year for this! Why, a scullion in the Queen's kitchen might look for a reward equivalent in value, after growing old among the kettles and pans of Windsor,—*Lord. Sun.*

From the Leisure Hour.

MISS DAVIES.

IN the fishing village of Penlanrhyn-doldovey, in North Wales, I spent the very longest day of all my life; the place had several more syllables than I have written down, but I think I have given enough for practical purposes. The Tremadoc coach had dropped me there on Saturday evening because it had begun to drizzle; but I made up my mind that the Tremadoc coach should pick me up again on Monday morning, though it should rain cats and dogs and Welsh rabbits. I made it up at breakfast-time, and kept on making it tighter all day long; for I had nothing else to do—it was a wet day, and it was a Sunday. The Leck was, I doubt not, situated in the most picturesque portion of the principality; but at this particular time it was located between two living walls of perpendicular rain. That Penallyn frowned down on it from a gigantic altitude, I took on trust from the guide-book; that the falls of Leckwymn at Pontiniog could be easily reached by a short mule-track, I credited with readiness, and only trusted that the short mule-track might not have been taken advantage of by the torrent to reach us. The village, they said, lay close behind us, and the sound of a little bell came up from it through the pauses of the storm, as the still small voice of conscience makes itself heard amidst human passions. That image suggested itself to me after seeing my landlady going to church for the second time—taking the steeple upon her head with her, I thought—upon a couple of as comfortable legs, as far as I could see (and I saw a good way) as any Jumper in the district, leaving me alone in the house with Aphrys, and two Jenny Joneses, who could not speak one word of English. There was, at the Leck, in the way of literature, a Bradshaw, a work, (selling sixty thousand daily, it said) of one of those Americanesses who have struggled in at the gate of the heaven of popularity before it could be shut after Mrs. Beecher Stowe; and a medical book

upon the ear, left by a deaf tourist, the summer before last. There was too, a single half-sheet of note-paper and a pen, the feather of which had been used in varnishing; but, after a few attempts at composition, which resulted, as they often do, in my masticating the latter instrument, I folded up the paper, and moodily devoured that also. There was one more thing to be done; but I had done it these three or four hours consecutively already; and that was to stare at the picture of Penlanrhyn-doldovey, suspended over the mantelpiece. Like most views found in such places, it comprehended little of the beauty of the surrounding country; but the public buildings of the town (if it might be called so), and the harbor, and the little pier, were executed with apparent fidelity and exactness. The church itself, though small, was a very pretty one, with the massive gray tower, which becomes so well a mountainous district. The market-house for fish might rival that of St. Peter's, at Guernsey; and there were also two other well-built edifices, whose use I could not at all discover. When Mrs. Aphrys returned, with her rather less comfortable legs, I interrogated her on this matter. The rows of cottages, with porches and gardens, were alms-houses, she said, for the widows and families of men who had been lost at sea (an accident which happened often on that dangerous coast); as pretty and pleasant places to end one's days in as one could wish to have; and thinking that to be more in my line, perhaps, she added: "There's a bittock of Latin over the outer gateway: In memoriam, R.O., ob. eighteen hundred and twenty-five. Miss Davies built it; and the little house at the pier-head, she built that also; and night and day there were fires kept in it, and brandy, and blankets, and what not, to recover, if it might be, any of those that were found drowned."

"Dear me!" said I, coolly; for I was out of temper with Penlanrhyn-doldovey,

and didn't think the people much worth saving. "She must be a worthy person."

"You may say that, sir, indeed; and we should never have had church or market if it had not been for her."

"Bless me, my dear Mrs. Aprhys," for I was a raw bachelor at that period, and quite prepared to run the risk of matrimony for an adequate consideration: "Why this Miss Davies must be very rich?"

"No, sir, not very; for when folks spend no money on themselves, and only live for other people's good, it is surprising what may be done in thirty years."

"Thirty years," said I, a little interested again. "O dear me, she must be oldish then?"

"Well, sir, you may see her soon, judge for yourself. I wonder she has not been here before; but she's sure to call this evening, on her way home. She lives, with a servant or two, all alone in the cottage on the hill there."

Now I perceived that, for some reason or other, my dear landlady was in a quarter of a second or so of a good cry; so, by way of changing the conversation, I said: "And what a beautiful view she must have from it, both of land and sea?"

"Ah! yes, indeed," she sobbed, and the tears stole over her plump cheeks, and into the dimples about her little mouth, in a flood that only Mr. Aprhys could (with propriety) have dried up or impeded in quite the correct way. "And sad and sore sights she has seen from it, as ever woman's eyes have borne to look upon."

"Good gracious! What a charming—I mean, what a dreadful—mystery! Pray tell it, Mrs. Ap"—But just as the tender-hearted little woman was making herself ready for a start as improvisatore, there came a knock at the door.

"Hush! it's her!" she said; and she trotted off on her comfortable legs like—metaphor fails me—like anything.

Now, I am not naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind; but, as a late philosopher observed to his friend, "we must stop somewhere;" and I stopped at the parlor-door and looked through the crack. I felt conscience-smitten and rightly punished the next instant: they spoke in Welsh, and the lady was sixty, if she was a day. Yet her face had not only the remains of beauty, but a present charm

and loveliness of its own. Her hair was snow-white; and her blue eyes, though far from bright, were full of tenderness and expression; her voice was as soft and musical as a girl's; and I fancied that I could discern in it that she was accustomed to speak with the sick and sorrowful; for her part, it was clear, by the deep, though quiet mourning that she wore, that she had had woes irreparable of her own; woes not recent, for a settled resignation seemed to possess her features, as if where the harrow of trouble had once passed, the seeds of patience and benevolence had sprung up and effaced its cruel traces.

I backed cautiously to the fire-place, and waited for the interview to be over with some eagerness; for I was getting interested, in spite of myself, in Penlan-rhyndoldovey and the house upon the hill. I beat up the cushions of the arm-chair, and placed a foot-stool for the accommodation of Mrs. Aprhys. I even put a chair for the landlord in the middle, in case "her" should be of a jealous temperament, and desire to be present. I was meditating as to what would be the correct drink for me to offer so obliging a hostess when she appeared suddenly herself with my tea.

"Another cup, if you will be so good," said I.

So, over that cozy meal, she told me the story.

"It so happens," she began, "that this very day is the properest of any to tell you this sad tale. I forgot the date, which no poor soul in this village is likely to have done, but remembered it so soon as ever I saw Miss Ellen's face. She has been with the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, since early dawn, and now she has gone back to her lonely home. Though the storm has been driving down this ten hours, she has brought calm and sunlight to many a dwelling; and amongst the huts by the sea-beach, where there live men that would seem to you mere brutes, she has carried such help and comfort, that they would risk life and limb for the sake of her. Them that the waves and winds make mock of she cares the most for, because she mourns night and day for one beneath the seas; and especially them that are lovers, the fisher lads and lasses, for whom she speaks to their parents, and makes a little golden road for true love to run smooth on—perhaps,

because she once was loved herself, and loved again, and she knows what it is for two fond hearts to be sundered."

"My dear Mrs. Aprhys," I said, "I perceive this is going to be something of a love story. If you will permit me to run up stairs for my slippers, I shall be back directly, and will not interrupt you again on any account; but in the first place, it seems likely the tale may be a little protracted, and secondly, I have always found it impossible to appreciate sentiment in boots."

This arrangement having been completed, I nodded to my companion, who had apparently remained in deep thought during the interval, and she continued her recital in a low and feeling voice, as if soliloquising, rather than addressing another person:

"I can just remember what she was about five-and-thirty years back; but my old man could tell you of her much earlier. She lived up on the hill there with her blind father, and was as bonnie a maiden as any Snowdon top could see. Many and many a time I've seen her lead him through the town to the market (there was no market-house then), and there the old carle would chaffer and wrangle about a penny; for he was awful miserly, and the folk always let him have his way in the end, for the young lady, they well knew, would suffer nobody to lose, but made it right at last, herself. I cannot say I ever liked the look of him; but Miss Ellen would gaze upon his white head and sightless eyes as though she were a-worshipping. I suppose there is a love which child bears to parent, and parent to child, such as I, who never knew either, can scarcely understand. Anyways, she doted upon him, and, indeed, he on her; but there are, you know, two kinds of affection—one which only cares for the happiness of its object, and the other, which looks after its own as well." (I objected to Mrs. Aprhys' putting the remark in this personal form, but gravely nodded my assent.) "She would have died to save his life, and he would have died for grief, perhaps—afterwards."

"They used to sit together in the summer-time under their cottage porch, which was then, as now, a mass of round red roses, for he loved their beautiful perfume, although of course their color was nothing to him; the lilies in the tarn close by, too, and all the wild-flowers on the hillside,

were lost to him; but he liked to hear the wind coming through the tree-tops of the copse, and bending the feathery tops of the brook-rushes. He knew all the fairness of nature that way, he said: and perhaps she does whisper more things to the blind than she does to us; not but that Miss Ellen was always by, to guide his finger right from east to west. She told him of the wood-crowned hill Penallyn, which the sun makes golden in the morning, and over whose shoulders rises old Snowdon's hoary head from far away; of the harbor and the pier, and the great black nets on the shingle; of the red-sailed vessels putting out to sea. They could hear, if it was a calm day, the shouts of the sailors as they heaved their anchors, the roll of their oars in the rowlocks, the dip of the oar-blades, and all the pleasant stir of the little town. She read aloud to him, as from an open book, all things that passed, and through her music, I warrant, they lost but little. From quite in the early morning to sunset, when the damsels would be crossing the stepping-stones that lead from the pasture-meadows, each with her uplifted arm and her full pitcher, and when the mountains to westward were reddening and burning, the teacher and the taught would sit there—the girl and her blind father. Now, I don't mean to say but that poor Miss Ellen had a delight of her own in this, besides that of pleasing him. There was, indeed one fishing-boat in Penlanrhyndoldovey which carried in her eyes a richer freight than all the rest besides; and she knew when it was on board by a little white flag. I think, too, Richard Owen, whose vessel it was, had generally a glimpse of a white handkerchief waved from the cottage on the hill when he set his red sails or furled them; and it took him, in the latter case, but a short half hour to come from the pier to the porch of roses. It must have been a great convenience, after all, that the old gentleman who made the third of that little company was blind; and I think Aprhys would have preferred it, at one time, himself, under like circumstances. Mr. Davies soon saw or heard enough, at all events, to tell him that those two were lovers, and he hardened his heart against them from that time. I believe that he was jealous of Richard Owen because he could see, because he was young, and because he was generous; and that he hated him because he had divided, or stolen a

portion of his daughter's heart, which he wanted wholly for himself. The old man's ear was keener than that of love itself to catch young Richard's footfall, as he came over the hill; and then upon his sightless face a shadow would fall, which Ellen could not but see. He would never speak out about it, but would mutter: "They are waiting for my death—they wish me dead!" And she heard him, and wept bitterly. This went on for a long time, and the poor thing hoped and hoped; but never, I think, had any intention of leaving her old father. Richard was no tardy or backward wooer, and had not much patience to be so sorely tried; and one day he spoke to her boldly in the old man's presence, telling her how she was sacrificing herself when there was no cause. 'For he can live with us,' he said, 'and be tended by you, even as now; but it is twelve long months that I have waited for you, Ellen dear, and you are no nearer to me now than at first. I shall come up to-night for your final answer, and I pray that your father's heart may be turned towards us; but else I leave the town to-morrow for good and all; and it may be, you will be sorry never to see the bonnie white flag again.'

"The old man said not a word all that time, and never let go nor ceased stroking his daughter's hand; but, when Richard was gone, he so worked upon her feelings with his piteous selfish talk, that she told him to have no further trouble for her sake. 'I will never leave thee alone and blind, my father,' she said, 'although my own Richard loves me so well.' And what a bitter struggle that must have been for her, we now know.

"When her lover came up, then, for that last time, she gave him a steadfast answer, although it nigh broke her heart, and it stirred his man's pride within him so, that he strode away through the windy night without so much as a good-bye.

"I well remember that same evening; for he came into the Leck to bid adieu to his old friends, whom he was about to leave; and my uncle, who then kept the inn, but had been a sailor in his youth, besought him not to think to put to sea in such tempestuous weather; for the October gales had set in, and the waves swept right over the pier-head, and made the very harbor unsafe. What a fine brave young fellow I thought him, when he replied that he would sail the morrow

morning, although there was no hand to be got to help him work his ship. And he did sail as soon as the day dawned; and, for all it was so early, the whole town was as near the beach as they durst go, to see him and his little crew off; and there was one, we may be sure, in the house on the hill, whose tearful, sleepless eyes were fastened upon the bonnie boat more than all. She watched it for hours, as it now lay upon its side in the heaving bay, and now sank out of sight except for the white pennant (which he had nailed to the mast) that shone out against the black water, and now rose high, as if upon a mountain. She saw it grow dimmer and dimmer, in spite of the gale, and the points rounded one after the other, and nearly into the open sea; so far had the good ship got at last, though it scarcely seemed to move; but while it was beating up opposite Hell's Mouth, and near to Bardsey Island, she lost all sight of it for that time. She saw it again the same evening, alas! for the wind and the tide brought it back to harbor, keel uppermost. She was not more than twenty or so, poor girl; but her hair turned from that hour as white as it looks now. She grew thin and pale, but never let a word of complaint escape her, nor her father know how her heart had lost its hope, or her form its beauty; only once, when he attempted to condole with her, and thank her for what she had done for him, and suffered for his sake, she stopped him with a word or two in such a tone as he never dared to draw forth from her again. She tended him hour by hour, while his feet were treading the downward way, for years, and the flowers upon his grave are kept alive till now by her loving hands; but her heart is not buried, I think, with him at all, but somewhere under the deep sea with her drowned lover's.

"The old man left her very wealthy (for these parts), which I dare say he thought would make up to her for all the rest. Our town is quite another place in consequence; and, as I told you at first, the poor folk whose trade is on the great waters, she seems to consider as if they were her own children; them that are laden with the like trouble as herself especially, who have lost husband or kinsman at sea, and for whom her almshouses were built, she visits and cares for continually; and on this day, above all—this day, thirty years ago, upon which poor

Richard Owen perished, she comes to them in the morning, as sure as the sun itself, and keeps his memory green amongst them by good deeds.

"And," observed Mrs. Aphrys, in conclusion, as she wiped her eyes and rose from her seat, "'tis the best way of keeping a death-day that I know, sir."

"It is, indeed, my dear madam," I said "and I thank you very much for your affecting story. And do you think the dear old lady, poor Miss Ellen, is happy now?"

"Not like she might have been with her lover, perhaps. I have no right to say that much, with so good a man as Aphrys yonder for my husband; but happy she ought to be; for I think God must love her, and I am sure her fellow-creatures do."

I put on my slippers, which had entirely dropped off during this feeling recital, and retired to my bed. I had all kinds of pleasant dreams and angelic visions; but none came up to the reality of that dear old lady in black, Miss Davies.

From Chambers's Journal.

ANTIQUITIES AT GUILDHALL.

THE stranger in London, or its thoughtful resident, who may be willing to pass into pleasant stillness from the throngs of Cheapside, and spend a little while with profit—though attached to it there be a regret more than transient—should turn down King street into the most interesting old porchway of the Guildhall of the city of London. Here, to the right, a modern doorway and staircase will lead him up into a small room containing the few antiquities possessed by the Corporation of London; thence some winding stairs will conduct him into the reading-room of the City Library, where the most urbane and kindly of librarians will take pleasure in showing him what is preserved as corporate property of the prolific riches which research, excavation, or accident, has given up from the generations of the past to those of the present. We use the word regret advisedly, and the feeling is shared by hundreds of the intellectual classes, who conceive, with us, that the museum of the corporate body of London should be a splendid and truly national thing, worthy alike the first city in the world, and of the relics of the mighty races who have lived, labored, and died upon its soil. The amphora, dug up in Cheapside; the bronze

statue, dredged from the Thames; the Saxon fibula, or sword found elsewhere, may pass into the hands of the private individual, and be his through purchase; but abstractedly considered, and, indeed, in any enlarged view of right, they are national, or rather incorporate property, and as such should be alone held and preserved. Hence, when we find the public and domestic antiquities of London sown broadcast here, there, everywhere, and owing their preservation only to the intelligence and patriotism of private individuals, it is a matter of infinite regret that there is no general receptacle to which the seller or presenter of such heir-looms might resort with confidence.

The re-building of the Royal Exchange and London Bridge opened two great storehouses to the antiquarian collector. From the latter, Mr. Roach Smith procured some of the chief riches in his remarkable collection; the former gave the objects of interest we are about to describe.

The reader may recollect that the old Royal Exchange, built after the Great Fire, and immortalized by the pamphlets and pillory of the illustrious Defoe, was burnt down in January, 1838. Upon tak-

ing measures for its re-building, the Gresham committee, with whom the matter rested, wisely specified in their contract of work, that all antiquities brought to light should be preserved, and considered as the property of the corporation. But this specification seems only to have been partially carried out, as many relics found were dispersed, and are now to be found in private collections.

The first excavations, which included the eastern portion of the old Royal Exchange, gave but few relics of antiquity—the spot having, as was evident, been already disturbed to the depth of the Roman level; and from tiles and fragments brought to light, buildings and walls had already been removed. This might have taken place on the first building of the Exchange, 1566–1569, or, more probably, on its re-building after the Great Fire, as Wren's foundations were generally laid as low as those of Roman London. In making further progress, the soil was found still more disturbed. Thirty-two cess-pools were opened, in which a few objects of curiosity were found. In April, 1841, in destroying the western wall of the merchants' area of the old Exchange, the workmen discovered that this had been erected partly on some small but interesting remains of a Roman building evidently still standing *in situ*, and resting on the native gravel. Amongst these remains were Roman bricks, and the bases of two large pedestals, one covered with stucco, and moulded, and still showing traces of coloring. Upon proceeding further, where these small remains of Roman work ceased to afford a support for the walls of the Exchange, outpiles and sleepers were found; beneath these, again, an older rubble-wall and foundations. On removal, this ancient work was discovered to be founded on what was considered a large pit or pond, sunk thirteen feet lower through the gravel, quite down to the clay. But it was much more likely to have been the place of outfall for a large sewer—the stercoraceous matter, the broken pottery, the remnants of leathern-work, and the vast mass of miscellaneous articles found therein, being a certain indication. If it was not this, it must have been one of those rubbish-pits so invariably found outside the walls of Roman towns; for Londinium proper did not extend northward beyond the line of the present Cheapside; and the flow of the Wallbrook,

then a considerable stream, to the west of this vast rubbish-pit, could have admitted no more than scattered suburban dwellings. From the date of the coins found, it seems probable that the pit was built over about sixty-five years before the Roman power ceased in Britain.

The pottery, which we now proceed to look at, is, with scarcely an exception, fragmentary. The remnants of two amphoræ are both of a very coarse and common description; but a large mortarium—a vessel used for culinary purposes, and shaped somewhat like a marble mortar of the present day—is not only almost perfect, but one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. Near its spout and across the channeled rim, the name of the potter is stamped between two lines of leaves, and this stands out as freshly as the day it was impressed. Amongst the urns, vases, cups, and pipkins, (ollula,) are some good forms; and a few of the smaller vessels used for pouring out unguents and perfumes in drops, are remarkable for the beauty of the outpouring lip. The specimens of Samian ware are scanty, and all imperfect; but most of the fragments have the fine coralline hue of the true ware, and are varied and graceful in decoration. One specimen is remarkable, as yet exhibiting the leaden rivet with which the vessel was originally mended. The terra-cotta lamps are likewise mostly fragmentary. One, of pale-colored earth, is rare, for having been formed without a handle. It is impressed with the head of an empress; it was found in one of the old cess-pools referred to, and broken by the pick-axe during excavation. The lamps of darker hue wear a metallic look, as though originally gilded; but this has proceeded from their long inclosure in decomposing animal remains. Their most interesting feature is, that in all, the traces left by the wick in burning are as distinctly visible as though the flame had only died out yesterday.

The specimens of Roman glass are likewise fragmentary. They are chiefly the remains of vessels of the common Aretian manufacture, which was but little valued, compared with the rare and costly *crystallina*, made in, and brought from Egypt. Some of these fragments once belonged to bottles of rectangular shape, which had usually low necks and short handles; others formed part of round flasks, with longer necks; others were like broad vases or basins, cast with thick flutes, or covered

with concentric circles; and others resemble the phials of the middle ages. Most of these specimens have the metallic and iridescent appearance peculiar to ancient glass, and arising from its long interment.

The rubbish-pit referred to gave up an unusual amount of tablets and styles for writing. Some of the former are very interesting. As they lie within the case assigned to them, they look like cork, or some very dry wood. With the exception of the outer sides forming the covers, the wooden leaves have a border or margin averaging three eighths of an inch in breadth; within this, the wood is slightly channeled from top to bottom; this, of course, for the better retaining of the wax on which the writing was made. Another interesting fact connected with several of these tabellæ is, that the creases made by the strings which bound the leaves together are still distinctly visible. These tabellæ were all found thirty-one feet below the level of modern London. The styli, or pens, are very various. The majority seem to be made of iron, whilst there are others of brass and bronze. Some are good in form, the worn appearance of the erasing end showing how much they had been used. One shows where it had been mended; another, formed of brass, has the erasing end circular, and slightly concaved like a spoon, for collecting the wax from the surface of the tablet.

The miscellaneous antiquities embrace some curious things:—Fragments of Roman armor; fibulæ, or brooches; a portion of a spatula, or surgeon's plaster-spreader, formed of bronze, the handle being well shaped, and terminating in a ring; brass eyelets, rings, and box-clamps; instruments for the bath; small-tooth combs formed of wood; pins in bronze and brass; knives; needles, pin-cases; weaving-bobbins; a bodkin of ivory; forceps, or rather tongs; salt-spoons; the remains of a steel-yard-balance; and tesserae, or dice. Of these, the fragments of the combs are clumsy; the centre of one is very thick, the teeth sloping off on each side, and, compared to what we use at present, more like lumps of wood than combs. If the Romans gave more elegance of form to many common things, we immeasurably excel them in many points of adaptation and utility: this is especially the case with respect to knives. Though it must be admitted that time and long interment have done much to destroy the specimens of

domestic knives in this and other collections, still, owing to the imperfect knowledge the Romans had of manipulating iron, or of converting it into steel, as the scoræ of the Roman forges scattered over Britain still show, there can be no doubt that a Sheffield knife of the present day had no likeness in the widest domains of the Cæsars. The pair of tongs, though black from time and rust, are, if Roman, great curiosities. They are about thirteen inches and a half in length, the bow being formed without a handle; and were probably used for the fires of the hypocausts, or warming apparatus. Our archaeological collections contain so few domestic implements and utensils of the Roman period, as to make these unique. The remarkable collection of Mr. William Chaffers contains two bronze cooking-vessels or pans, one with a long handle of beautiful form; but the food of the Romans consisting principally of soups and stews, there can be little doubt that it was cooked in earthen vessels set on stoves. Some of the mortaria in Mr. Roach Smith's collection still show distinct marks of the fire.

Imbedded in the chalk-steening on the south side of this rich receptacle of the domestic remains of Roman London, was found a mason's gouge. Though somewhat corrugated, it is still well preserved and defined. It is more than ten inches in length, and of considerable thickness. Another gouge, broken and imperfect, was also found, as well as portions of both a saw and an auger; likewise a bolt-rivet, linchpins, and a large quantity of various-sized nails. One of the last is eight inches long; and all have larger heads than modern nails, the flange of one side usually standing out broader than the other.

The remains of leather-work, found principally on the western side of the great rubbish-pit, were considerable; so much so as to give rise to the idea at the time, that there had been shops in this vicinity, one of which was a *taberna sutrina*, or shop of a shoemaker. But this we think wholly improbable. The masses of leather—principally the remains of worn-out shoes and sandals—were amongst the natural accumulations of a rubbish-pit, or the outfall of a sewer. Though not so varied or so well preserved as Mr. Roach Smith's, this collection of leather-work has some interesting specimens. Amongst the *soleæ*, or sandals, are some still retaining a portion of the slight, sharp, yet broad-headed nails

by which the layers of soles were held together. A few of these, from their strength and workmanship, and the peculiarity of the broad, protruding-headed nails, must have been the sandals of soldiers; and several specimens still retain a portion of the strap which passed between the great and second toes, and united with the fastening round the ankle. These remnants of ancient leather-work are chiefly black, and still retain considerable polish. The *crepidae*, or latchet-shoes, have some exquisite specimens; they have belonged to females, and yet show where worn by the tread of the foot, and the mark caused by the fillet or tie which drew the latches together. In fact so beautiful is this class of shoes, here, as in other collections, not only in an artistic sense, but as suited to the anatomy of the foot, that it might be well if modern shoemakers would look in this direction. The majority of shoes, those of females especially, are so devoid of taste, and unsuited to the foot, that a lesson might be taken from these, made and worn some seventeen hundred years ago. Viewed in this light, as well as in countless others, we see the desirableness of concentrating collections of this kind, as well as making them accessible, not only to the dilettante few, but to the less-lettered many, who, ignorant of esoteric principles, or indifferent to historical inductions, would yet reap ideas for the improvement of the manipulative arts, that eventually might give new grace and form to the commonest of daily things.

From the vast mass of leather found in the excavations for the new Exchange, and on other sites of Londinium, and from the evident skill with which the skins had been prepared, there can be little doubt that the Romans were excellent tanners, used leather for a multitude of purposes we cannot now define, and had tanneries in several situations which were then outside the walls. Traces of an extensive work of this kind were discovered in Bartholomew Lane some years since.

At a depth that must place their great antiquity beyond all cavil, several other things of much interest were found—amongst them, the horns and antlers of deer, in fine preservation, ox-horns, shells, and fir-cones. But the most curious was the half of a small, smooth walnut-shell, found thirty-five feet in the lowest excavation of the works. Hitherto, it had been supposed that the walnut-tree was

introduced into Britain in the sixteenth century; but the discovery of this relic in a place that had previously remained closed for fourteen hundred and seventy years carries back its growth to about three centuries after the first recorded introduction of the walnut into Europe. This fruit was brought into Europe from Syria about A.D. 37, and introduced by the Romans into Spain at a date not much later. This transmission makes it probable that the legionaries effected the same result in England, not only with the walnut, but other fruits, and that the magnificent walnut-trees cherished round the great abbeys in the middle ages, were the offspring of such as had borne fruit in Roman Britain. The ox-horns, like others found on Roman sites, have belonged to the beautiful breed of cattle indigenous to Britain; and as we stoop to turn over the dusty cores, the imagination revisits those dense forests which then encompassed London in so extraordinary a degree, and the herds which roamed through their fastnesses. So dense was this woodland, as in some places to be impervious to all but the axe of the legionaries. Even centuries later, Mathew of Paris, in referring to the road between London and St. Albans, used the strong expression, "the dread woods."

The excavations for the new Royal Exchange brought to light a considerable number of coins of various periods, as well as earthenware of the middle ages, but none of the latter of any great value.

Another curious and somewhat important fact, as shedding much new light upon the early history of London, was ascertained by this and contemporary excavations—namely, that the marsh to the north of the city had been in a great measure artificially constructed, for the purpose of strengthening the defenses of the wall; and that at the Roman period, possibly throughout, the ground had been no otherwise marshy than with such dank places as lie in the hollows of all woodlands. This plan of military defense was, moreover, much more Danish or Saxon than Roman, and one natural to races originally inhabiting low-lying levels and seabords. The further discovery of a Roman sewer across London Wall, through ground perfectly dry, and with even the coarse grass lying yet unrotted amidst the mould, threw even stronger light upon

this induction as to the ancient condition of the site of London. Are not facts like these worth all that has been handed down to us by fable-weaving monks and historians?

Such are the few facts we have been enabled to gather respecting the antiquities preserved by the corporation of London; but a vexed question, and one of great importance, remains behind: To whom belongs the duty of gathering and preserving collections such as this? Is it the corporation of London or the trustees of the British Museum? Both, as it would seem, repudiate the noble duty: for both, within a short time, have negatived the purchase of Mr. Roach Smith's museum, which has a European fame, and which, apart from the excessive interest attached to it, has another as great in its way—that of proving, if proof were needed, of what self-sacrifice men are capable when in pursuit of an absorbing intellectual benefit. But the corporation of London would seem to think that this duty belongs to the trustees of the British Museum; and they, in spite of the pleadings of their own officials, and of eminent men of every kind, ignore it altogether. If general opinion be taken as a criterion, it is decisive that the British Museum should be the repository of the national antiquities; and in the words of Mr. Roach Smith, that the city should be the possessor and preserver of its own "title-deeds." Our idea is the same; for even when the trusteeship of the British

Museum is remodelled, still we must recollect that the centuries and area to be represented are vast, and the space to be afforded in the national collection necessarily a limited one. Where, then, can be a place for special city antiquities so fitting as the city itself?—from the graves and rubbish-pits of which have come these relics of countless generations. The corporation, possessing a nucleus such as we have described, would soon enrich itself. Every year gives some discovery of relics; and the improvements likely to take place in connection with the Thames, will throw open new and prolific sources of antiquarian remains. Not many weeks ago, a small collection of antiquities, dug up in London, and the property of Mr. Chaffers, of Watling street, was sold by Sotheby & Wilkinson, amongst which were some Roman keys that we have never seen excelled. If only as works of art, and as significant of the great amount of geometrical knowledge possessed by the Roman artificers, they should have been preserved for the nation, to say nothing of the interest attached to them as the result of city excavations, and as throwing light upon domestic usages, and the existence of slavery in Roman Britain. The vast amount of keys, and occasionally of locks, found on all Roman sites, supplies the induction that slavery then, as now, was a condition of servitude incompatible with trust, and that the means thus taken to secure property were of a most elaborate and systematic kind.

From Dickens' Household Words.

SCROOBY.

OUT of Scrooby came the greatness of America! What, then, is Scrooby?

On the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire there is a market-town, called Bawtry. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Nottinghamshire side, is Scrooby, a village that was once one of the six-and-twenty English post-towns on

the great North Road. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Yorkshire side, is the poor village of Austerfield. If two villages can make a cradle, here we have the cradle of one of the greatest people in the world. Obscure men—Brown, Smith, and Robinson—first set the cradle into motion. Scrooby was the acorn to the oak,

at which we marvel now; Brown, Smith, and Robinson, so many germinating points.

Brown—Robert Brown—was a divine, from whose teaching the term Brownist was applied to congregations that desired to separate themselves from all ecclesiastical control. In the establishment of the Church of England, the attempt was made by a tolerant spirit, to bring into harmonious travel, upon one broad road, men differing concerning many points of detail in the outward practice of religion. Church forms were, as far as it could innocently be done, adapted to the humor of those who had been long accustomed to a ceremonial spirit; and an ecclesiastical system was established which sufficed for the majority, but was too lax and heretical in the eyes of the Romanist, too unscriptural in the eyes of the strict Puritan. As long as dissatisfied people carried on within the pale of the establishment their opposition to the too much or too little of discipline, they were permitted to say many very sharp things with impunity; but if they seceded into active opposition, liberty of speech and conscience were denied them. Thus, from the extreme ranks alike of Romanist and Puritan, men were raised to the dignity of martyrs. Robert Brown, in the time of the civil wars, preached, as a strict Puritan, the duty of separation from the national church, and the erection of separate or independent congregations—so many churches of their own, upon a Scripture model. The men who acted upon his advice were called indifferently Brownists, Separatists, Congregationalists, or Independents. At first, there were a few such churches of Puritan Separatists formed in London, almost none in the country. The founders of New-Plymouth, the pilgrim fathers, began as one of the very few such churches maintained in a rural district, far away from London. They belonged to the Nottinghamshire village or mean townlet in the hundred of Basset Lawe; they were, in fact, the church of Scrooby.

In the country surrounding Scrooby there were many recently extinct religious establishments belonging to the Roman Catholics; and it may possibly be, in some measure, on account of an antagonism so created that the pulpits of these parts were held by a great number of men with strong Puritan tendencies. These, often cleaving to their livings, clove, by so doing, to the right of speaking boldly, and

could knead much of the strict Puritan spirit into the minds of the common people. One among this people, who lived afterwards to supply the business head to an emigrant church, expresses the growth of feeling, and the manner of its growth, in these characteristic words: "When by the travail and diligence of some godly and zealous preachers, and God's blessing on their labors, as in other places of the land, so in the north part, many became enlightened by the word of God, and had their ignorance and sins discovered by the Word of God's grace, and began by His grace, to reform their lives, and make conscience of their ways, the work of God was no sooner manifest in them, but presently they were both scoffed and scorned by the profane multitude, and the ministers urged with the yoke of subscription, or else must be silenced; and the poor people were so urged with apparitors, and pursuivants, and the commission of courts, as truly their affliction was not small, which, notwithstanding, they bare sundry years with manly patience, until they were occasioned, by the continuance and increase of these troubles, and other means which the Lord raised up in those days, to see further into these things by the light of the Word of God, how that not only those base, beggarly ceremonies were unlawful, but also that the lordly tyrannous power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to, which those, contrary to the freedom of the Gospel would load and burden men's consciences with, and, by their compulsive power, make a profane mixture of persons and things in the worship of God; and that their offices and callings, courts, and canons, &c., were unlawful and anti-Christian, being such as have no warrant in the Word of God, but the same that were used in Popery, and still retained. . . . So many, therefore, of these professors, who saw the evil of these things, in these parts, and whose hearts the Lord had touched with heavenly zeal for his truth, they shook off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage, and, as the Lord's free people, joined themselves by a covenant of the Lord, into a church-estate, in the fellowship of the Gospel, to walk in all his ways made known, or to be made known, unto them, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them." The whole spirit of this is in striking correspondence with the spirit shown in France at about the same time

by those who seceded to form Huguenot churches in provincial towns. Every word here quoted might have been written by Bernard Palissy concerning the reformed church in his town of Saintes.

Now there was at Scrooby an episcopal manor-house, given by Sandys, Archbishop of York, to his eldest son, and leased to a gentleman named William Brewster, who had spent some little time at Cambridge, and subsequently served under Davison when he was Secretary of State. After the fall of Davison, Mr. William Brewster received the appointment of postmaster at Scrooby, which place, it has been said, was one of the twenty-six English post-stations on the great North Road. The master of a post-station was, in those times, generally a man of good condition, who was tolerably well paid for important services. It was requisite that he should maintain a stud of post-horses for the onward despatch of mails, the distribution of letters in his district, the supply of government couriers and persons riding post. It was requisite also, that he should have premises capable of providing the accommodation of an inn to travellers by post, these being a source of further income to him. Thus, a traveller from York to London is found to have recorded that, in Brewster's time, he paid the post at Scrooby for a conveyance and guide to Tuxford, ten shillings, and for a candle, supper, and breakfast, seven shillings and tenpence. On his return, he paid eight shillings for a conveyance to Doncaster, then reckoned seven miles; and two shillings for burnt sack, bread, beer, and sugar to wine, with threepence to the ostler. The government salary of the Scrooby postmaster was two shillings a-day; so that, considering the value of money in and about the year sixteen hundred, even if he had no private means, William Brewster was to be regarded as a man of substance. The need of spacious premises by the post-master accounts for his occupation of the Scrooby manor, a great house standing within a moat, built in two courts whereof the first was "very ample, and all builded of timber, saving the front of the house that is of brick." The ascent to the front was by a stone flight of steps. In this house a king and a king's daughter had slept, and many an archbishop had taken his pleasure. In this house the great republic of America had its beginning; for it was here that the church of Scrooby first

began to meet. William Brewster was himself a Separatist, and adopted as its elder by the little church, to which he gave under his own roof a local habitation. He provided liberally also, at his own charge, for the bodily sustenance and comfort of the brethren (many of them coming in from the surrounding villages,) by whom his dwelling was frequented.

The pastor of this little flock of Separatists was John Robinson, of whom it seems to have been said with truth, that he was the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever that sect enjoyed.

Scrooby alone was a place too small to yield many to the fold; but country people, as we have said, journeyed thither from all places within walking distance; and among those who so came was a young man, between fifteen and eighteen years of age—the same person whose account of the growth of religious feeling we were lately quoting. This was William Bradford, a youth maintained under the care of his uncles at Austerfield, a village on the Yorkshire side of Bawtry, distant from Scrooby perhaps some three miles. Austerfield is a village that consisted and consists of a few farm-laborers' cottages and a small antique chapel.

William Bradford is one of the most important persons in the little story lately brought to light by the antiquarian skill of the Rev. J. Hunter, which tells of the Pilgrim Fathers in the days before they set out on their pilgrimage. His grandfather and another man were, in fifteen hundred and seventy-five, the only persons in the township assessed to the subsidy. William himself lost his father when he was only a year and a half old, and his mother married again about two years afterwards. Charge of the boy was taken by his grandmother and uncles, and a note or two from the will of one of these uncles will give some idea of the social position of the family to which belonged the leader of the Pilgrims. This uncle Robert bequeathed to his son Robert his best iron-bound wain, the cupboard in the house-place, one long table with a frame, and one long form, with his best yoke of oxen; also "the counter whereon the evidences are." The same Bradford had received, during his lifetime, the bequest of a deceased friend's gray suit of apparel, while his son obtained as a legacy one fustian doublet and one pair of hose. Many bequests were

liberal in those days which may now excite a smile. A learned divine, by whose books young William Bradford may have profited when books were dear and scarce, gave at his death to the poor scholars of the grammar-school at Rosington, his Cooper's Dictionary, to be chained to a stall in the church, and used by them as long as it would last.

The young and earnest mind of William Bradford was aroused first by the repute of the ministry of Richard Clifton, a grave Puritan divine, who held the rectory of Babworth, near Scrooby, and in the church at Babworth preached what he held to be pure doctrine so forcibly that he was at last silenced by authority.

While Clifton preached in Babworth church, Bradford walked punctually thither to receive instruction from him. When Clifton was silenced the young man burned with a spirit of resentment against Church oppression; and in spite of all temporal risk, declared himself a Separatist and attached himself to the congregation meeting in the manor-house at Scrooby. His natural ability and force of character there soon approved themselves,—he became the prompter and the guide of the little church as to all temporal matters, and when it severed itself from its native country, and the laws of England, he became, in the natural course of things, its civil head. He was at New Plymouth Governor Bradford.

The separation, not from the Church only but from the State, arose out of the burst of persecution with which the State was supporting all Church claims. As after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, French Huguenots came in bands to England and established colonies in sundry places, Spitalfields for one; so the proceedings of English Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, drove little bands of English Huguenots to that country in Europe which alone allowed them liberty of conscience; that is to say, to Holland.

But the Scrooby church was not the first to emigrate. John Smith, the pastor of an adjacent flock, at Gainsborough, had gone before to Amsterdam, whither he had been preceded by his tutor, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Smith was a man difficult of temper, and between Smith and Johnson bickerings arose by which the Separatist church was damaged. The Huguenots of Scrooby, under Robinson and Clifton

(then a venerable man with a white beard), the elder Brewster and young Bradford, prepared to follow in considerable numbers, some leaving by Boston, others by the Humber.

In each case the Dutch captains who were to have conveyed them played them false. One delivered them into the hands of the civil power; the other sailed away when half his passengers had been embarked, and left a crowd of helpless women and children half distracted on the shore. Many of the brethren were by checks like these disheartened, but at the end of the year one thousand six hundred and eight, all the stronger spirits had contrived to find their way to Amsterdam. There the church under Robinson was pestered by the Smith and Johnson discords. After a year's trial, the earnest men of Scrooby saw no further hope of peace, and went accordingly out of the way of quarrelling, from Amsterdam to Leyden. They remained eleven years at Leyden under Robinson their pastor.

At the end of that time the promoters of the Virginia company, who were beating up and down for colonists, tempted them with the hope of a free soil, on which they might live socially as Englishmen, and not as subjects of the Dutch, though still without suffering coercion in their consciences. Sir Edwin, one of the sons of Archbishop Sandys, happened to be the treasurer, and afterwards the governor of the Virginia company, and with Sir Samuel, his brother, the Separatist elder, Brewster, in his postmaster days, had been connected as a tenant of estate, the Scrooby manor being property diverted from the use of the church to its own use by the family of Sandys. The suggestion of a voyage to the new country thus naturally came from without to the Scrooby Puritans. It seemed good in their eyes. They sailed, a hundred strong, as Pilgrim Fathers, from Southampton, in the Mayflower, and they took, as the event would seem to prove, a blessing with them.

So it is that we find in Brother Jonathan—in the New Englander, or true Yankee—a Scrooby man, and even in the name Jonathan a token of his Puritan descent. The separated church abhorring saints' days, and refusing saints' names to their children, because almost every person named in the New Testament was canonized, were driven to make pious use of Christian gifts, as Faith, Hope, Grace,

or had resort to the Old Testament, and gave their sons such names as Jonathan and Zachary. We may add that the name Yankee declares him an Englishman, the word having arisen during the colonial wars, as a corruption of the French l'Anglais, by Indians unable to pronounce the letter l.

The English part of the history of the first colonists of New England, the founders of New Plymouth, as here narrated, was discovered only a few years ago by Mr. Hunter, in the manner following:—It had been said by Governor Bradford, that the Separatists in England were of several towns and villages, some in Nottinghamshire, some in Lincolnshire, and some in Yorkshire, where they bordered nearest together. Of the members of his own church he writes elsewhere, that they ordinarily met at William Brewster's house, which was a manor of the bishop's. Putting these statements together, Mr. Hunter made research, and found that there was only a single episcopal manor near the borders of the three counties named, Serooby to wit, ancient possession of the Archbishop of York. So far good.

Then, because it was known that Brewster held some government appointment, and that Serooby was a post-town, Mr. Hunter betook himself to the accounts of the postmaster-general, in hope of discovering some mention of Brewster as living at Serooby, in further corroboration of his theory. The result was a discovery corroborative in the fullest sense of the whole fact, and at the same time tending to throw a flood of new light on its details: it was found that William Brewster held for many years, at Serooby, the office of postmaster. To pursue the research and discover more corroborative and illustrative details now became easy, and in this way the whole of the first chapter in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, even to the connection between Serooby men and the Virginia company established naturally through the family of Sandys—a narrative of great historical importance—was brought suddenly to light. The whole story admirably shows how, by the study of apparent trifles, antiquarians may find their way to hidden treasure.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE Travels of the Honorable Miss Amelia M. Murray in the United States, Canada and Cuba, recently republished by Messrs. PUTNAM & Co., are remarkably chiefly for the attention which the author pays to the botany of this country, and for the favorable views taken of the subject of slavery. The tone of her remarks contrasts strikingly with that of other English tourists, though perhaps quite as far from a just estimate. Easy and familiar in style, as befits the form of letters, good-natured and disposed to be pleased, her book gives a flattering impression, which will not be without good effect upon the aristocratic circles in which the author moves.

The Messrs. CARTER have reproduced a work of scholarship and judgment in Dr. Eadre's Commentary on the Epistle to the Colossians. Dr. E. is one of the finest Biblical scholars of the age, and has given a very happy exemplification of solid evangelical commentary—learned, critical, yet cordial and full of instruction. It is designed for the Greek text, but is not unfitted for the general Bible reader.

MESSRS. DEWITT & DAVENPORT publish a spirited tale, by the daughter of Rev. Dr. Dowling, of Philadelphia, entitled, "Kate Weston; or, to Will and to Do." It is a temperance tale, and sets forth the evils of intoxication in a variety of striking aspects. In its conception and style it is a work of extraordinary power and interest.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued a new and beautiful work from the pen of Grace Greenwood, so long silent, entitled, "A Forest Tragedy, and other Tales." The principal story, from which the volume takes its title, is a powerfully-wrought picture of border life, in which the traits of Indian character are depicted with fearless pencil. The other tales are more agreeable, and are full of the piquancy and grace which have made this author so popular. Her reappearance in literature after so long a silence will be quite welcome.

The issues of the London press have not been very numerous or important during the month. Among

those published the following are the most noticeable:

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. Constructed and arranged under the direction of Sir Archibald Alison.

Annals of Christian Martyrdom—Ancient Martyrs. By the Author of "Lives of the Popes." 18mo, pp. 384.

Annie Leslie; or, the Little Orphan. 18mo.

Selections of the Best Specimens of German Poetry, for the use of Schools and Private Instruction. By H. Apel. 12mo, pp. 452.

Words in Season: a Series of Practical Homilies for every Sabbath Morning and Evening in a Year, specially adapted to the Young. 32mo, pp. 315.

The Papal Conspiracy Exposed; or, the Romish Corporation Dangerous to the Political Liberty and Social Interests of Man. By Edw. Beecher, D.D.

A Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic, German, and Slavonic Languages. By Professor F. Bopp. 3 vols. 8vo, pp. 1360.

Commentaries on the Common Law: designed as Introductory to its Study. By Herbert Brown.

Byron's Poetical Works. In 6 vols. Vol. 4, 8vo, pp. 408.

The Nature of the Atonement, and its Relation to Remission of Sins and Eternal Life. By John M'Leod Campbell. 8vo, pp. 308.

History of Scotland and Ireland. By Miss Corner. Large paper edition. 8vo.

The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution. By E. S. Creasy.

The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland for 1856. By Robert P. Dod. 12mo, pp. 710.

The Poetical Works of William Drummond, of Hawthornden. 12mo, pp. 366.

The Prison of Weltevreden, and a Glance at the East Indian Archipelago. By Walter M. Gibson. Illustrated from Original Sketches. 8vo, pp. 495.

The Doctrines and Difficulties of the Christian Faith contemplated from the Standing-Ground afforded by the Catholic Doctrine of the Being of our Lord Jesus Christ: being the Hulsean Lectures for 1855. By the Rev. Harvey Goodwin. 8vo, pp. 266.

Trees and their Nature; or, the Bud and its Attributes: in a Series of Letters to his Son. By Alexander Harvey, M.D. 12mo, pp. 260.

Principles of Currency: Means of Insuring Uniformity of Value and Adequacy of Supply. By Edwin Hill. 8vo, pp. 216.

Japan and Around the World: an Account of Three Visits to the Japanese Empire. By L. W. Spalding. 8vo, 8 illustrations.

A Treatise on the Dynamics of a Particle; with

numerous Examples. By P. G. Tait and the late W. J. Steele. 8vo, pp. 304.

Lady Mary and her Nurse; or, a Peep into the Canadian Forest. By Mrs. Traill.

Widow Bedott Papers. With an Introduction by Alice E. Neal.

Health and Comfort: their Attainment and Preservation. Intended for Distribution among the Working Classes. By George Wyld, M.A.

A Dictionary of Latin Epithets, Classified according to their English Meaning; being an Appendix to the "Latin Gradus." By C. D. Yonge.

Inside Sebastopol, and Experiences in the Camp; being a Narrative of a Journey to the Crimea by the way of Gibraltar, Malta, and Constantinople, and back by the way of Turkey, Italy, and France, accomplished in the Autumn and Winter of 1855.

The Force and Importance of Habit: a New-Year's Address. By the Rev. John Angell James.

Meister Karl's Sketch-Book. By C. G. Leland.

The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. New and complete edition; including the Song of Hiawatha.

Married Life: its Duties, Trials, and Joys. By the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie. 18mo, pp. 130.

History of Christian Churches and Sects, from the Earliest Ages of Christianity. By the Rev. J. B. Marsden. 2 vols., 8vo.

Remarkable Providences illustrative of the Earlier Days of American Colonization. By Increase Mather.

The Golden Lectures: Forty-five Sermons delivered at St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury. By the Rev. Henry Melvill.

The Life of Hannah More; with Selections from her Correspondence.

Lectures on Great Men. By the late Frederick Myers.

The Life of Sir Wm. Pepperrell, Bart., the only native of New-England who was created a Baronet during our connection with the Mother Country. By Usher Parsons.

The Influence of Occupation on Health and Life: with a Remedy for Attaining the Utmost Length of Life compatible with the Present Constitution of Man. By Joel Pinney.

The Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman. Edited from a Contemporary Manuscript; with an Historical Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By Thomas Wright, M.A. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Scriptural Doctrine of the Influence of the Holy Ghost, as illustrated by the Analysis of Nature. (Burnell Prize Essay for 1853.) By Thomas Wade Powell. 8vo.

Rose Clark. By Fanny Fern.

The Table Talk of John Selden; with a Biographical Preface and Notes. By S. W. Singer, M.A.